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LONDON AND ITS CELEBRITIES.

A SECOND SERIES OF
LITERARY AND HISTORICAL MEMORIALS
OF LONDON.

By J. HENEAGE JESSE.

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND," "THE PRETENDERS
AND THEIR ADHERENTS," "GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS
CONTEMPORARIES," ETC.

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ELY HOUSE IN ITS SPLENDOUR.—ITS INHABITANTS.—PROTECTOR
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—CELEBRATED MEN WHO STUDIED AT GRAY'S INN—THAVIE'S INN—
FURNIVAL'S INN—STAPLE INN—BARNARD'S INN.—GORDON RIOTS.

ON the north side of Holborn Hill are Ely Place and Hatton Garden;—the former deriving its name from the episcopal palace of the Bishops of Ely, which stood here for nearly four centuries;—the latter from the adjoining residence of Sir Christopher Hatton, the graceful courtier and eminent statesman, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Ely House, in the days of its splendour,—for at one period its palace and gardens covered an area of nearly twenty acres,—consisted of a spacious

paved court, the approach to which was through a stately gateway. On the left side of the court was a small garden; on the right were the offices, supported by a colonnade; and, at the extremity, the noble old hall, associated in our minds with many past scenes of revelry and splendour. To the north-west of the hall was a quadrangular cloister; and, adjoining it, a small meadow, in which stood the chapel, dedicated to St. Etheldreda, the patron saint of the Cathedral Church of Ely. The gardens of Ely House, long famous for their strawberries and roses, corresponded in size and beauty with the adjoining palace.

Ely House was originally founded by John de Kirkeby, who died Bishop of Ely in 1290, and who bequeathed some landed property of considerable value, for the purpose of erecting a suitable residence for his successors in the See. Considerable additions and improvements were made by successive prelates, and more especially by John de Hotham, Bishop of Ely in the reign of Edward the Third, till at length Ely House became one of the most magnificent mansions in the metropolis. Of the ancient building, all that now remains is the interesting chapel of St. Etheldreda, which, though it has suffered much from the lapse of ages, and has been sadly disfigured by modern *improvements*, still retains many traces of its pristine beauty. The east window, which looks into Ely Place, has been deservedly admired, and beneath it is a crypt, of the same length as the chapel. In Evelyn's

“Diary” there is more than one notice of Ely Chapel. On the 14th of November 1668, he writes:—
 “I was invited to the consecration of that excellent person the Dean of Ripon, Dr. Wilkins, now made Bishop of Chester. It was at Ely House: the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham, the Bishops of Ely, Salisbury, Rochester, and others officiating. Dr. Tillotson preached. Then we went to a sumptuous dinner in the hall, where were the Duke of Buckingham, Judges, Secretaries of State, Lord Keeper, Council, noblemen, and innumerable other company, who were honourers of this incomparable man, universally beloved by all who know him.” Again, Evelyn inserts in his “Diary,” 27th of April 1673:—“My daughter Susanna was married to William Draper, Esq., in the chapel of Ely House, by Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Lincoln, since Archbishop. I gave her in portion 4000*l*. Her jointure is 500*l*. per annum. I pray Almighty God to give His blessing to this marriage.”

In Ely House resided, at the close of his eventful life, John Duke of Lancaster,—

Old John o’ Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.—

Here he breathed his last in 1399; and here Shakespeare represents him admonishing with his dying breath his dissipated nephew, Richard the Second:—

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
 And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
 O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame ;
 Depositing thee before thou wert possessed,
 Which art possessed now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease :
 But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame, to shame it so ?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king.

King Richard II. act. ii. scene 1.

Under what circumstances Ely House became the residence of John o' Gaunt is not known. It seems, probable, however, that it was either lent or leased to him by Bishop Fordham, after the Duke's own palace in the Savoy had been burnt by the insurgents in Wat Tyler's riots. It was leased, indeed, on more than one occasion to men of high rank. Here Henry Ratcliffe, third Earl of Sussex, was residing in 1547: in the following reign it was in the occupation of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, and here it was that he carried on those famous intrigues which brought the Protector Somerset to the block.

Were it from no other circumstance than its connexion with the pages of Shakespeare, we should look upon Ely Place as hallowed ground. We allude, not only to the death-bed admonitions of John o' Gaunt, but also to the famous scene in the council-chamber at the Tower, in which the Protector, Richard Duke of Gloucester, after jest-

ing with the Bishop of Ely on the excellence and early growth of his strawberries at Ely House, concludes the tragical farce by exposing his shrivelled arm, and sending Lord Hastings, "without time for confession or repentance," to the block.

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you send for some.

The council had been summoned for the ostensible purpose of discussing the precedents and formalities to be adopted at the coronation of the young King, Edward the Fifth, — a ceremony which was destined never to take place. "On the Friday," says the old chronicler, Holinshed, "many lords assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honourable solemnity of the King's coronation, of which the time appointed so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were making day and night at Westminster, and much victuals killed therefore, that afterwards was cast away. These lords so sitting together, communing of this matter, the Protector came in amongst them first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely,—‘My Lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn ; I require you to let us have a mess of them.’— ‘Gladly, my lord,’ quoth he ; ‘would to God I had some better

thing as ready to your pleasure as that!’ And therewithal, in all haste, he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries.” Such was the first scene of that memorable drama, which was followed by the arrest of Lord Stanley and of Jane Shore, the execution of Lord Hastings, and the dethronement and death of the ill-fated Edward the Fifth!

Not unfrequently we find the Bishops of Ely, in the true spirit of hospitality, lending their fine old hall, for the purposes of feasting and revelry, to the Serjeants at Law; the halls of the Inns of Court being apparently too small to accommodate the required number of guests. It was on one of these occasions, in 1495, that Henry the Seventh was feasted with his consort, Elizabeth of York, with great ceremony and magnificence. ‘The King,” says Bacon, “to honour the feast, was present with his Queen at the dinner; being a Prince that was ever ready to grace and countenance the professors of the law.” But a feast, on a far greater scale of splendour, took place here in November 1531, at which King Henry the Eighth and his Queen, Catherine of Arragon, sat as guests; while at the tables below the dais sat the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and principal merchants of London; the Foreign Ambassadors, the Judges, Masters in Chancery, the Serjeants-at-law and their wives, besides the principal nobility, and numerous knights, and esquires. The entertainment lasted five days; the King and Queen dining in the hall on the principal day, the 13th of

November. The bill of fare has been preserved, and is not a little curious, both as evincing the vast scale of the entertainment, and the relative value of money in our own time, and in the days of Henry the Eighth. Among other items are;—

Twenty-four beeves, each	26s.	8d.
One carcase of an ox from the shambles	24	0
One hundred fat muttons, each	2	10
Fifty-one great veals, each	4	8
Twenty-four porkes, each	3	3
Ninety-one pigs, each	0	6
Ten dozen capons of Greece	1	8 per doz.
Nine dozen and six capons of Kent	1	0 „ „
Seven dozen and nine cocks of grose	0	8 „ „
Nineteen dozens of capons course	0	6 „ „
Seven dozen and nine fat cocks	0	8 „ „
Thirty-seven dozen of pigeons	0	2 „ „
Thirteen dozen of swans	<hr/>	
Three hundred and forty dozen of larks	0	5 „ „

Prynne informs us that the last “mystery” represented in England,—that of “Christ’s Passion,”—was performed at Ely House before Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, in the reign of James the First.

One of the greatest misfortunes which befel Ely House was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when her favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton, prevailed upon his royal mistress to demand from Bishop Cox a considerable portion of the buildings and garden, to enable him to enlarge his adjoining mansion, Hatton House. It was natural that the Bishop should be greatly averse to the destruction of a property, which for three centuries had been

the pride and delight of his predecessors; and, consequently, we find him earnestly and respectfully entreating the Queen to relieve him from so painful a position. "In his conscience," he said, "he could not do it, being a piece of sacrilege; that, when he became Bishop of Ely, he had received certain farms, houses, and other things, which former pious princes had judged necessary for that place and calling; that these he had received by the Queen's favour from his predecessors, and that of these he was to be a steward, not a scatterer. That he could not bring his mind to be so ill a trustee for his successors, nor to violate the pious wills of Kings and Princes, and, in effect, rescind their last testaments." All his entreaties and arguments, however, proved of no avail. Elizabeth continued fixed in her resolve, and, consequently, after demurring for a considerable time, we find the Bishop compelled to make the required conveyance to the Crown for the sum of 100*l.*; reserving, however, to himself and to his successors the use of the gateway; the melancholy pleasure of taking exercise in the garden, and the right to gather twenty bushels of roses annually. The amount of property thus obtained by Sir Christopher Hatton, consisted of the gatehouse of the palace (except two rooms, used as prisons, and the porter's apartments below), the first court-yard within the gate-house; the long gallery, with the rooms above and below it; and no less than fourteen acres of land.

On the death of Dr. Cox, his successor, Dr. Martin Heton, showed himself quite as averse to complete the bargain, as his predecessor had been to consent to it ; and it was on the occasion of his throwing repeated obstacles in the way of the arrangement, that Elizabeth addressed to him the following well-known epistle :—

“ PROUD PRELATE,

“ I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you know, that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you ; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by G—D I will immediately unfrock you.

“ ELIZABETH.”

Sir Christopher Hatton breathed his last in Hatton House, on the 20th of November 1591 ; dying, it is said, of a broken heart, caused by the stern demand of his royal mistress for repayment of the sum of 40,000*l.* which she had formerly lent him, and which he was unable to repay. Elizabeth, it is said, repented of her cruelty when it was too late, and not only visited Sir Christopher in his extremity, at Hatton House, but administered his “ cordial-broths ” to him with her own hand. His name is still preserved in Christopher Street, Hatton Garden.

Ely Place subsequently reverted to the Bishops of Ely, and continued to be their London residence till 1772, in which year an Act of the Legislature

empowered them to dispose of the ground to the Crown. Since that date their episcopal residence in London has been in Dover Street, Piccadilly, which was settled on them in perpetuity.

In Cross Street, Hatton Garden, lived the eminent divine, William Whiston; and in Charles Street died, on the 16th of October, 1802, Joseph Strutt, the author of the popular work, the "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England."

The Inns of Court in Holborn, or in its immediate vicinity, consist of Gray's Inn, Furnival's Inn, Thavie's Inn, Staple Inn, and Barnard's Inn. Of these, the most important is Gray's Inn, situated close to Gray's Inn Lane. Like more than one of the Inns of Court, it derives its name from having been originally the residence of a noble family; the word "Inne" having been anciently the usual denomination of the town houses in which persons of rank resided when summoned to attend either parliament or their sovereign.

Gray's Inn stands upon the site of a property anciently known as the Manor of Portpoole, or Purpoole, and derives its name from having been the residence of the Lords Gray of Wilton, from 1315 to 1505. The name of the ancient manor is still preserved in Portpoole Lane, running from Gray's Inn Lane into Leather Lane. In 1505 it was sold by Edmund, the ninth baron, to Hugh Denny, Esq., who, about eight years afterwards, disposed of it to the prior and convent of East Sheen in Surrey. The convent leased the mansion

to the students at law, whose tenure was subsequently rendered somewhat insecure by the dissolution of the religious houses. Henry the Eighth, however, took the property into his own hands, and the students at law were allowed to become tenants of the crown, on payment of an annual rent.

This important Inn of Court consists of a spacious court, and a large garden, laid out about the year 1600, and shaded by lofty trees. The domain of the society extends over a large tract of ground between Holborn and Theobald's Road. It has its hall, built in 1560, its chapel, and library: but, if we except the hall, they are distinguished by no extraordinary architectural merit. Let us not omit to mention, however, that the bench tables in the hall are said to have been the gift of Queen Elizabeth, who took great pleasure in the dramatic performances of the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, and, according to tradition, on one occasion partook of a banquet in their hall. It is remarkable that the only toast which is ever publicly drunk by the society, is "to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth." It is drunk only on state occasions, and then with great formality. Three benchers rise and drink the toast; they then sit down, and two others rise, and in this manner the toast passes down the bar table, and from thence to the student's table.*

To the gateway of Gray's Inn a certain interest

* Pearce's "History of the Inns of Court," p. 328.

attaches itself, from its having contained the shop of the celebrated bookseller, Jacob Tonson, who appears to have resided here between the years 1697 and 1712, in which latter year he removed to a shop opposite Catherine Street, in the Strand.

Tonson was succeeded in his shop by another eminent bookseller, Thomas Osborne, whose name more than once occurs in the "Dunciad," especially where he is introduced as contending for the prize among the booksellers, and carrying it off:—

Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crowned with the jordan, walks contented home.

Osborne is perhaps best remembered from his well-known feud with Dr. Johnson. "It has been confidently related, with many embellishments," says Boswell, "that Johnson one day knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from Johnson himself. 'Sir, he was impertinent to me and I beat him. But it was not in his shop; it was in my own chamber.'" Johnson says of Osborne, in his *Life of Pope*, that he was entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He is said to have combined the most lamentable ignorance, with extraordinary expertness in all the petty tricks of his trade.

The most interesting spot connected with Gray's Inn are the gardens, which, as late as 1633, commanded a very pleasing view of the high grounds of Hampstead and Highgate; the entire country to the north consisting of pasture-land. This spot

was a favourite resort of the immortal Bacon, during the period he resided in Gray's Inn. It appears, by the books of the society, that he planted the greater number of the elm trees, which still afford us their refreshing shade; and also that he erected a summer-house on a small mount on the terrace, where it is not improbable that he often meditated and passed his time in literary composition. From the circumstance of Lord Bacon dating his *Essays* from his "Chamber in Graies Inn," it is not improbable that the charming essay, in which he dwells so enthusiastically on the pleasures of a garden, was composed in, and inspired by, the floral beauties of this his favourite haunt. "God Almighty," he says, "first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works." And he adds: — "Because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music, than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." As late as the year 1754, there was standing, in the gardens of Gray's Inn, an octagonal seat, covered with a roof, which had been erected by Lord Bacon to the memory of his friend, Jeremiah Bettenham. To the seat was attached the following inscription:—

Franciscus Bacon, Regis Solicitor Generalis, executor testamenti
Jeremiæ Bettenham, nuper Lectoris hujus hospitii, viri innocentis,

abstinentis, et contemplativi, hanc sedem in memoriam ejusdem Jeremiæ extruxit, anno Dom. 1609.

Howell, writing in 1621, speaks of the walks in Gray's Inn Gardens, as "the pleasantest place about London." Hither, in May 1662, — when Mrs. Pepys was about to purchase some new articles of dress,—her gossiping husband mentions his bringing her, in order to observe "the fashions of the ladies;" and here Addison, in the *Spectator*, mentions Sir Roger de Coverley walking on the terrace, "hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air, (to make use of his own phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems."

We have already alluded, in our notices of Lincoln's Inn, to the famous masques, revels, and Christmasings, of which the halls of the Inns of Court were anciently the scene; the days of the yule-wood, of boars' heads, and barons of beef, when the Lord of Misrule and the King of the Cockneys performed their fantastic fooleries; and when, in the words of Justice Shallow:—

'Twas merry in hall,
When beards wag all.

During the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth, masques and other goodly "disguisings" appear to have been frequently performed at Gray's Inn. The first of which we have any record, was a masque composed by one John Roo, serjeant-at-law, which was performed at Gray's Inn,

in 1525. It was principally remarkable from the great offence which it gave to Cardinal Wolsey, whose ambition and misgovernment it was supposed that the author intended to satirize. According to the old chronicler, Hall, "This play was so set forth with rich and costly apparel, and with strange devices of masks and morrishes, that it was highly praised by all men, except by the Cardinal, who imagined that the play had been devised of him. In a great fury he sent for Master Roo, and took from him his coif, and sent him to the Fleet, and afterwards he sent for the young gentlemen that played in the play, and highly rebuked and threatened them, and sent one of them, called Thomas Moyle, of Kent, to the Fleet; but by means of friends, Master Roo and he were delivered at last. This play sore displeased the Cardinal, and yet it was never meant for him, wherefore many wise men grudged to see him take it so to heart; and even the Cardinal said that the King was highly displeased with it, and spake nothing of himself."

It may, or may not have been the case, that Roo, when he composed his Masque, intended to "devise" the Cardinal. From the following passage, however, in Fox's "Acts and Monuments," it is evident that the performers were fully aware that Wolsey would in all probability conceive himself to be the object of its satirical pleasantries, and therefore their offence was nearly the same as if the attack had been a premeditated one.

Fox, writing of Simon Fish, of Gray's Inn, author of the "Supplication of the Beggars," observes,—
"It happened the first year that this gentleman came to London to dwell, which was about the year of our Lord 1525, that there was a certain play or interlude, made by one M. Roo, of the same Inn, gentleman, in which play partly was matter against the Cardinal Wolsey ; and when none durst take upon them to play that part which touched the said Cardinal, this aforesaid M. Fish took upon him to do it. Whereupon great displeasure ensued against him on the Cardinal's part, in so much as he being pursued by the said Cardinal, the same night that this tragedy was played, was compelled of force to void his own house, and so fled over the sea to Tindal." During the period Fish was residing in Germany, a copy of his "Supplication of the Beggars,"—a satire on the monastic orders in England,—was shown by Anne Boleyn to Henry the Eighth, who was so much pleased with it, that he not only permitted the author to return to England, but took him under his protection. Fish, however, survived his recal only a short time, dying of the plague in 1531.

As a specimen of those costly entertainments, with which the Courts of Law were anciently in the habit of regaling their sovereigns, the following account may not be unacceptable to the reader. The Masque, to which we allude, was performed in the Palace of Whitehall, before Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, at Allhallowtide, in

1633; on the occasion of the birth of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second. It was given by the members of the four principal Inns of Court,—Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Middle and Inner Temple;—the hall of Ely House being the place where the masquers assembled, and from whence the motley procession set out in long array for Whitehall. "On Candlemas-day, in the afternoon, the masquers, horsemen, musicians, dancers, and all that were actors in this business, met at Ely House, in Holborn; and when the evening was come, all things being in full readiness, they began to set forth in this order down Chancery Lane to Whitehall. The first that marched were twenty footmen, in scarlet liveries with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a torch lighted in the other. There were the Marshal's men, who cleared the streets, made way, &c. After them came the Marshal, Mr. Daniel, afterwards knighted by the King. He was of Lincoln's Inn, an extraordinary handsome, proper gentleman; he was mounted on one of the King's best horses and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceeding rich and glorious; his horsemanship was very gallant; and besides his Marshal's men he had two laquies, who carried torches by him, and a page in livery, that went by him carrying his cloak.

"After the Marshal followed a train of a hundred young gentlemen, selected, on account of their showy and handsome appearance, from the different

Inns of Court; all of them mounted on gallant horses, sumptuously caparisoned, which had been furnished for the occasion from the King's stables, and those of the principal nobility. Then followed the chariots of the inferior Masquers, after which came the first chariot of the grand Masquers, which was not so large as those that went before, but most curiously framed, carved, and painted with exquisite art, and purposely for this service and occasion. The form of it was after that of the Roman triumphant chariots. The colours of the first chariot were silver and crimson, given by lot to Gray's Inn; the chariot was drawn with four horses all abreast, and they were covered to their heels all over with cloth of tissue of the colours of crimson and silver, huge plumes of red and white feathers on their heads; the coachman's cap and feather, his long coat, and his very whip and cushion of the same stuff and colour. In this chariot sat the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn; their habits, doublets, trunk-hose, and caps, of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed; large white stockings up to their trunk-hose, and rich sprigs in their caps, themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen. On each side of the chariot were four footmen in liveries of the colour of the chariot, carrying huge flambeaux in their hands, which, with the torches, gave such a lustre to the paintings, spangles, and habits, that hardly anything could be invented to appear more glorious.

“ After this chariot came six more musicians on foot, and clothed in habits like the former ; these were followed by the second chariot, as the lot fell, for the Middle Temple. This differed not in anything from the former but in colours only, which were of this chariot silver and blue ; the chariot and horses were covered and decked with cloth of tissue of blue and silver. In this second chariot were the four grand Masquers of the Middle Temple, in the same habits as the other Masquers, and with the like attendance of torches and flambeaux with the former. After these followed the third and fourth chariots, and six musicians between each chariot, habited, on foot ; clothes and horses as before. The chariots were all of the same make, and alike carved and painted, differing only in the colours. In the third chariot rode the grand Masquers of the Inner Temple ; and in the fourth chariot went those of Lincoln’s Inn, according to the lot drawn by each of them. The habits of the sixteen grand Masquers were all the same, their persons most handsome and lovely, the equipage so full of state and height of gallantry, that it never was outdone by one representation mentioned in our former stories.

“ The march was slow, in regard of their great number, but more interrupted by the multitude of the spectators in the streets, besides the windows, and they all seemed loth to part with so glorious a spectacle. In the meantime, the Banqueting House at Whitehall was so crowded with fair ladies glit-

tering with their rich clothes and richer jewels, and with lords and gentlemen of great quality, that there was scarce any room for the King and Queen to enter in.

“The gallery, behind the state, was reserved for the gentlemen of the four Inns of Court, who came to see the Masque. The King and Queen stood at a window to see the procession, and, being so delighted with the noble bravery of it, desired that it might turn about the tilt-yard, that their majesties might have a double view of it. The King and Queen, and all their noble train, being come in, the Masque began, and was incomparably performed in the dancing, speeches, music, and scenes. The dancing, figures, properties, the voices, instruments, songs, airs, composures, the words, and the actions, were all of them exact, and none failed in their parts of them, and the scenes were most curious and costly.

“The Queen did the honour to some of the Masquers to dance with them herself, and to judge them as good dancers as she ever saw, and the great ladies were very free and civil in dancing with all the Masquers, as they were taken by them. Thus they continued in their sports until it was almost morning, and then the King and Queen retiring to their chamber, the Masquers and Inns-of-Court gentlemen were brought to a stately banquet, and, after that was dispersed, every one departed to their own quarters.” *

* See Pearce's "History of the Inns of Court," p. 102, &c.

This famous Masque, the expense of which is said to have been about 21,000*l.*, is described by Garrard, in one of his letters to Lord Strafford, as “far exceeding, in bravery, any Masque that had formerly been presented by these Societies.” — “In their company,” he says, “there was one Mr. Read, of Gray’s Inn, whom all the women, and some men, cried up for as handsome a man as the Duke of Buckingham. They were all well used at Court, by the King and Queen, and no disgust given them. Only this one accident fell. Mr. May, of Gray’s Inn, a fine poet, he who translated Lucan, came athwart my Lord Chamberlain, in the Banqueting House, and he broke his staff over his shoulder, not knowing who he was. The King was present, who knew him, for he calls him his poet, and told the Chamberlain of it, who sent for him next morning, and fairly excused himself to him, and gave him fifty pounds, in pieces.” The Lord Chamberlain, here referred to, was the stupid and choleric Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery,—the “memorable simpleton” of Horace Walpole, — of whom Anthony Wood quaintly observes, that he broke many wiser heads than his own. May was an accomplished gentleman, as well as a poet, and according to Wood, had it not been for the Earl’s high office, and the place they were in, “it might have been a question, whether the Earl would ever have struck again.” Lord Clarendon says of this boisterous peer, — “There were few great persons in authority, who were not frequently

offended by him by sharp and scandalous discourses, and invectives against them, behind their backs; for which they found it best to receive satisfaction by submissions, and professions, and protestations, which was a coin he was plentifully supplied with." Early in life the Earl had been publicly horse-whipped on the race-course at Croydon, by Ramsey, a Scotch gentleman, afterwards created Earl of Holderness; and nearly forty years afterwards we find him using such insolent language to Lord Mowbray in the House of Lords, as to provoke the latter to throw an inkstand at his head. Both Lords were sent to the Tower, and the Earl was in consequence deprived by the King of his post of Lord Chamberlain.

To enter into a full detail of the many celebrated men who have pursued their studies in Gray's Inn, would occupy far more space than we can devote to the subject. We must content ourselves therefore with enumerating the names of a few of the most eminent, whether in politics, literature, or the law.

Of the lawyers of the olden time, the name which is perhaps the most familiar to us is that of Sir William Gascoigne, as eminent for his private virtues as for his integrity as a judge, and immortalized in the pages of Shakespeare in connexion with the frolics of Falstaff and Prince Henry. Every one remembers the fine scene in which the future victor of Agincourt, after his accession to the throne, first meets with the independent judge

who had been bold enough to commit him to prison :—

King Henry V. How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me ?
What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?
May this be washed in Lethe and forgotten ?

Chief Justice. I then did use the person of your father ;
The image of his power lay then in me !
And in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of Law and Justice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person :
Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father and propose a son :
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained ;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
After this cold consideration, sentence me ;
And as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well ;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword ;
And I do wish your honours may increase

'Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

* * * You did commit me :

For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear ;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me.

King Henry IV. Second Part, act v. scene 2.

The account given by one of our old chroniclers of the Prince's committal to prison by Sir William Gascoigne differs but little from that of Shakespeare. "It happened that a servant of Prince Henry (afterwards the fifth English King of that Christian name) was arraigned before this judge for felony, whom the Prince, then present, endeavoured to take away, coming up in such fury that the beholders believed he would have stricken the judge. But he sitting without moving, according to the majesty he represented, committed the Prince prisoner to the King's Bench, there to remain until the pleasure of the Prince's father were further known. Who, when he heard thereof by some pick-thank courtier, who probably expected a contrary return, gave God thanks for His infinite goodness, who, at the same instant, had given him a judge who could minister and a son who could obey justice."

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son ;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so,
Into the hands of justice.

Sir William Gascoigne was Reader of Gray's Inn till 1398, when he was called to the degree of King's Serjeant-at-Law, and on the 15th of November 1401, was constituted Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He died on the 17th of December 1413.

Among many other eminent lawyers who were members of Gray's Inn, may be mentioned Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and one of our most distinguished writers on the laws of England;—Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal during the first twenty-five years of the reign of Elizabeth, and father of the great Lord Bacon;—John Bradshaw, who sentenced Charles the First to the block in Westminster Hall;—John Cooke, who, as Solicitor General of the Commons of England, conducted the prosecution against the King at his mock trial;—and, nearer our own time, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir John Bayley, and Sir William Garrow. The latter lived for many years in No. 11, Gray's Inn Place, leading to the Gardens. Lord Bacon, whom we have already mentioned as a member of Gray's Inn, lived at No. 1, Coney Court, which was unfortunately burnt down in 1678. The site is occupied by the present row of buildings at the west end of Gray's Inn Square, adjoining the gardens in which the great philosopher took such delight.

Besides the eminent lawyers we have mentioned,

some of our most celebrated statesmen, prelates, and poets, have been members of Gray's Inn. Here resided the great statesman, Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, who succeeded Wolsey in the favour of Henry the Eighth, and to whom the disgraced Cardinal addressed his famous apostrophe:—

Oh! Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

King Henry VIII. act. iii. scene 2.

Cromwell was admitted a member of Gray's Inn in 1524. In 1535 he commenced his career of greatness, and, only five years afterwards, on the 24th of July 1540, he fell by the stroke of the executioner on Tower Hill. Two other celebrated statesmen, who were members of this Inn, were the great Lord Burghley, who was admitted a student in 1540, and his son, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, and first minister to James the First.

Among the distinguished prelates who have been members of Gray's Inn, we find the ambitious and merciless Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, whose name is associated with so many fearful scenes of human suffering;—Whitgift and Bancroft, successively Archbishops of Canterbury;—Lord Keeper Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Archbishop of York;—his implacable enemy, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury;—Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, author of the well-known

“Satires” and “Contemplations;”—James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, whose political hostility was forgiven by Oliver Cromwell, in admiration of his private virtues;—and, lastly, William Juxon, Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who attended Charles the First on the scaffold.

Of the literary men, and especially poets, who were members of Gray's Inn, we have still a longer list. Among these, let us mention the graceful and chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney;—Edward Hall, the chronicler;—George Gascoigne, a popular poet in the reign of Elizabeth;—George Chapman, the translator of Homer;—James Shirley, the dramatic poet;—Thomas Rymer, author of the “Fœdera,” and no contemptible poet;—Thomas May, the translator of Lucan's “Pharsalia;”—Samuel Butler, the author of “Hudibras,” and Arthur Murphy, the dramatist and translator of “Tacitus.” Lastly, among the eminent men who belonged to the Society of Gray's Inn, let us mention John Lambert, the distinguished Parliamentary General in the Civil Wars, and the still more celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle.

Of the other Inns of Court, in the neighbourhood of Holborn, but little remains to be said, and that little possesses no extraordinary interest.

THAVIE'S INN, which stood on the south side of Holborn, was the *hostel* or *inne*, in the reign of Edward the Third, of one John Thavie, who leased it to the students-at-law, and who, by his

last will, directed it to be sold in order to maintain a chaplain, who was to pray for his soul and that of his wife, Alice. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, it came into the possession of Gregory Nicholas, who made a grant of it to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, by whom it was erected into an Inn of Chancery, on condition of paying the annual sum of 3*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, as an acknowledgment of its dependency on the mother house. In 1771, it was disposed of by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn to a private individual, and being subsequently destroyed by fire, a range of private buildings was erected on its site.

FURNIVAL'S INN, near Brook Street, another appendage of Lincoln's Inn, stands on the site of the princely *inne* of the Lords of Furnival, that valiant family whose names so often occur in the annals of chivalry, from Girard de Furnival who fought by the side of Richard Cœur de Lion on the plains of Palestine, to Thomas de Furnival, the companion of the Black Prince on the field of Cressy. In 1383, the race becoming extinct in the male line, Furnival's Inn fell by marriage into the possession of the Earls of Shrewsbury. In their hands it remained till the reign of Edward the Sixth, when, on the 1st of December, 1548, Francis Earl of Shrewsbury, disposed of the mansion to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, who converted it into a separate Inn of Court, on condition of an annual payment of 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The Inn was rebuilt in the reign of James the

First, but falling into a ruinous state in the present century, and having been partly destroyed by fire, the old Inn was taken down in 1817, and the present handsome pile of building erected on its site. It adds to the interest of the spot, that Sir Thomas More filled for three years the office of Reader in Furnival's Inn.

STAPLE INN, dependent on Gray's Inn, on the south side of Holborn, is known to have been an Inn of Chancery at least as early as the reign of Henry the Fifth. It has been supposed to derive its name from having been anciently a *staple*, or emporium, where the merchants of England exposed for sale their wool, cloth, and other commodities; the Society having still for their arms *a wool-pack argent*. Stow, however, confesses that the derivation of its name had escaped his researches. Staple Inn is divided into two Courts, with a pleasant garden behind. On the 27th of November, 1756, a fire broke out at No. 1, which destroyed four sets of chambers; two females and two children perishing in the flames. The hall, which fortunately escaped destruction, is a small but handsome building, in which are portraits of Charles the Second, Queen Anne, the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor Cowper, and Lord Camden. In Staple Inn (No. 11) resided Isaac Reed, the commentator on Shakespeare; and here he formed his rare and valuable collection of books.

BARNARD'S INN, also on the south side of Hol-

born, was originally called Mackworth's Inn, from John Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln, whose executors made it over to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln, on condition that they would find a priest to perform divine service in the chapel of St. George, in that cathedral, where the dean lies interred. In the life-time of Dean Mackworth, it was leased to one Lionel Barnard, the last person who resided in it before it was converted into a Court of Chancery, and from whom it derives its present name. In the hall is a fine full-length portrait of the upright and learned Lord Chief Justice Holt, who was for some time principal of Barnard's Inn ; and also of Lord Burghley, Lord Bacon, Lord Keeper Coventry, and other eminent men.

During the famous Gordon riots, Barnard's Inn very nearly fell a sacrifice to one of those fearful acts of incendiarism, by which, on the eventful night of the 7th of June 1780, so many public and private edifices were devoured by the flames. It adjoined the extensive premises of Mr. Langdale, an opulent distiller, who on two accounts was exposed to the fury of the mob ; both as professing the Roman Catholic religion, and from the temptation of the intoxicating liquors on his premises. The attack on Langdale's distillery, and its subsequent destruction by fire, — rendered the more awfully vivid from the quantity of ardent spirits which fed the flames, — was not among the least striking of those frightful scenes which occurred in

various parts of the metropolis. Many of the rioters are said to have literally drunk themselves dead; women and children were seen on their knees drinking from the kennels, which flowed with gin and other intoxicating liquors; and many of the rabble, who had drunk themselves into a state of insensibility, perished in the flames. Dr. Warner, who passed the night in his chambers in Barnard's Inn, writes on the following morning:—"The staircase, in which my chambers are, is not yet burnt down, but it could not be much worse for me if it were. However, I fear there are many scores of poor creatures in this town, who have suffered this night much more than I have, and with less ability to bear it. Will you give me leave to lodge the shattered remains of my little goods in Cleveland Court for a time? There can be no living here, even if the fire stops immediately, for the whole place is a wreck; but there will be time enough to think of this. But there is a circumstance which distresses me more than anything; I have lost my maid, who was a very worthy creature, and I am sure would never have deserted me in such a situation by her own will; and what can have become of her, is horrible to think! I fervently hope that you and yours are free from every distress.

"Five o'clock.—The fire, they say, is stopped, but what a rueful scene has it left behind! *Sunt lachrymæ rerum*, indeed; the sentence that struck me upon picking up a page of Lord Mansfield's

“Virgil” yesterday, in Bloomsbury Square. *Sortes Virgilianæ* ! *

“Six o’clock. — The fire, I believe, is nearly stopped, though only at the next door to me. But no maid appears. When I shall overcome the horror of the night, and its consequence, I cannot guess. But I know, if you can send me word that things go well with you, that they will be less bad with me.”†

Such was the result of one of those disgraceful scenes, which, under the mask of zeal for the interests of the Protestant religion (but to which the allurements of gin and plunder were the principal incentives), disgraced, only seventy years since, the character of the English people! Gibbon, in one of his letters, observes a few days afterwards : — “Our danger is at an end, but our disgrace will be lasting; and the month of June 1780, will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct, but which actually subsists in Great Britain, perhaps, beyond any other country in Europe.” Fortunately we live in a more enlightened age, when bigotry, whether in a Protestant or a Papist, has been rendered comparatively powerless. Scarcely sixty years, indeed, had elapsed

* Lord Mansfield’s house in Bloomsbury Square, together with his Lordship’s fine library, had been burnt the day before by the mob.

† The Rev. Dr. Warner to George Selwyn, dated “Barnard’s Inn, — what remains of it, — Thursday morning, 4 o’clock.” — Selwyn Correspondence.

after Gibbon penned his indignant tirade, when a body of London masons were to be seen quietly engaged in erecting the high altar of a magnificent Roman Catholic Cathedral, on the very spot in St. George's Fields, where the insane eloquence of Lord George Gordon excited that popular frenzy, which very nearly had the effect of reducing London to a heap of ashes.

RED LION SQUARE, GREAT ORMOND STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, &c.

CROMWELL'S SUPPOSED GRAVE IN RED LION SQUARE. — LAMB'S-CONDUIT FIELDS. — GREAT ORMOND STREET. — QUEEN SQUARE. — SOUTHAMPTON ROW. — BLOOMSBURY SQUARE. — BURNING OF LORD MANSFIELD'S HOUSE. — CELEBRATED PERSONS WHO LIVED IN BLOOMSBURY SQUARE. — HIGHWAY ROBBERIES. — GREAT RUSSELL STREET. — MONTAGUE HOUSE, NOW THE BRITISH MUSEUM. — DUCHESS OF MONTAGUE.

FORMERLY there existed a favourite tradition among the inhabitants of Red Lion Square and its vicinity, that the body of Oliver Cromwell was buried in the centre of their square, beneath an obelisk, which stood there till within the last few years.* The likelihood of such a fact strikes us, at first thought, as improbable enough, and yet, on consideration, we are inclined to think that beneath this spot not improbably moulder, not only the

* Pennant speaks of the "clumsy obelisk" in Red Lion Square, and mentions that it was inscribed with the following lines:—

Obtusum
Obtusioris Ingenii
Monumentum.
Quid me respicis, viator?
Vade.

Could this quaint inscription have any hidden reference to the bones of Cromwell lying beneath it? We think not; but they are meant to mystify, and what, therefore, *do* they mean?

bones of the great Protector, but also those of Ireton and Bradshaw, whose remains were disinterred at the same time from Westminster Abbey, and exposed on the same gallows.

As regards the last resting-place of these remarkable men, the contemporary accounts simply inform us, that on the anniversary of the death of Charles the First, their bodies were borne on sledges to *Tyburn*, where, after having hung till sunset, they were cut down and beheaded; that their bodies were then flung into a hole at the foot of the gallows, and their heads fixed upon poles on the roof of Westminster Hall. From the word *Tyburn* being here so distinctly laid down, it has usually been taken for granted that it was intended to designate the well-known place for executing criminals, nearly at the north end of Park Lane, or, as it was anciently styled, Tyburn Lane. When we read, however, of a criminal, in old times, being executed at *Tyburn*, we are not necessarily to presume that it was at this particular spot; the gallows having unquestionably been shifted at times from place to place and the word *Tyburn* having been given indiscriminately, for the time being, to each distinct spot. For instance, sixty years before the death of Cromwell, the gallows were frequently erected at the extremity of St. Giles's parish, at the end of the present Tottenham Court Road; while, for nearly two centuries, the Holborn end of Fetter Lane, within a short distance of Red Lion Square, was no less frequently the place of execution.

Indeed, in 1643, only a few years before the exhumation and gibbeting of Cromwell, we find Nathaniel Tomkins executed at this spot for his share in Waller's plot to surprise the city.

In addition, however, to these surmises, is the curious fact of the bodies of Cromwell and Ireton having been brought in carts, on the night previous to their exposure on the gibbet, to the *Red Lion Inn*, Holborn,—from which Red Lion Square derives its name,—where they rested during the night. In taking this step it is surely not unreasonable to presume that the Government had in view the selection of a house in the immediate vicinity of the scaffold, in order that the bodies might be in readiness for the disgusting exhibition of the following morning. Supposing this to have been the case, the place of their exposure and interment could scarcely have been the end of Tyburn Lane, inasmuch as the distance thither from Westminster is actually shorter than that from Westminster to Red Lion Square; while, at the same time, there was apparently no good reason for adopting so circuitous a route. The object of the Government could hardly have been to create a sensation, by parading the bodies along a populous thoroughfare, inasmuch as the ground between St. Giles's Pound and Tyburn, a distance of a mile and a half, was at this period almost entirely open country. The author has dwelt longer, perhaps, on the subject than such vague surmises may seem to deserve. The question, however, is not altogether an un-

interesting one, and there may be others, probably, who may have the means of, and who may take a pleasure in, further elucidating it.

In Bedford Row, running parallel with Red Lion Street, Bishop Warburton was residing in 1750; and here, at No. 14, lived the eminent surgeon, John Abernethy.

Lamb's-Conduit-Street derives its name from one William Lamb, an eminent cloth-worker, who erected a water-conduit on its site, in 1577.* It was taken down in 1746. As late as the reign of Queen Anne, Lamb's-Conduit-Fields formed a favourite promenade for the citizens of London. On a portion of their site was erected, in 1739, the present Foundling Hospital for the reception of "exposed and deserted children." The founder was Captain Thomas Coram, a merchant-seaman, from whom Great Coram Street derives its name. This excellent person, having passed a long life in the performance of acts of charity and benevolence, found himself, in his old age, reduced to comparative penury. His friends were desirous of raising a subscription for him, but fearful of offending him, they enquired of him, in the first instance, whether he was averse to such a measure. The reply was worthy of the man. "I have not wasted," he said,

* This munificent individual purchased, and bequeathed to the Clothworkers the hermitage of St. James-in-the-Wall, situated at the north corner of Monkwell Street, Cripplegate. He died in 1577. Stow styles him "one of the gentlemen of the King's chapel, citizen and clothworker of London."—Stow's "Survey," p. 100. Ed. 1842.

“the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that in my old age I am poor.” This excellent man died 29th March 1751, at his lodgings near Leicester Square, and by his own wish was buried in the vaults under the chapel of the Foundling Hospital. Since 1760, the Foundling has been used as a hospital for illegitimate children generally, whose mothers were of previous good character, and who are without the means of providing for their offspring. The Foundling Hospital contains some very interesting pictures by Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others, and is altogether well worthy of a visit.

Lamb's-Conduit-Street leads us into Great Ormond Street, the site of which was formerly occupied by Powys House, the residence, in the reign of William the Third, of the Herberts, Marquisses of Powys. Their name is still preserved in Powys Place. In the reign of Queen Anne, Powys House was occupied by the French Ambassador, the Duc d'Aumont, and being burnt down during his occupancy, it was rebuilt with considerable splendour, at the expense of Louis the Fourteenth. The second mansion, which was of brick ornamented with fluted pilasters, was remarkable for having a large reservoir on the roof, which served the double purpose of a fish-pond, and of supplying water in case of fire. Powys House, which for twenty years was the residence of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, was pulled down in 1777, a portion of the present

street having been previously erected in the reign of Queen Anne. Even as late as seventy years since, the north side of Great Ormond Street commanded views of Islington, Hampstead, and Highgate. In this street, at No. 49, resided the celebrated physician, Dr. Mead, and here he kept his fine collection of books, drawings, medals, and antiquities. He died here in 1754. In this street also resided the scholar and divine, Dr. George Hickes, who died in 1715; Robert Nelson, the author of the "Fasts and Festivals," who died at Kensington, the same year; Dr. Stukeley, previous to his removal to Queen Square; Dr. John Hawkesworth; and Lord Chancellor Thurlow, of whom the latter resided at No. 45.

From Great Ormond Street we pass into Queen Square, which, having been principally built in the reign of Queen Anne, was named in honour of that sovereign, and has still her statue in its centre. Here lived and died the indefatigable, but somewhat fanciful antiquary, William Stukeley, who held the neighbouring living of St. George the Martyr. The death of the amiable old man was characteristic of his blameless life. He had a favourite country house at Kentish Town, to which he was in the habit of paying frequent visits. "Returning from thence," says his biographer, Collinson, "on Wednesday, the 27th of February, 1765, to his house in Queen Square, according to his usual custom, he lay down on his couch, which his housekeeper came and read to him; but some

occasion calling her away, on her return, he, with a cheerful look, said, ‘Sally, an accident has happened since you have been absent.’ ‘Pray what is that sir?’ ‘No less than a stroke of the palsy!’ She replied, ‘I hope not sir,’ and began to weep. ‘Nay, do not trouble yourself,’ said he, ‘but get some help to carry me up stairs, for I never shall come down again but on men’s shoulders.’ Soon after his faculties failed him; but he continued quiet and composed, as in a sleep, until Sunday following, the 3rd of March 1765, and then departed, in his seventy-eighth year, which he attained by his remarkable temperance and regularity.” By his own wish, expressed in his lifetime, he was buried in a particular spot in the churchyard of West Ham, Essex. He desired that the turf might be laid smoothly over him, but that no monument should point out his grave.

Another eminent person who resided in Queen Square, was the learned physician, Dr. Anthony Askew, who formed here his rare and valuable collection of books, which at his death, in 1784, sold for 5,000*l*. In this Square, Alderman Barber, the printer, died in 1741; here Jonathan Richardson, the painter, breathed his last, in 1745, at the age of eighty, and here his son, “the younger Richardson,” died in 1770. Dr. Johnson mentions his frequent visits to John Campbell, the author of “*The Lives of the Admirals*,” at the residence of the latter, in Queen’s Square. “I used to go pretty often to Campbell’s, on a Sunday evening, till I be-

gan to consider the shoals of Scotchmen who flocked about him might probably say, when anything of mine was well done, 'Ay, ay, he has learned this of CAMMELL.'"* Campbell's residence was at the north-west corner of Queen Square, and here he died in December 1775. In Queen Street, Bloomsbury, George Vertue, the engraver, was residing in 1712. Campbell, Jonathan Richardson, and his wife, and Robert Nelson, lie buried in the churchyard of St. George the Martyr. Here, also, were interred the celebrated Nancy Dawson, who died at Hampstead, in May 1767; Edward Dilly, the bookseller, and friend of Dr. Johnson; and the late Zachary Macaulay. This church, which is otherwise as uninteresting as it is unsightly, was built in 1706, and was constituted a parish church in September 1723.

From Queen Square let us pass into Southampton Row, where we find Gray, the poet, lodging at one period, at a Mr. Jauncey's, in the same house which had previously been occupied by Dr. Warton. The space between Southampton Row and Montague Street, occupies the site of the fair gardens of Southampton House. This princely mansion extended along the whole of the north side of Bloomsbury Square, with a spacious court-yard in front, towards Holborn, and in the days of Charles the First and Second, was the princely residence of the Wriothsesleys, Earls of Southampton, after their removal from their old mansion above Holborn

* Croker's "Boswell," p. 142. Ed. 1848.

Bars. The spot recalls many interesting associations. Here, "at his house near Holburne, in the suburbs of London," breathed his last, in 1667, the wise and virtuous Thomas Wriothesley, the last Earl of that ancient race, who, as the faithful friend and upright minister of Charles the First, played so prominent a part at the closing period of that unhappy reign. Here, too, passed the childhood of that tender wife and heroic woman, Lady Rachael Russell,

—— that sweet saint who sat by Russell's side ;

and here, after her marriage to Lord Russell, she spent the happiest years of her life. Her devotion to her ill-fated lord, the personal assistance which she rendered him at his trial, their agonizing interviews in the Tower, her heroic calmness at their last parting, and her passionate bursts of grief when all was over, and when she had no longer to dread that her tears might unnerve her beloved one, are well known and are among the most touching passages in history. When Lord Russell, on the day of his death, was led from the Tower to the place of execution, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he lifted up his eyes, as he passed, to the windows of Southampton House ; his thoughts reverted to the many happy hours which he had passed within its walls, and for a moment he felt the bitterness of death. Tears, the only ones he had shed, rushed involuntarily into his eyes ; but he hastily brushed them away, and in a few moments had returned calmly to

those devotions, from which only the most touching memories could have led him to wander. Lady Russell passed many years of her widowhood in Southampton House, and from hence many of her interesting letters are dated. Southampton House, after her death, became the property of the Dukes of Bedford, on which it changed its name to Bedford House. Evelyn inserts in his "Diary," 9th February 1664—"Dined at my Lord Treasurer's, the Earl of Southampton, in Bloomsbury, where he is building a noble square, or piazza, a little town. His own house stands too low. Some noble rooms, a pretty cedar chapel, a naked garden to the north, but good air." It was in the fields behind Southampton House that, in the reign of William the Third, the London gallants were in the habit of settling their disputes with the sword. The old mansion was taken down at the commencement of the present century, when the north side of Bloomsbury Square was erected on its site. In Southampton Street, running from Bloomsbury Square into Holborn, Colley Cibber informs us that he first saw the light, on the 6th of November 1671.

Bloomsbury, originally called Southampton Square, derives its name from the manor and village of Lomesbury, or Bloomsbury, now occupied by the square and its surrounding streets. At Lomesbury, when it was a retired village, our early monarchs had a large establishment for their horses and hawks; and we believe that, as late as the

middle of the last century, it was still kept up as a branch of the royal stables. Dr. Radcliffe, the celebrated physician; Richard Baxter, the Non-conformist divine; Dr. Akenside, and Sir Hans Sloane, resided at different periods in this square. Here also, at the north-east angle, was the residence of the great Lord Mansfield. He was living here at the time of the Protestant riots, in 1780, when the mob attacked and set fire to the house. Not only did his valuable pictures and library perish in the flames, but the Earl himself and Lady Mansfield had a narrow escape from falling into the hands of the infuriated populace. He owed his misfortune to his religious toleration, having recently advocated a measure in favour of relief to the Roman Catholics.

“I was personally present,” writes Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his “Memoirs of his own Time,” “at many of the most tremendous effects of popular fury, on the memorable 7th of June, the night on which it attained its highest point. About nine o’clock on that evening, accompanied by three other gentlemen,—who, as well as myself, were alarmed at the accounts brought in every moment of the outrages committed, and of the still greater acts of violence meditated, as soon as darkness should favour and facilitate their further progress,—we set out from Portland Place, in order to view the scene. Having got into a hackney coach, we drove first to Bloomsbury Square, attracted to that spot by a rumour generally spread that Lord Mansfield’s residence, situate at the north-east corner, was either already

burnt or destined for destruction. Hart Street and Great Russell Street presented, each, to the view as we passed, large fires composed of furniture taken from the houses of magistrates or other obnoxious individuals. Quitting the coach we crossed the square, and had scarcely got under the wall of Bedford House, when we heard the door of Lord Mansfield's house burst open with violence. In a few minutes, all the contents of the apartments being precipitated from the windows, were piled up and wrapped in flames. A file of foot-soldiers arriving, drew up near the blazing pile ; but without either attempting to quench the fire or to impede the mob, who were indeed far too numerous to admit of being dispersed, or even intimidated by a small detachment of Infantry. The populace remained masters."

After witnessing the sacking and conflagration of Mansfield House, Sir Nathaniel and his companions proceeded into Holborn, where the first object which presented itself was the flames bursting from the dwelling-house and warehouses of an obnoxious Catholic gentleman of the name of Langdale, affording an appalling picture of desolation. "They were altogether," he says, "enveloped in smoke and flame. In front had assembled an immense multitude of both sexes, many of whom were females, and not a few held infants in their arms. All appeared to be, like ourselves, attracted as spectators solely by curiosity, without taking any part in the acts of violence. Spirituous liquors, in great quantity, ran

down the kennel of the street, and numbers of the populace were already intoxicated with this beverage. So little disposition, however, did they manifest to riot or pillage, that it would have been difficult to conceive who were the authors and perpetrators of such enormous mischief, if we had not distinctly seen at the windows of the house men, who, while the floors and rooms were on fire, calmly tore down the furniture and threw it into the streets, or tossed it into the flames. They experienced no kind of opposition, during a considerable time that we remained at this place; but a party of the Horseguards arriving, the terrified crowd instantly began to disperse; and we, anxious to gratify our farther curiosity, continued our progress on foot, along Holborn to Fleet Market. I would in vain attempt adequately to describe the spectacle which presented itself when we reached the declivity of the hill, close to St. Andrew's Church. The other house and magazines of Mr. Langdale, who, as a Catholic, had been selected for the blind vengeance of the mob, situated in the hollow space near the north end of Fleet Market, threw up into the air a pinnacle of flame resembling a volcano. Such was the beautiful and brilliant effect of the illumination, that St. Andrew's Church appeared to be almost scorched by the heat of so prodigious a body of fire; and the figures designated on the clock were as distinctly perceptible as at noonday. It resembled, indeed, a tower rather than a private building, in a state of conflagration; and would have inspired the beholder

with a sentiment of admiration allied to pleasure, if it had been possible to separate the object from its causes and its consequences. The wind, however, did not augment its rage on this occasion ; for the night was serene and the sky unclouded, except when it became obscured by the volumes of smoke which, from time to time, produced a temporary darkness. The mob, which completely blocked up the whole street in every part, and in all directions, prevented our approaching within fifty or sixty yards of the building ; but the populace, though still principally composed of persons allured by curiosity, yet evidently began here to assume a more disorderly and ferocious character. Troops, either horse or foot, we still saw none ; nor, in the midst of this combination of tumult, terror, and violence, had the ordinary police ceased to continue its functions. While we stood by the wall of St. Andrew's Church-yard, a watchman, with his lantern in his hand, passed us, calling the hour, as if in a time of profound tranquillity."

The residence of another eminent lawyer, Lord Ellenborough, before he removed to St. James's Square, was at the corner-house of Bloomsbury Square and Orange Street.

In Bedford Place died, in May 1811, the celebrated dramatic writer, Richard Cumberland ; and in Charlotte Street, now Bloomsbury Street (No. 3), Theodore Hook first saw the light.

The Church of St. George, Bloomsbury, consecrated on the 28th of January, 1731, is the work

of Nicholas Hawksmoor, an English architect and pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. It possesses no interest and but little merit. The portico, supported by pillars of the Corinthian order, though not an original idea, is certainly fine; but the tower, surmounted by a pyramid, with George the First at the top, and with lions and unicorns, with their tails and heels in the air, at the base, affords a unique specimen of architecture, which Walpole justly styles a master-piece of absurdity. This church must not be confounded with the neighbouring one of St. George *the Martyr*, Bloomsbury.

In the reign of Queen Anne, this part of London constituted one of its most fashionable localities, disputing the palm with Lincoln's Inn Fields, Soho Square, and Queen Square, Westminster. In 1708, we find the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Chesterfield (De Grammont's Chesterfield), and Lords Paget and Castleton, occupying houses in Bloomsbury Square; while in Great Russell Street stood Montague House and Thanet House. Let us not forget that in this latter street lived the great artist, Sir Godfrey Kneller. Strype speaks of Great Russell Street being an aristocratic part of the town; "especially," he says, "the north side, as having gardens behind the houses, and the prospect of the pleasant fields up to Highgate and Hampstead, insomuch that this place, by physicians, is named the most healthful of any in London."

Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 31st of January 1750—"You will hear little

news from England, but of robberies; the numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors have all taken to the road, or rather to the street. People are almost afraid of stirring after it is dark. My Lady Albemarle was robbed the other night in *Great Russell Street* by nine men. The King gave her a gold watch and chain the next day. She says ‘the manner was all;’ and indeed so it was, for I never saw a more frippery present, especially considering how great a favourite she is, and my Lady Yarmouth’s friend.” So frequent, at this period, were highway robberies, even in the most populous thoroughfares of London, that, on the very day preceding the date of Walpole’s letter, a proclamation appeared in the *London Gazette* offering a reward of 100*l.* for the apprehension of any offender. Singular as these facts may appear, there is no doubt that, favoured by the ill-lighted and ill-protected state of the streets, highway robberies were committed in the heart of London up to a much later period than we have usually any notion of. Less than half a century ago, a near relative of the author, accompanied by a friend (both of whom are still living to corroborate the fact), were on their way to Ranelagh, when, in Piccadilly, opposite to St. James’s Church, the hackney-coach in which they were seated, was suddenly stopped, two men with pistols presenting themselves, one at each door, while a third jumped on the box to overawe the coachman. Without the means of defence, they were compelled to satisfy the ruffians by delivering

up their watches and money, and, at their departure, drove to the nearest police-station to give information of the robbery. Here but little hopes of redress were held out to them. Their tale was listened to as if it had been one of nightly occurrence ; and, as regarded the evidence of the coachman, they had the satisfaction of learning that very little doubt existed but that he was in league with the robbers.

To return to Great Russell Street. In this street John Le Neve, the antiquary, was born on the 27th of December 1679 ; and here Speaker Onslow died, in February 1768. Here, too, was the residence of the great actor, John Philip Kemble, principally conspicuous from its double windows in the library, which drew from the late James Smith the following lively lines :—

Rheumatic pains make Kemble halt ;
He, fretting in amazement,
To counteract the dire assault,
Erects a double casement.

Ah ! who from fell disease can run ?
With added ills he's troubled ;
For when the glazier's task is done,
He finds his *panes* are doubled.

Kemble's house, No. 89, afterwards the residence of Sir Henry Ellis, the principal librarian of the British Museum, was taken down in 1847, to make room for the new buildings required by the Museum. At No. 72, Great Russell Street, Sir Sidney Smith was residing in 1828.

The great object of interest in Great Russell Street is unquestionably Montague House, now converted into the British Museum. This magnificent mansion was originally built in 1678, by Ralph first Duke of Montague, ambassador to France in the reign of William the Third. A few years afterwards we find it leased by the Duke, then Lord Montague, to William fourth Earl of Devonshire, during whose occupancy it was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 19th of January 1686. The Countess, a daughter of the great Duke of Ormond, and her children, after a very narrow escape with their lives, were carried in blankets to Southampton House, where they were hospitably received by their neighbour, Lady Russell, who has left us an account of the catastrophe in one of her letters to Dr. Fitzwilliam. The mansion was shortly afterwards rebuilt by Lord Montague with increased splendour. The architect was a M. Pougnet, who laid out the buildings and gardens entirely on the French model. Even the staircase and ceilings at Montague House were painted by French artists, Rousseau and La Fosse.

In Montague House resided, for many years, the eccentric Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter and co-heir of Henry Duke of Newcastle, and successively Duchess of Albemarle and Montague. She had been contracted in early youth to Christopher, only son of the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle. This marriage had been a favourite project of the old Duke ; and when

he felt himself dying, his anxiety to see it completed seems to have been the only object which bound his affections to the world. Finding himself daily growing more feeble, he expressed so ardent a desire for the immediate solemnization of the marriage, that it was performed in his sick chamber on the 30th of December 1669, only four days before he breathed his last ; the bridegroom being only sixteen, and the bride probably considerably younger. Their union was not a happy one. His life, being embittered by the fretfulness and ill-temper of his imperious wife, the Duke sought a refuge from his domestic unhappiness in the pleasures of the bottle, and subsequently accepted the appointment of Governor of Jamaica, where he died in 1688. After his death his Duchess, whose wealth must have been immense, publicly expressed her determination to marry no one but a sovereign prince. Among her suitors were the reprobate Lord Rosse and Lord Montague. In order to flatter her insane fancies, the latter is said to have courted her as Emperor of China, which produced from his angry competitor the following lines :—

Insulting rival ! never boast
Thy conquest lately won ;
No wonder if her heart was lost,
Her senses first were gone.

From one that 's under Bedlam's laws,
What glory can be had ?
For love of thee was not the cause,
It proves that she was mad.

Of her insanity there can be no doubt: indeed, her second husband placed her in confinement with an allowance of 3000*l.* a year. She was indulged in her phantasies, and, to the last, was served on the knee as a sovereign princess. The apartments which she occupied in Montague House were on the ground-floor. Her death took place in 1734, at a very advanced age, at Newcastle House, Clerk-enwell, her paternal property.

It was in the meadows behind Montague House that Aubrey mentions the following incident occurring in 1694. "The last summer," he says, "on the day of St. John the Baptist, I accidentally was walking in the pasture behind Montague House. It was twelve o'clock. I saw there about two or three and twenty young women, most of them well habited, on their knees very busy, as if they had been weeding. I could not presently learn what the matter was; at last a young man told me that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands. It was to be found that day and hour."

In the middle of the last century, the ground behind the north-west of Russell Street was occupied by a farm belonging to two old maiden sisters of the name of Capper. "They wore riding-habits," we are told, "and men's hats. One rode an old grey mare; and it was her spiteful delight to ride, with a pair of shears, after boys who were flying their kites, purposely to cut their strings: the other

sister's business was to seize the clothes of the lads who trespassed on their premises to bathe.”*

In Bolton House, formerly the corner-house of Russell Square turning into Guildford Street, resided Lord Chancellor Loughborough. The residence of Sir Thomas Lawrence was on the east side of Russell Square, No. 65, four doors from that of Lord Loughborough. In this square, at No. 21, Sir Samuel Romilly destroyed himself, in 1818.

In 1815, No. 6, Bedford Square was the residence of Lord Eldon. In Store Street, Bedford Square, the celebrated actor, Thomas King, breathed his last in December 1805.

Before quitting this neighbourhood, let us mention that in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, lived John George Morland and Richard Wilson, the painters, and that at No. 17, Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, John Flaxman, the sculptor, breathed his last. Let us not forget also the residence of the delightful actor, Jack Banister, who lived and died in Gower Street. He entertained a superstitious notion that he should die at the age of sixty-five, the number of his house, but he lived, we believe, several years afterwards.

* Smith's "Book for a Rainy Day," p. 23.

CHEAPSIDE.

CHEAPSIDE AT AN EARLY PERIOD CALLED THE "CROWN FIELD."—TOURNAMENTS HELD THERE.—PERSONS EXECUTED AT THE STANDARD IN CHEAPSIDE.—"EVIL MAY-DAY."—ELIZABETH'S CORONATION PROCESSION.—THE CROSS.—THE CONDUIT.—CELEBRATED RESIDENTS IN CHEAPSIDE.—STREETS IN THE VICINITY.—"MERMAID TAVERN."—GUILDHALL.—TRIAL-SCENES, AND ENTERTAINMENTS THERE.—ST. MARY-LE-BOW.—"CROWN-SELD."—WATLING STREET.—GOLDSMITHS' AND COACHMAKERS' HALL.

LET us retrace our steps into Cheapside. This celebrated street, which derives its name from *chepe*, a market, was, in the middle of the thirteenth century, an open space called the "Crown Field," from the Crown Inn, which stood at the east end of it. In the reign of Edward the Fourth, the sign of the "Crown," in Cheapside, was kept by one Walter Walker. This person had observed in joke that he would make his son "heir to the crown." The words reached the jealous ears of royalty; the foolish equivocal was construed into the crime of high treason, and the man was hanged opposite to his own door.

In the days of our Norman sovereigns, when Cheapside was still the "Crown Field," it shared with Smithfield the honour of witnessing those gorgeous tournaments of which the old chroniclers have given us such vivid descriptions. There is,

in fact, no street in London more intimately associated with the romantic history of the past. Here, in 1329, between Wood Street and Queen Street, Edward the Third held a solemn tournament in honour of the French Ambassadors. The street was covered with sand, to prevent the horses from slipping ; and across it was erected a scaffold, richly decorated, in which sat Queen Philippa and her ladies, in all the blaze of beauty and precious stones. The King was present, surrounded by the chivalry of the land ; and apart sat the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, in their scarlet robes, and chains of massive gold. Suddenly, in the midst of the tilting, the gallery on which the Queen and her ladies sat gave way, "whereby," says, Stow, "they were, with some shame, forced to fall down." Some injuries occurred to the knights and others who were standing close to the gallery, but fortunately the ladies escaped unhurt. The King was in the highest degree exasperated against the master-carpenter who had erected the scaffolding, and ordered him to be led forthwith to the gallows. The Queen, however, threw herself on her knees, and so pathetically pleaded to the King to save the life of the offender, that with some difficulty he consented ; and Philippa was rewarded for her generous interference by an unanimous burst of applause from the surrounding multitude.*

* In consequence of this accident, "the King," says Stow, "caused a shed to be strongly made of stone, for himself, the Queen, and other estates to stand on, and there to behold the

In the same reign (1339) we find Cheapside the scene of a sanguinary encounter between the rival companies of the Skinners and Fishmongers. In the heat of the fray, the Lord Mayor arrived on the spot with a band of armed citizens, and attempted to separate them, on which the rival factions made common cause, and drove the Lord Mayor and his men-at-arms from the field. Subsequently, however, the Sheriffs made their appearance with a large reinforcement; the ringleaders were seized, and seven of them hanged the following day in Cheapside, without even the pretence of a trial.

Edward the Third died in 1377, and, shortly afterwards, his grandson, Richard the Second, proceeded in great state through Cheapside in his way from the Tower to his coronation at Westminster. The young King, clad in white robes, rode in the centre of a brilliant assemblage of peers, knights, and esquires, accompanied by the sound of trumpets and other instruments. Thus, we are told, he rode solemnly through the "public ways" till he came "to the noble street called the Chepe," the houses of which were hung with tapestry and cloth of arras, and thence to "Flete-strete," and so direct to the royal palace of Westminster.

During Wat Tyler's insurrection, we find several joustings and other shows, at their pleasure, by the church of St. Mary, Bow, as is showed in Cordwainer Street Ward."—Stow's "Survey," p. 101. Ed. 1842.

persons beheaded by the infuriated mob at the Standard in Cheapside. Here, also, in 1450, when Jack Cade made himself master of the metropolis, Lord Say, High Treasurer of England, was put to death by the insurgents. In vain did he claim the privilege of being tried by his peers. He was dragged from the officers of justice, and hurried to the Standard at Cheapside, where, having been decapitated, his head was carried in triumph through the streets of London. Shakespeare has immortalised the scene in the Second Part of "King Henry VI."

Say.—Tell me wherein I have offended most ?

Have I affected wealth or honour ; speak ?

Are my chests filled up with extorted gold ?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?

Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death ?

These hands are free from guiltless blood shedding ;

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O let me live !

Cade.—I feel remorse in myself with his words : but I'll bridle it ; he shall die, and it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him ! he has a familiar under his tongue ; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently : and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All.—It shall be done !

Say.—Ah, countrymen ! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obstinate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls ?

And, therefore, yet relent, and save my life !

Cade.—Away with him, and do as I command ye !

Another notorious political offender, whose fate is associated with Cheapside, was the handsome and accomplished Perkin Warbeck. After his arrest in the priory of Sheen, in Surrey, he was brought to London, and compelled to sit for a whole day in the stocks before the entrance of Westminster Hall. On the following day he was brought to Cheapside, where he was again placed in the stocks, and forced to read a confession, which he is said to have written with his own hand. At night he was lodged in the dungeons of the Tower. His subsequent fate is well known. Having been discovered, in conjunction with the ill-fated Edward Plantagenet Earl of Warwick, in an attempt to escape from the Tower, he was brought to trial on various charges of high treason, and, on the 23rd of November 1499, was hanged at Tyburn.

The Standard in Cheapside, the spot where criminals were anciently executed, is said to have stood in the middle of the street, near Bow Church. The date of its foundation has not been ascertained; but as early as the reign of Henry the Fourth we find it in such a ruinous state, that it was necessary to rebuild it, together with "a conduit in the same." It was at the Standard in Cheapside, that William Fitz-Osbert, commonly called William Longbeard, after having been dragged with his concubine from the neighbouring church of St. Mary-le-Bow, where he had defended himself by force of arms, was executed in 1199. So

devoted were the populace to his memory, that they stole his gibbet, which they regarded with scarcely less veneration than if it had been the Holy Cross.*

Here, also, Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, was beheaded by the mob in the reign of Edward the Second. On this ground, in 1293, three men were decapitated for rescuing an offender from the officers of justice; and here, in 1461, John Davy had his hand cut off for striking a man before the judges at Westminster. It was at the Standard, that Henry the Fourth, in 1399, caused the blank charter of Richard the Second to be publicly burnt; and from this spot it was, when convicted of sorcery and witchcraft, that Eleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, was compelled to walk, with a sheet over her and a taper in her hand, to St. Paul's Cross.

Cheapside is intimately associated with the celebrated riots which took place on the 1st of May 1517, and which obtained for it the name of "Evil May-day." "A great heart-burning and malicious grudge," says Stow, "had grown amongst the Englishmen of the city of London against strangers; the artificers finding themselves much aggrieved, because such a number of strangers were permitted to resort hither with their wares, and to exercise handicrafts, to the great hindrance and impoverishing of the King's liege people." The "heart-burnings" this excited had for some time

* Hume's "History of England," ii. 36.

shown indications of an impending outbreak; so much so that, according to Stow, a general impression was abroad that “on May-day next following, the city would slay all the aliens; insomuch that diverse strangers fled out of the city.” At length, the fears of the Corporation being thoroughly aroused, they issued orders, strictly enjoining every householder to close his habitation on the evening of the 1st of May, and to keep his sons, apprentices, and servants within doors from nine o’clock at night till the same hour on the following morning. In all probability, but for the following trifling incident, these precautions would have had the desired effect. One of the Aldermen, it seems, happening to pass through Cheapside a few minutes after nine o’clock, observed two apprentices playing at “bucklers” in the middle of the street. Instead of quietly expostulating with them on the impropriety of their conduct, the zealous functionary, in a peremptory tone of voice, threatened to send them to the Compter, unless they instantly desisted from their sport. An insolent reply on the part of one of the apprentices led to high words, when the Alderman, attempting to seize one of the offenders, the bystanders raised the then familiar war-shout of the youths of London, “Prentices, prentices! clubs, clubs!” Almost immediately every door in the neighbourhood was thrown open, and numbers of persons, consisting principally of apprentices, servants, and watermen, rushed to join the fray. Having beaten every

reinforcement which the Lord Mayor could array against them, they dispersed themselves in different directions, and continued to plunder and destroy the houses and warehouses of the unoffending foreigners till the break of day. At length, exhausted by want of sleep, and by their own acts of violence, the great majority of the rioters dispersed and returned to their several homes, on which the Lord Mayor seized his opportunity, and captured about three hundred of the remainder. A commission was immediately issued to the Duke of Norfolk, and other noblemen, to try the offenders, of whom their reputed leader, John Lincoln, and twelve others, were subsequently hanged in different parts of London. The remainder, many of whom were women and boys, were also sentenced to death, but were reprieved at the King's pleasure, and subsequently pardoned.*

On the occasion of Queen Elizabeth proceeding from the Tower to her coronation in Westminster Abbey, we find her received in great state and ceremony at the Standard in Cheapside. This street, as well as the others through which she passed, were hung with costly drapery; being lined by the members of the different city companies, "well apparelled with many rich furs, and their livery hoods upon their shoulders." The young Queen,—“the observed of all observers,”—sat in an open chariot, sumptuously decorated; being “most honourably accompanied,” says Holinshed, “as well with gen-

* See *ante*, First Series, i. 343, &c.

tlemen, barons, and other nobility of her realm ; as also with a notable train of goodly and beautiful ladies, richly appointed." On reaching the Standard, the Recorder of London, in the name of the City, presented her with a purse of crimson velvet, containing a thousand marks in gold, as a token of their affectionate loyalty. At the same time a child, intended to personify Truth, was made to descend by machinery, as if from Heaven, and presented her with an English translation of the Bible ; a gift which, we are told, she accepted with the greatest marks of reverence, declaring that it gave her more real gratification than all the other endearing proofs which she had that day experienced of her people's love. Other fantastic pageants had previously arrested her progress in the different streets through which she had passed. In Fenchurch Street, a beautiful child had addressed her in a befitting oration ; in Gracechurch Street there had been a "goodly pageant ;" and at Cornhill her progress had been delayed by a representation of the Cardinal Virtues trampling on Ignorance and Superstition. Subsequently, in Fleet Street, a female, representing Deborah seated under a palm-tree, prophesied the restoration of the House of Israel ; and lastly, at Temple Bar, two citizens, personifying Gogmagog and Corineus, were stationed with a scroll of Latin verse, explaining the meaning of the different pageants which had been prepared for her entertainment.

Besides the Standard, there were two other re-

markable buildings in Cheapside, the Cross and the Conduit. The Cross, which stood nearly opposite to Wood Street, was one of those beautiful architectural memorials raised by Edward the First, in 1296, to the memory of his beloved consort, Eleanor of Castile ; marking out each spot where her remains had rested in their progress from Hardeby, in Lincolnshire, where she died, to their last home in Westminster Abbey. The cross in Cheapside is described as having been elaborately sculptured, being ornamented with statues of the Virgin, Edward the Confessor, Queen Eleanor, and others. Falling into decay, it was rebuilt in 1441, at the expense of John Hatherly, Lord Mayor of London, John Fisher, Mercer, and other persons. In consequence of its being decorated with popish images it was much injured by the populace in 1581 ; but was again repaired in 1591. Its final demolition took place on the 2d of May 1643, when it shared the fate of many other religious crosses in England, the destruction of which was voted by the Parliament. This work of sacrilege was entrusted to Sir Robert Barlow, who, on the appointed day, surrounded the cross with a troop of horse and two companies of foot. At the moment that the cross at the top fell beneath the blows of the workmen, the drums beat and the trumpets sounded ; the multitude at the same time throwing their caps into the air, and raising a general shout of joyful acclamation. On the night of the 6th, the leaden pipes were melted on the spot where the cross had lately stood, amidst the ringing

of bells and the renewed shouts of the populace. The destruction of this "stately cross" was witnessed by Evelyn, who mentions it in his "Diary" with expressions of great regret.

The Conduit in Cheapside stood rather to the east of the Cross, in the middle of the street, close to the Poultry. It was built about the year 1281, and was of stone, richly decorated. Having fallen into decay, it was re-built in 1479, by Thomas Ilam, Sheriff of London, and continued in use till about the year 1613, when it was superseded by the great work of Sir Hugh Myddleton, who had accomplished his project of supplying London with water from the New River. There was a "lesser conduit" in Cheapside, known as the Little Conduit, which stood in the middle of the street, near the east end of Paternoster Row.

The following incident in connexion with Cheapside, is related by Anthony Wood as having taken place during the agitation caused by the famous "Popish Plot," in 1679:—"In the evening (24th October), when the Duke of York returned from his entertainment in the city, Oates and Bedloe were got into the balcony of one Cockerill, a blink-eyed bookseller, in Cheapside, and a great rabble about them. As the Duke passed by, they cried out, 'a Pope, a Pope,' upon which, one of the Duke's guard cocked his pistol, and rode back, saying, 'What factious rogues are these?' Upon which, they cried out, 'No Pope, no Pope;' 'God

bless his highness.' So the King's worthy evidence, Oates and Bedloe, sneaked away."*

In Cheapside was born, in 1591, one of the sweetest of lyric poets, Robert Herrick. In his "Tears to Thamasis," he writes—

Never again shall I with finnie oar
Put from, or draw unto, the faithful shore ;
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster ;
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.

The expression of the "golden" Cheapside has apparently reference to the father of the poet, Nicholas Herrick having carried on the business of a goldsmith in this street. The latter did not survive the birth of his gifted son much more than a year; dying on the 9th of November, 1592, of injuries which he received by a fall from an upper window of his house in Cheapside. From the circumstance of his will having been made only two days before this event, it has been conjectured that the fall was not altogether accidental.

Another poet, whose name is associated with Cheapside, is Sir Richard Blackmore, who commenced practice as a physician in this street, where, according to Dr. Johnson, he "obtained high eminence and extensive practice." "His residence," adds Johnson, "was in Cheapside, and his friends were chiefly in the city. In the early part of Blackmore's time a citizen was a term of re-

* "Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood," ii. 291.

proach, and his place of abode was another topic to which his adversaries had recourse, in the penury of scandal."

In Cheapside, the pure-minded philosopher and angler, Isaac Walton, carried on for some years the humble trade of a sempster. According to Anthony Wood, he resided here till 1643, at which time, "finding it dangerous for honest men to be there, he left the city, and lived sometimes at Stafford, and elsewhere, but mostly in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, by whom he was much beloved."

Another celebrated person who lived in Cheapside was Sir Christopher Wren, whose residence is said to have been at No. 73. In this street also died, in 1769, in his eighty-eighth year, Mr. David Barclay, the last surviving son of Robert Barclay, the author of the "Apology for the Quakers." He carried on the business of a mercer, and had the singular honour of receiving, at his house in Cheapside, three successive monarchs, on the occasion of their severally visiting the city on Lord Mayor's day.

At No. 3, Cheapside, at the corner of Paternoster Row, lived John Beyer, a linen-draper, the original of Cowper's admirable ballad of John Gilpin, and from hence it was that he set out on his memorable ride.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog,
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

During more than three centuries,—from the day when the old Benedictine monk, John Lydgate, penned his “London Lykpenney,” to those in which Cowper charmed the world with his “John Gilpin,”—we find Cheapside the great resort of the linendrapers and haberdashers of London.

Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,
Where mutch people I saw for to stande ;
One ofred me velvet, sylke, and lawne,
An other he taketh me by the hand,
“Here is Parys thread, the fynest in the land.”
I never was used to such thyngs indede,
And wantyng mony I myght not spede.”

The streets in its immediate vicinity, are no less associated with eminent names than Cheapside itself. In Milk Street — the site of the London residence of the Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham — Sir Thomas More first saw the light ; and in Bread Street, on the opposite side of Cheapside, lived the father of Milton, under whose roof in this street the great poet was born. Almost every house in London had anciently its distinguishing sign. That of Milton's father, who was a scrivener, was a spread-eagle (the armorial bearing of his

family) which was suspended over his door. We learn from Anthony Wood, who was only junior to Milton by a few years, that, in his time, foreigners used to pay a pilgrimage to the house in Bread Street, in which the poet first saw the light. Aubrey, also, another contemporary writer, informs us, "The only inducement of several foreigners that came over to England, was to see the Protector Oliver, and Mr. John Milton, and would see the house and chamber where he was born." Milton's father was himself a poet and a musician. "He was an ingenious man," says Aubrey, "delighted in music, and composed many songs now in print, especially that of Oriana," and Milton himself addresses him—

——— thyself
 Art skilful to associate verse with airs
 Harmonious, and to give the human voice
 A thousand modulations, heir^{by} right
 Indisputable of Arion's fame.
 Now, say, what wonder is it, if a son
 Of thine delight in verse ; if, so conjoin'd
 In close affinity, we sympathize
 In social arts and kindred studies sweet ?

The house in which Milton was born, was burnt down in the great fire of 1666.

Bread Street derives its name from a bread market which was anciently held on its site ; but in Stow's time, was entirely inhabited by "rich merchants ;" and he adds, "diverse fair inns be there." In Basing Lane, Bread Street, stood Gerard's Hall, corrupted from Gisors Hall. In 1245,

it was the residence of John Gisors, Lord Mayor of London, and was long in the possession of his descendants. "On the south side of Basing Lane," says Stow, "is one great house of old time, built upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone, brought from Caen, in Normandy. The same is now a common hostelry for receipt of travellers, commonly and corruptly called Gerrardes-hall, of a giant said to have dwelt there. In the high-roofed hall of this house, sometime stood a large fir-pole, which reached to the roof thereof, and was said to be one of the staves that Gerrarde, the giant, used in the wars to run withal. There stood, also, a ladder of the same length, which (as they say) served to ascend to the top of a staff." Gerard's Hall, with its curious Norman crypt, is still used as an "hostelry," under the name of the Gerard's Hall Hotel.

Lad Lane, in the immediate neighbourhood, is said to be a corruption from Lady Lane, so called from an image of the Virgin having anciently stood there. Stow, however, tells us that it should properly be called Ladle Street; Ladle Hall having anciently stood on its site.

In Bread Street stood the famous Mermaid Tavern, endeared to us by its association with some of the most illustrious names in the literature of our country.

At Bread Street's "Mermaid" having dined, and merry,
Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry.—BEN JONSON.

Here was held the celebrated Mermaid Club,

at which Sir Walter Raleigh so often presided; where wit so often flashed from the lips of Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Ben Jonson; and where the author of “The Faery Queen,” as the intimate friend of Raleigh, was doubtless often a guest. Gifford, speaking of the year 1603, observes, “About this time, Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham, and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits*, at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in *Friday Street*.* Of this club, which combined more talent and genius than ever met together before or since, our author was a member: and here, for many years, he regularly repaired with Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect.” Beaumont, in a charming poetical epistle addressed to Ben Jonson, describes the “wit-combats” in which they had both of them so often borne a part in the Mermaid Tavern:—

* This appears to be an error. At the time when Jonson penned this couplet there was also a “Mermaid” tavern in Cheapside, and apparently another in Friday Street. The “Mermaid” in Cornhill was also probably in existence at this period. Ben Jonson’s expression, however, of “Bread Street’s Mermaid,” evidently proves that the “Mermaid” frequented by Jonson and his illustrious associates was in Bread Street.”—See Cunningham’s “London,” *Art. “Mermaid Tavern.”*

Methinks the little wit I had is lost
 Since I saw you ; for wit is like a rest
 Held up at tennis, which men do the best
 With the best gamesters : what things have we seen
 Done at the "*Mermaid*." Heard words that have been
 So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest
 Of his dull life ; then when there hath been thrown
 Wit able enough to justify the town
 For three days past,—wit that might warrant be
 For the whole city to talk foolishly
 Till that were cancelled ; and when that was gone
 We left an air behind us, which alone
 Was able to make the two next companies
 Right witty ; though but downright fools, more wise.

Ben Jonson has again celebrated the Mermaid Tavern, and its delicious Canary, in his delightful poem, "Inviting a Friend to Supper."—

But that which most doth take my muse and me,
 Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
 Which is the *Mermaid's* now, but shall be mine.

And again—

Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
 Nor shall our cups make any guilty men ;
 But at our parting we will be as when
 We innocently met. No simple word,
 That shall be uttered at our mirthful boards
 Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
 The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night.

Fuller, speaking of the "wit-combats" between Shakspeare and Jonson, observes, — "Many were the wit-combats between him and Ben Jonson ; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon

and an English man-of-war ; Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning ; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.”

Friday Street, running parallel with Bread Street, is said to have been anciently inhabited almost entirely by fishmongers, and to have derived its name from the great quantity of business which was carried on there on a Friday—the fast-day of the Roman Catholics. In this street is the church of St. Matthew, Friday Street, a plain stone structure, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren after the destruction of the old edifice by the Fire of London.

Nearly opposite to Friday Street is Wood Street, at the corner of which may be seen a solitary tree, presenting a striking and refreshing appearance in this smoky and crowded district. It is interesting, moreover, as pointing out the site of the old church of St. Peter’s at the Cross, which was destroyed by the great Fire.

At the end of King Street, running also northward out of Cheapside, is the Guildhall of the City of London. Previously to the year 1411, it was held in the street called Aldermanbury “I myself,” says Stow, “have seen the ruins of the old court hall, in Aldermanbury Street, which of late hath been employed as a carpenter’s yard.”

The present edifice was commenced in 1410,

during the mayoralty of Sir Thomas Knolles, and was completed at different periods in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It suffered severely in the great Fire of 1666, but so solid were the timbers and masonry that it was able to defy the fury of the raging element. The fine old oak roof was, however, unfortunately destroyed. In the words of an eye-witness, the Rev. T. Vincent,—“Among other things that night, the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together for several hours, after the fire had taken it, without flames (I suppose because the timber was of such solid oak), in a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass.” The building was subsequently thoroughly repaired at an expense of 2,500*l*.

The exterior front of Guildhall, though its appearance is sufficiently striking and picturesque when seen from Cheapside, consists of a strange mixture of the Gothic, Grecian, and Oriental styles of architecture. Its principal feature is the great hall, which, notwithstanding the barbarous alterations to which it has, from time to time, been subjected, presents a very imposing appearance. It measures one hundred and fifty-three feet in length, forty-eight feet in breadth, and fifty-five in height.

The old crypt, too, beneath it, which extends the whole length of the hall is well worthy of a visit. In the hall are four monuments,—each of considerable pretensions, but of indifferent merit,—to

the memory of the great Earl of Chatham, his illustrious son William Pitt, Lord Nelson, and Alderman Beckford. Here, also, are conspicuous the fantastic-looking figures, known as Gog and Gogmagog, but whose real names and identity have long been a difficulty with antiquaries. Comparatively speaking, they are of modern date, having been carved by Richard Saunders, and set up no later than 1708. As early, however, as the reign of Henry the Fifth, we find it the custom of the citizens of London to display a couple of gigantic figures in their pageants, in which custom the Gog and Gogmagog, in Guildhall, had evidently their origin, and they are, therefore, so far curious as forming a link between the present and a past age. For many years, Guildhall continued to be decorated with the banners and other trophies, captured at the Battle of Ramillies. They were carried hither through the city with great state and ceremony, but have long since disappeared.

Another interesting building connected with old Guildhall was its ancient chapel, which stood on the site of the present law-courts. It was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen and All Saints, and had an establishment consisting of a warden, seven priests, three clerks, and four choristers. It was built as early as 1299, and was pulled down only as late as 1822.

The trial-scenes of many celebrated persons have taken place in Guildhall. Among these may be mentioned the fair martyr Anne Askew, who,

perished in the flames on the 16th of July 1546. Here also severally stood at the bar of justice the beautiful and accomplished Lady Jane Grey; the gallant and gifted Earl of Surrey; Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, the eminent soldier and statesman, implicated in the Duke of Suffolk's conspiracy to raise Lady Jane Grey to the throne; Garnet, the Jesuit, who was executed for his share in the Gunpowder Plot; and lastly, Edmund Waller, the poet.

The city feasts in Guildhall have been famous for centuries. In this hall, in 1613, the Elector Palatine and his young wife, Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, were entertained with great splendour by the citizens of London: and here, in 1641, Charles the First honoured the city with his company at a sumptuous feast. Pepys writes on the 29th October 1663:—"To Guildhall, and up and down to see the tables; where, under every salt, there was a bill of fare, and at the end of the table the persons proper for the table. Many were the tables, but none in the hall, but the Mayor's and the Lords of the Privy Council, that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. I sat at the merchant strangers' table, where ten good dishes to a mess, with plenty of wine of all sorts: but it was very displeasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers, and wooden dishes."

In Guildhall, in 1761, the citizens of London gave an entertainment to George the Third, the cost

of which amounted to 6,898*l.*; and here, on the occasion of the Peace, in 1814, the city gave a still more magnificent feast, at which the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia sat as guests; the total expenditure of which was estimated at the enormous sum of 25,000*l.* The plate alone is stated to have been worth 200,000*l.* On the occasion of Charles the First dining in the city, the number of dishes is said to have been 500. At the entertainment given to George the Third, they are stated to have amounted to 414, exclusive of the dessert.

King Street, Cheapside, the small street in which Guildhall is situated, is associated with a curious incident in the early life of the author of "Christabel." He was then a friendless and ill-fed boy, in the Blue-coat School. "From eight to fourteen," says Coleridge, "I was a playless day-dreamer, a *helluo librorum*, my appetite for which was indulged by a singular accident. A stranger, who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside." The particulars of this "singular accident" are thus explained by Coleridge's biographer, Mr. Gilman: "Going down the Strand," he says, "in one of his day-dreams, fancying himself swimming across the Hellespont, he thrust his hands before him as in the act of swimming, when his hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket. The gentleman seized his hand, turned round and looked at him with some anger—'What! so young, and so wicked!' at the

same time accusing him of an attempt to pick his pocket. The frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the intention, and explained to him how he thought himself Leander swimming across the Hellespont. The gentleman was so struck and delighted with the novelty of the thing, and with the simplicity and intelligence of the boy, that he subscribed, as before stated, to the library, in consequence of which Coleridge was further enabled to indulge his love of reading." The "Crown," in King Street, was the resort of the improvident poet Richard Savage.

On the south side of Cheapside is the celebrated church of St. Mary-le-Bow. Who is there who has ever passed along the crowded thoroughfare of Cheapside without turning his eyes towards the belfry of Bow Church, and recalling the nursery days when he listened with childish delight to the legend of Richard Whittington?—how he came to London believing that its streets were paved with gold;—how disappointed were his buoyant hopes when he found himself alone amidst a cold, strange, and comfortless multitude;—how he sat down disconsolate upon the mile-stone at Highgate; and how his face brightened, and his heart beat, when the bells of Bow Church rang their merry and prophetic peal—

Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.

"Bow Bells," if we may be allowed to continue the nursery expression, have been famous from

time immemorial; being a vestige of the ancient times, when the Norman “curfew tolled the knell of parting day;” those days when the will of the Conqueror decreed that every light should be extinguished, and every fire raked out, by a prescribed hour. As late as the year 1469 we find the Common Council ordering that Bow Bell shall be rang every night at nine o’clock. Probably it was a signal to the London ’prentices that they might close their masters’ shops, and betake themselves to their amusements; but at all events we have evidence that the sound of the evening bells of Bow Church was formerly anxiously waited for in the neighbourhood of Cheapside.

Clerk of the Bow bell, with the yellow locks,
For thy late ringing thy head shall have knocks.

And the clerk replies:—

Children of Cheape, hold you all still,
For you shall have the Bow bell rung at your will.

Allusions to “Bow-bells” may be found in many of our old writers; and Pope exclaims, in a well-known line—

Far as loud Bow’s stupendous bells resound.

To be born “within the sound of Bow-bells” is an expression of old date, and is still in use to define a *cockney*. Beaumont and Fletcher speak of “Bow-bell suckers,” which has been explained as persons brought up within the sound of the bells.

Another ancient and interesting custom, con-

nected with old Bow Church, was one which we have previously referred to, of displaying illuminated lanterns on the summit of its lofty tower, to serve as beacons to those who journeyed to London from the north, in the days when the present richly-cultivated uplands of Hampstead and Highgate consisted of trackless forest-ground, and when the only means of entering the city were through some occasional postern-gate in its fortified walls.

The Church of St. Mary-le-Bow is said to stand on the site of a Roman temple, and was certainly a place of Christian worship, at least as early as the days of William the Conqueror. In the reign of his successor (1091) occurred that terrific hurricane, which laid low upwards of six hundred houses, destroyed several churches, and which swept away London Bridge from its foundations. But the most singular disaster was that which it occasioned to the church of St. Mary-le-Bow. The roof of the church was carried forcibly away to a considerable distance, and when it fell, it was with such violence, that four of its rafters, each of twenty-six feet in length, forced their way through the ground, to the depth of upwards of twenty feet.

According to Stow, Bow Church derives its name from the circumstance of its having been built on arches of stone, and consequently, having been dedicated to St. Mary *de Arcubus*; though he elsewhere infers that it may have owed its

peculiar designation to the stone arches, which anciently supported the lantern on the top of the tower. The Court of Arches derives its name from its having been formerly held in this church.

In the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, Bow Church was one of the principal scenes of those formidable riots, which were brought to a close in 1196, by the seizure and execution of the popular idol, William Longbeard. For some time he successfully defended himself against the authorities in Bow Church; till at length the King's Justiciary gave orders to fire the steeple, on which he made a desperate effort to escape, at the head of his devoted followers. He was taken prisoner, however, in the attempt, and after a hurried trial, was hanged, as we have already related, in Cheapside.

In 1284, in the reign of Edward the First, Bow Church was the scene of another outrage, characteristic of the lawlessness of the times. One Lawrence Ducket, a goldsmith, having wounded one Ralph Crepin, in Cheapside, he sought the protection of sanctuary in Bow Church, where he shut himself up, accompanied only by a youth, who had volunteered to share his solitude. The friends of the wounded man having discovered the place of Ducket's retreat, entered the church stealthily at night, and dragging him from the steeple, where he had sought to conceal himself, put him to death. They then so disposed of the

body, by suspending it from one of the windows, as to induce the impression that he had committed suicide; and accordingly the corpse was dragged by the feet to a ditch without the city walls, and there interred with the customary indignities. The boy, however, from his hiding-place, had witnessed in fear and trembling the whole of the transaction; and in consequence of the evidence which he subsequently gave, several persons were apprehended, of whom sixteen were hanged, and one, a woman, who was the principal instigator of the crime, was burned alive. This tragedy created so painful a sensation, that for a time divine service was ordered to be discontinued in Bow Church, and the windows were even filled up with brambles.

The old church of St. Mary-le-Bow having been burnt down in the great Fire of 1666, the present stately edifice was commenced by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1671. The interior can boast but little architectural beauty, and that little is destroyed by those cumbrous galleries, which deface so many of the fine churches in the city of London. The great merit of Bow Church is its exterior, and especially its beautiful steeple. It has justly been observed that, "to describe, or criticise at length the steeple of Bow Church would now be supererogatory; opinion having stamped it as one of the most successful works of its class, both as regards design and construction; and did Wren's reputation as an architect rest solely on this one

building, it would be perfectly secure."* The steeple of Bow Church, surmounted by its conspicuous gilt ball and dragon, is two hundred and twenty-five feet in height. The fine old Norman crypt still exists, and is well worthy of a visit. Unfortunately, having been converted into a burial-vault, the coffins conceal much of its architectural beauties.

Bow Church, as regards its sepulchral monuments, is singularly deficient in interest; nor are we aware that a single illustrious, or even remarkable individual, lies interred within its walls. It contains, however, a stately monument to the memory of Bishop Newton, who was rector of the church for twenty-five years, but whose remains were buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Over the doorway of Bow Church, as seen from the side of Cheapside, may be observed a small balcony, to which considerable interest attaches itself. When tournaments were held in Cheapside, and when all great processions passed through this important thoroughfare, there stood on the north side of the old church, as early as the reign of Edward the Third, a stone building, called the Crown-sild or shed, in which the Kings of England and their consorts sat as spectators; and from this circumstance, there can be little doubt that the balcony to which we have alluded owes its origin. It was in the Crown-sild, in 1509, that Henry the Eighth sat, disguised in the garb of a yeo-

* "Churches of London," by Godwin and Britton.

man of the guard, to witness the procession of the city watch at night, on the eve of St. John. "The city music," we are told, "preceded the Lord Mayor's officers in party-coloured liveries; then followed the sword-bearer, on horseback, in beautiful armour, before the Lord Mayor, mounted also on a stately horse, richly caparisoned, and attended by a giant and two pages on horseback, three pageants, morrice-dancers, and footmen. The Sheriffs marched next, preceded also by their officers in proper liveries, and attended by their giants, pages, morrice-dancers, and pageants; then followed a large body of demi-lancers in bright armour on stately horses; and after them a body of carabineers in white fustian coats, with the city arms upon their backs and breasts; a division of archers, with their bows bent, and shafts of arrows by their side; a party of pikemen in crosslets and helmets; a body of halberdiers also in crosslets and helmets; and a great party of billmen, with helmets and aprons of mail, brought up the rear. The whole consisted of about two thousand, in several divisions, with musicians, drums, standards, and ensigns, ranked and answering each other in proper places; who marched from the Conduit at the west end of Cheapside, through Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill, and Leadenhall Street, to Aldgate; and back again through Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, and so back to the Conduit from whence it first set out; illuminated with nine hundred and forty cressets, or large lanthorns, fixed at the ends

of poles, and carried on men's shoulders; of which two hundred were provided at the expense of the city; five hundred at the expense of the incorporated Companies, and two hundred and forty at the expense of the city constables. And besides these, the streets were well lighted with a great number of lamps hung against the houses on each side, decorated with garlands of flowers and greens.” So delighted was King Henry with the spectacle, that on the occasion of the next procession, which took place on the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul, he carried the Queen and her ladies to witness the sight, from the “crown-sild” in Cheapside.

Charles the Second and Queen Anne are severally mentioned as witnessing the pageantry of Lord Mayor's Day from “a balcony” in Cheapside, but whether or no it was from the “crown-sild” of Bow Church, we have no means of ascertaining.

The Dragon, which surmounts the steeple of Bow Church, has long been famous. Otway, in his comedy of “The Soldier's Fortune,” (1681), makes Sir D. Dunce exclaim: “Oh, Lord! here are doings; here are vagaries! I'll run mad; I'll climb Bow steeple presently, bestride the Dragon, and preach cuckoldom to the whole city.” Again, in the “State Poems,” we find:—

When Jacob Hall,* on his high rope, shews tricks,
The Dragon flutters; the Lord Mayor's horse kicks;

* A famous rope-dancer in the reign of Charles the Second, on whom the Duchess of Cleveland is said to have conferred her favours.

The Cheapside crowds and pageants scarcely know
Which most t' admire—Hall, hobby-horse, or Bow.”*

There are one or two other churches in the immediate vicinity of Cheapside, which require a passing notice. On the east side of Bread Street, at the corner of Watling Street, stands the church of Allhallows, or All Saints, Bread Street. Little is known of the history of the old church, but its antiquity, of which we have sufficient evidence, from the circumstance of Walter de Sonnebries having been preferred to the rectorship in 1365, by the Prior and Chapter of Christ Church, Canterbury. Here, in 1531, a discreditable quarrel took place between two priests, in which the blood of one was shed by the other. To purify it from the sacrilege which had been committed within its walls, the church was ordered to be closed for the space of a month, and at the same time the offenders were committed to prison. In due time they were led forth bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-legged, and having been placed at the head of a procession, with beads and books in their hands, were compelled to do penance by walking from St. Paul's Cathedral, along Cheapside and Cornhill, to the eastern limit of the city. Milton was baptized in the old church. The modern edifice was erected by Wren in 1680.

In Bread Street,—also on the east side,—a little below Basing Lane, stands the parish church of

* “Upon the stately Structure of Bow Church and Steeple, burnt ann. 1666, re-built 1679. State Poems, v. iv. 379.”

St. Mildred, so called from having been dedicated to Mildred, a Saxon saint, daughter of a Prince of West Anglia, and Abbess of a monastery in the Isle of Thanet. The present edifice is another of Sir Christopher Wren's churches, built shortly after the destruction of the old place of worship in 1666. The interior has been much admired by architects. It is principally remarkable, however, for its fine altar-piece, and its beautifully carved pulpit and sounding-board, which, if they are not the work of Grinling Gibbons, would at least have reflected no discredit upon that eminent artist.

Running parallel with, and to the south of Cheapside, is Watling Street, the name of which, according to Leland, is corrupted from *Atheling*, or *Noble* Street, from its contiguity to the Old Change, where a Mint was established in the reign of the Saxon Kings. According to others, it derives its name from Adeling, a Saxon nobleman; from whence Watheling and Watling. This street forms the site of part of the ancient Roman road, which traversed England from Dover to South Wales. At the north-west end of it is the church of St. Augustine, Watling Street, dedicated to St. Augustine, a Roman monk of the order of St. Benedict, who, in 596, was sent to England by the Pope, for the purpose of converting the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. It was anciently styled *Ecclesia Sancti Augustini ad Portam*, from its vicinity to the south-east gate of St. Paul's Cathedral. The old church having been burnt down in 1666,

the present uninteresting edifice was erected in 1682, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren.

St. Anthony's, vulgarly called St. Antholin's, Watling Street, is a religious foundation of great antiquity. In 1399, it was rebuilt, principally at the expense of Sir Thomas Knowles, Grocer and Lord Mayor, to whose memory there was formerly a monument in the church, with the following quaint inscription:—

Here lyeth graven under this stone,
Thomas Knowles, both flesh and bone;
Grocer and Alderman, years forty;
Sheriff and twice Mayor truly.
And (for he should not lye alone),
Here lyeth with him his good wife Joan.
They were together sixty year,
And nineteen children they had in fear.

The tower and spire of this church though not in the purest style of architecture, have been much admired. The carpentry work, also, of the roof has been quoted as affording a very favourable specimen of Wren's constructive science.

Opposite to the Old Change, on the north side of Cheapside, is Foster Lane, in which stands the church of St. Vedast, an ancient foundation dedicated to Vedast, who was Bishop of Arras, in the province of Artois, about the close of the fifth, or the commencement of the sixth century. The old church having been burnt down in 1666, the present edifice was erected by Wren, between the years 1694 and 1698. St. Vedast's Church,—with its graceful spire and its panelled roof, richly

decorated with imitations of fruits and flowers,—and especially its magnificent altar-piece,—is well worthy of a visit. Ralph,—in his “Critical Review of Public Buildings,”—speaking of the spire of St. Vedast’s Church, observes,—“It is not a glaring pile, that strikes the eye at the first view with an idea of grandeur and magnificence; but then the beautiful pyramid it forms, and the just and well-proportioned simplicity of all its parts, satisfy the mind so effectually, that nothing seems to be wanting, and nothing can be spared.”

In Foster Lane stands that noble modern edifice, the Goldsmiths’ Hall; and in Noble Street, Foster Lane, is the Coachmakers’ Hall, interesting as having been the spot in which the Protestant Association held its meetings, the precursors of the riots of 1780. In the Goldsmiths’ Hall are three busts, by Chantrey, of George the Third, George the Fourth, and William the Fourth; as also some well-executed portraits of our modern sovereigns, and an original portrait, by Jansen, of Sir Hugh Myddleton.

At the west end of Cheapside, at the end of Paternoster Row, stood, till 1666, the ancient parish church of St. Michael le Querne, or St. Michael at the Corn Market. Having been burnt down in the great fire, the site of it was appropriated to enlarge the great thoroughfare of Cheapside, and, at the same time, the parish was incorporated, by act of Parliament, with that of St. Ve-

dast, Foster Lane. In the parish of St. Michael le Querne, the celebrated antiquary, John Leland, long carried on his laborious literary pursuits, and here he breathed his last, on the 18th of April, 1552. He was interred in St. Michael's Church, as was also Francis Quarles, the author of the "Emblems." Sir Thomas Browne, author of the famous "Religio Medici," and of the "Treatise on Vulgar Errors," was baptized in this church.

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ST. PAUL'S.

OLD CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.—ABUSE OF PRIVILEGE OF SANCTUARY THERE. — NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE. — ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, A RESIDENCE OF PUBLISHERS.—BURNING OF BOOKS THERE DURING THE GREAT FIRE.—EXECUTION OF SIR EVERARD DIGBY.—QUEEN ANNE.—PATERNOSTER ROW.—LOVELL'S COURT.—WARWICK LANE.—ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.—ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.—HERALDS' COLEGE.—DOCTORS' COMMONS.—LUDGATE HILL.—THE "BELLE SAUVAGE."—NELL GWYNNE,—ST. MARTIN LUDGATE.

At the western extremity of Cheapside, close to St. Paul's Cathedral, runs northward the street called St. Martin's-le-Grand, so styled from the famous church and sanctuary, which anciently occupied the site of the present General Post Office. A collegiate church, dedicated to St. Martin, is said to have been founded on this spot by Wythred, King of Kent, as far back as 700; the epithet of "le-Grand," having been derived from the extraordinary privileges of sanctuary conferred upon it by successive monarchs. The old Monastery and Church were rebuilt about the year 1056, by two brothers, of a noble Saxon family, named Ingelric and Edward; at which period the religious establishment consisted of a dean and several secular canons.

In 1068, William the Conqueror not only confirmed to the college all its ancient privileges, but, moreover, rendered it independent of all other ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatsoever, whether regal or papal. Thus an isolated spot, in the centre of a large city, grew to acquire a peculiar government of its own, subject in the first instance to the collegiate Dean, and, at a later period, to the Abbots of Westminster, to whom Henry the Seventh thought proper to transfer the jurisdiction over this highly-favoured district. In consequence of the extraordinary immunities which it enjoyed as a sanctuary, St. Martin's-le-Grand became not only a place of refuge for every description of criminal and miscreant, but in periods of political convulsion we find the rioters, when defeated by the city train-bands, safely establishing themselves within the liberty of St. Martin's, and setting all law and authority at defiance. Here, according to Sir Thomas More, "rotted away piecemeal" Miles Forest, one of the murderers of the two young Princes in the Tower. At length, during the tumults and convulsions which prevailed in 1456, the repeated outrages committed by the inhabitants of this privileged district had so entirely exhausted the patience of the respectable portion of the community, that the magistrates took upon themselves the responsibility of forcing an entrance into the monastic territory with an armed force, and succeeded in capturing the principal rioters. The Abbot of Westminster vehemently inveighed

against this violation of the rights of the Church, but apparently in vain; for, the following year, we find the King regulating the laws of the sanctuary, and defining the description of persons to whom it was his pleasure that the privileges of sanctuary should hereafter be extended.

The magnificent Church of St. Martin's-le-Grand was pulled down at the surrender of the monastery to Edward the Sixth, in 1548, shortly after which period a large tavern was erected on its site. This church,—as well as those of St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Giles's Cripplegate, and Allhallows Barking,—had, for some reason or other, the privilege extended to them of tolling the curfew-bell, long after this ancient feudal custom had been allowed to become dormant in every other parish of London.

Not only did St. Martin's afford an asylum for every description of offender against the laws of his country, but, for the space of at least two centuries, the immunities which it enjoyed rendered it a safe and convenient place for the fraudulent manufacture of all kinds of counterfeit plate, coins, and jewels. As early as the reign of Edward the Fourth,—on the occasion of an edict being issued against the manufacturers of debased and counterfeit precious metals,—St. Martin's was significantly exempted from the operation of the enactment. Long, indeed, after the dissolution of the religious houses, we find, from the following passage in "Hudibras," that St. Martin's-le-Grand continued to harbour the peculiar class of people who earned

a livelihood from carrying on this illicit manufacture :—

'Tis not those paltry counterfeits,
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds that inspire,
And set your amorous hearts on fire.
Nor can those false *St. Martin's beads*,—
Which on our lips you place for reds,
And make us wear like Indian dames,—
Add fuel to your scorching flames ;
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.

It was in the house of one of his relations, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, that the reconciliation took place between Milton and his first wife, Mary Powell, when unexpectedly she threw herself at the poet's feet, and implored his forgiveness.

Between the church of St. Martin and Aldersgate Street stood Northumberland House, the residence of Harry Hotspur, Lord Percy, immortalized by the genius of Shakespeare and by his own valour. Stow informs us that Henry the Fourth, in the seventh year of his reign, conferred the mansion, "with the tenements thereunto appertaining," on his consort Queen Jane, and that from henceforward it was called the Queen's Wardrobe. When Stow wrote it was a printing-house.

Let us stroll into St. Paul's Churchyard. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this spot appears to have been no less the resort of booksellers than at the present day. It is related of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton,—so celebrated for his share

in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury,—that, when reduced to penury by the attainder and execution of his brother, the Duke of Norfolk, those hours, which were passed by others in enjoying the luxuries of the table, were occupied by him in poring over the contents of the booksellers' stalls in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Many of Shakespeare's immortal plays and poems were first published at the signs of the Green Dragon, the Fox, the Angel, and at other publishers in St. Paul's Churchyard. Nearly half a century after the death of Shakespeare, we find Pepys inserting in his "Diary,"—on the 31st of November 1660:—"In Paul's Church Yard I bought the play of 'Henry the Fourth,' and so went to the new theatre and saw it acted; but, my expectation being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book, I believe, did spoil it a little." Again he writes, on the 10th of February 1662:—"To Paul's Church Yard, and there I met with Dr. Fuller's 'England's Worthies,' the first time that I ever saw it; and so I sat down reading in it; being much troubled that (though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms) he says nothing at all, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk; but I believe, indeed, our family was never considerable."

The great Fire of 1666 occasioned fearful havoc among the great emporium of books in St. Paul's Churchyard. Evelyn bitterly laments the loss of

the vast magazine of books belonging to the Stationers, which had been deposited for safety in the vaults of St. Faith's Church, under St. Paul's Cathedral. Pepys also writes on the 26th of September, immediately after the Fire:—"By Mr. Dugdale I hear of the great loss of books in St. Paul's Church Yard, and at their Hall also, which they value at about 150,000*l.*; some booksellers being wholly undone, and, among others, they say, my poor Kirton." Again he writes on the 5th of the following month;—"Mr. Kirton's kinsman, my bookseller, came in my way; and so I am told by him that Mr. Kirton is utterly undone, and made 2000*l.* or 3000*l.* worse than nothing, from being worth 7000*l.* or 8000*l.* That the goods laid in the church-yard fired through the windows those in St. Faith's Church; and those coming to the warehouses' doors, fired them, and burned all the books and the pillars of the church, which is alike pillared, (which I knew not before); but being not burned, they stood still. He do believe there is above 150,000*l.* of books burned; all the great booksellers almost undone; not only these, but their warehouses at their Hall and under Christ Church, and elsewhere, being all burned. A great want thereof there will be of books, specially Latin books and foreign books; and, among others, the Polyglot and new Bible, which he believes will be presently worth 40*l.* a-piece."

We learn from Anthony Wood, that Gerard

Langbaine, the biographer of the dramatic poets, was at one period apprenticed to a bookseller, of the name of Nevill Simmons, in St. Paul's Churchyard. Here also, or in the immediate neighbourhood, was born the great architect, Inigo Jones.

One of the most remarkable scenes which this spot has witnessed, was the execution, on the 30th of January 1606, of the once gay and gallant Sir Everard Digby, reputed to be the handsomest man of his day. Three of his fellow-conspirators in the famous Gunpowder Plot suffered at the same time with him,—namely, the notorious Robert Winter, John Grant, and Thomas Bates. The place of their execution was at the west end of St. Paul's Cathedral, apparently nearly on the spot where the statue of Queen Anne now stands. Sir Everard, Winter, and Bates, died admitting the justice of their sentence, but Grant was stubborn to the last. Sir Everard in particular, we are told, “died penitent and sorrowful for his vile treason, and confident to be saved in the merits of his sweet Saviour Jesus. He prayed, kneeling, about half a quarter of an hour, often bowing his head to the ground. In the same manner they all prayed, but no voice heard, saving now and then, ‘O Jesu, Jesu, save me, and keep me!’ which words they repeated many times upon the ladder.” Anthony Wood relates a very startling fact,—on the authority of “a most famous author,” whose name, however, he omits to mention,—that when Sir Everard's heart was plucked out of his body by the execu-

tioner (who, according to custom, held it up to the people, exclaiming, "Here is the heart of a traitor!") Sir Everard made answer,—"*Thou liest!*" The "famous author," here alluded to, was no other than Lord Bacon, who, moreover, proceeds to relate facts even more incredible. "We ourselves," he says, "remember to have seen the heart of a man who was embowelled, according to the custom amongst us in the execution of traitors, which, being thrown into the fire, as is usual, sprung up at first six foot high, and continued leaping gradually lower and lower between seven and eight minutes, as far as our memory reaches. There is also an old and credible tradition, of an ox that lowed after it was embowelled. But it is more certain that a man, who suffered in the manner we have before mentioned,—his entrails being taken out, and his heart almost torn away, and in the hands of the hangman,—was heard to utter three or four words of a prayer."

We have incidentally alluded to the statue of Queen Anne at the west end of St. Paul's Cathedral. Among the Cole MSS. in the British Museum, are preserved the following lines, written upon this statue, which, it is perhaps needless to remark, have reference to a scandal prevalent in her life-time, that Queen Anne was too much addicted to intoxicating liquors:—

Here mighty Anna's statue placed we find,
Betwixt the darling passions of her mind ;
A brandy shop before, a church behind.

But why the back turned to that sacred place,—
 As thy unhappy father's was,—to Grace ?
 Why here, like Tantalus, in torments placed,
 To view those waters which thou canst not taste ?
 Though, by thy proffered globe, we may perceive,
 That for a dram thou the whole world wouldst give.

And elsewhere we find the same vice alluded
 to :—

When brandy Nan became our Queen,
 'Twas all a drunken story ;
 From noon to night I drank and smoked,
 And so was thought a Tory ;
 Brimful of wine, all sober folk
 We damned, and moderation ;
 And for right Nantes we pawned to France
 Our goods and reputation.*

Having said thus much, it is but fair to remark, that the Duchess of Marlborough, notwithstanding her well-known hostility to the memory of her former mistress, hastens to rescue the Queen's character from the charge brought against her. "I know," says the Duchess, "that in some libels she has been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but I believe this was utterly groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of strong wine, as her physicians judged to be necessary for her." If there was ever an excuse for an unfortunate woman seeking for relief from care and thought, in the adventitious excitement produced by strong drinks, it was

* "Parody on the Vicar of Bray, by Thomas Dampier, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and afterward Under-master of Eton School."—Cole's MSS. vol. i. p. 145.

in the case of Queen Anne, who, in addition to the cares of sovereignty, had lost a beloved husband in the prime of his existence, and had seen her numerous offspring,—amounting to no fewer than nineteen in number,—descend one by one to an untimely grave. The testimony, however, of the Duchess of Marlborough,—which is rendered the more valuable from her known hostility to her royal mistress,—must either be considered as a complete refutation of the charge of intemperance, or else the vice must have been contracted at a later period of the Queen's life, when the Duchess had ceased to have opportunities of acquainting herself with the personal habits of her sovereign.

The statue of Queen Anne in St. Paul's Churchyard is the work of one Francis Bird, whose fame as an artist rests principally on his conspicuous recumbent effigy of Dr. Busby in Westminster Abbey. Neither one nor the other deserve any particular commendation. The former, however, has met with its admirers: Defoe, in his "Journey through England," speaks of it as being "very masterly done," and Garth has commemorated it in some indifferent adulatory verses.

The trees, which in the days of Queen Elizabeth were the pride of St. Paul's Churchyard, have long since passed away. Sir John Moore, in a letter addressed to Sir Ralph Winwood, in June 1611, mentions "an exceeding high wind," which had blown down "the greatest elm in Paul's Church-

yard." The last of the grove disappeared a few years since. Mr. Leigh Hunt mentions having met with a child, whose existence was so entirely artificial, that it had formed no notion of a tree, but from "that single one in St. Paul's Church-yard." This tree is said to have marked the site of the famous Paul's Cross.

On the north side of, and running parallel with, St. Paul's Cathedral, is Paternoster Row. "This street," writes Strype in 1720, "before the fire of London, was taken up by eminent mercers, silkmen, and lacemen; and their shops were so resorted unto by the nobility and gentry, in their coaches, that oft times the street was so stopped up that there was no passage for foot passengers. But since the said fire, those eminent tradesmen have settled themselves in several other parts, especially in Covent Garden, in Bedford Street, Henrietta Street, and King Street. And the inhabitants in this street are now a mixture of tradespeople, and chiefly tire-women, for the sale of commodoes, top-knots, and the like dressings for the females. There are also many shops for mercers and silkmen; and at the upper end some stationers, and large warehouses for booksellers; well situated for learned and studious men's access thither; being more retired and private."

Paternoster Row is said to derive its name from its having been anciently frequented by the venders of Pater-nosters, beads, rosaries, &c., who hawked them to religious individuals on their way to mass

in St. Paul's Cathedral. Here, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the famous clown, Richard Tarlton, kept his ordinary, known as the "Castle," which is said to have stood nearly on the spot where *Dolly's Chop House* now stands. He subsequently kept an ordinary, known as the "Tabor," in Gracechurch Street.

It was in Paternoster Row, that the beautiful but abandoned Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, was in the habit of clandestinely meeting her lover, the Earl of Somerset, to whom she was subsequently married. Their assignations took place at the house of a Mrs. Turner who was afterwards executed for her share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. It seems probable that Mrs. Turner kept one of the fashionable shops in Paternoster Row, for the sale of female attire, to which Strype alludes; inasmuch as we find her famous in the world of fashion, in the reign of James the First, as the person who first introduced yellow starch into ruffs. When Coke, the Lord Chief Justice, passed sentence of death upon her, he added the strange order, that "as she was the person who had brought yellow starched ruffs into vogue, she should be hanged in that dress, that the same might end in shame and detestation." Sir Symonds d'Ewes informs us, that the wretched woman appeared on her trial in the fashion which she had introduced; a circumstance which, perhaps, may account for the order issued by the judge. Even the hangman who executed her was decorated with yellow ruffs

on the occasion; no wonder, therefore, as Sir Symonds d'Ewes informs us, that the fashion grew to be generally detested and disused.

Between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street is Lovell's Court, which stands on the site of a mansion of the gallant family of the Lovells, Barons and Viscounts Lovel of Tichmarsh, in Northamptonshire. The last of the race who appears to have resided here was Francis, first and last Viscount, who held the appointments of Chamberlain of the Household and Chief Butler of England, in the reign of Richard the Third. His fate was a melancholy and a mysterious one. He had fought side by side with his royal master at the battle of Bosworth, from which he had the good fortune to escape with his life, and having succeeded in reaching the Continent, was received with great kindness and distinction by Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, sister to the late King, Edward the Fourth. We subsequently find him joining the standard of the Earl of Lincoln, in the invasion of 1487, and acting a conspicuous part in the sanguinary battle of Stoke, where the forces of Henry the Seventh proved victorious. Here, again, he escaped the fire of the enemy, and, when last seen, was urging his horse across the river, in hopes of gaining the opposite side. According to Lord Bacon, he attempted to ascend the bank; but it was too steep for him, and he was drowned. Other, however, and more mysterious rumours regarding his fate were long prevalent among the friends and retainers of his ancient

house. It was asserted that, having escaped from a watery grave, he made his way to a place of concealment with which he was familiar, where, either by the negligence or the treachery of the person to whom he had confided his secret, he was kept immured in his hiding-place and starved to death. The probability of there being some truth in these rumours is borne out by a story related by John second Duke of Rutland, in 1728. Six years before (he said), there being occasion to raise a new chimney at Minster Lovel, there was discovered a large subterranean apartment, in which there was the entire skeleton of a man in the attitude of sitting at a table, with a book, paper, and pen before him. In another part of the room lay a cap; all the articles being in a state of great decay. These were supposed to be the last remains of the gallant and ill-fated Lord Lovel. His vast inheritance was lost to his family by his attainder, and is now, we believe, chiefly in the possession of the Marquises of Salisbury and Northampton.

In the last century, Alderman Bridgen, the intimate friend of Richardson, the author of "Pamela" and "Sir Charles Grandison," had a large house and garden in Lovell's Court; and it was in an alcove in the latter that the celebrated novelist is said to have written more than one of his works.

Between Amen Corner and Ludgate Street stood Abergavenny House, the residence, in the reign of

Edward the Second, of John de Dreux, Earl of Richmond, and Duke of Brittany, and grandson of King Henry the Third. It subsequently became the town mansion of the chivalrous John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, who married the Lady Margaret Plantagenet, fourth daughter of King Edward the Third; it was then styled "Pembroke's inne," near Ludgate. From the Hastings family it passed to the Nevilles, Earls of Abergavenny, and as late as the year 1587, was in the possession of that ancient race. From having been successively the residence of the three great baronial families of the De Dreux, the Hastings, and the Nevilles, it passed into the quiet possession of the Stationers' Company, from which they still issue their "Almanacks" and "Latin Gradus." The old mansion was destroyed by the great Fire of 1666, shortly after which the present unpretending edifice was erected on its site. Some interesting portraits, however, which it contains of Prior and Steele; of Richardson, the novelist, and his wife; of Bishop Hoadley, and Alderman Boydell, render it worthy of a visit.

In Warwick Lane, between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street, stood the princely mansion, or "inne," of the "King-maker," Richard Earl of Warwick, where he exercised that splendid hospitality for which he was so famous. A bas relief of Guy Earl of Warwick may still be seen at the entrance into Warwick Lane.

At the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, in 1684, died

the pious and gentle Robert Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow. In his old age, at the united and earnest request of Lord Perth and Bishop Burnet, he came to London. Burnet met him on his arrival. "I was amazed," he says, "to see him, at above seventy, look so fresh and well, that age seemed as it were to stand still with him: his hair was still black, and all his motions were lively: he had the same quickness of thought, and strength of memory; but above all, the same heat and life of devotion that I had ever seen in him." Burnet congratulated him on his good looks; but the venerable prelate shook his head, observing that "he was very near his end for all that, and that his work and journey were now almost done." He died the following day. He had more than once been heard to express a wish that he should breathe his last at an inn, and the desire was gratified. "He used often to say," says Burnet, "that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looked like a pilgrim going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place, would give him less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane." Burnet was with him to the last. "Both speech and sense," he says, "went away of a sudden; and he continued

panting about twelve hours, and then died without pangs or convulsions. I was by him all the while."

Under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral is the celebrated school which bears its name. It was founded in 1512, by Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, who endowed it out of his private fortune for the education of one hundred and fifty-three boys, in allusion to the number of fishes caught by St. Peter. The celebrated grammarian, William Lily, was selected to be the first head-master. Although Dr. Colet survived the accomplishment of his noble work scarcely ten years, he had the satisfaction of seeing his school flourish, and his labours rewarded. Among others, Sir Thomas More wrote to congratulate him on the success which he so well merited; comparing the new school "to the wooden horse of Troy, out of which the Grecians issued to overcome the city;—and so," he adds, "out of this your school, many have come that have subverted and overthrown all ignorance and rudeness." Erasmus also was amongst the first to do justice to the pious work of the founder. In a letter to Justus Jonas, speaking of Dr. Colet, he writes:—"Upon the death of his father, when, by right of inheritance, he was possessed of a good sum of money, lest the keeping of it should corrupt his mind, and turn it too much towards the world, he laid out a great part of it in building a new school in the churchyard of St. Paul's, dedicated to the child Jesus,—a magnificent fabric; to which he added two dwelling-houses for the two several masters,

and to them he allotted ample salaries, that they might teach a certain number of boys free, and for the sake of charity. He divided the school into four apartments. The first,—the porch and entrance,—is for catechumens, or the children to be instructed in the principles of religion, where no child is to be admitted but what can read and write. The second apartment is for the lower boys, to be taught by the second master or usher; the third for the upper forms, under the head-master; which two parts of the school are divided by a curtain, to be drawn at pleasure. Over the master's chair is an image of the child Jesus, of admirable work, in the gesture of teaching, whom all the boys, going and coming, salute with a short hymn; and there is a representation of God the Father, saying, 'Hear ye Him,' these words being written at my suggestion. The fourth, or last apartment, is a little chapel for divine service. The school has no corners or hiding places, nothing like a cell or closet. The boys have their distinct forms or benches, one above another. Every form holds sixteen, and he that is head or captain of each form has a little kind of desk, by way of preeminence. They are not to admit all boys of course, but to choose them according to their parts and capacities." To this account we may add, that the admirable regulations for the government of the school were drawn up by Dean Colet himself.

Many great and eminent persons have received their education at St. Paul's School. Among these

may be mentioned John Leland, the antiquary, and Sir Anthony Denny, the well-known statesman in the reign of Henry the Eighth, both of whom were amongst its first scholars. Here also were educated the great antiquary, William Camden; the author of "Paradise Lost;" the gossiping Secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys; the learned Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough; John Strype, the antiquary; the great Duke of Marlborough; the pious Robert Nelson, author of "Fasts and Festivals;" Edmund Halley, the astronomer and mathematician; and the munificent Alured Clarke, Dean of Exeter. St. Paul's School having been burnt down in the great Fire of London, it was shortly afterwards rebuilt by the Mercers' Company, in whom, by the decree of the founder, is perpetually vested the care of the funds, as well as the government of the school. Dr. Colet was once asked his reasons for having selected a company of merchants and shopkeepers to be the custodians of his noble charity. "There is no absolute certainty," he replied, "in human affairs; but, for my part, I have found less corruption in such a body of citizens, than in any other order or body of mankind." The present school was erected in 1823.

On the south side of St. Paul's Cathedral, a narrow street, called Paul's Chain,* leads us into

* Paul's Chain derives its name from a chain which was formerly drawn across the road, to prevent carriages from passing and repassing during the performance of divine service in the cathedral.

Knightrider Street, so called, it is said, from the Knights usually riding this way from the Tower Royal, near Blackfriars, to the tournaments at Smithfield. On the site of No. 5, in this street, lived Thomas Linacre, the celebrated philologist, and physician to Henry the Seventh, who died in 1524, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. In Little Knightrider Street lived Ralph Thoresby, the antiquary.

Close by, on the east side of St. Benet's Hill, is the Heralds' College, a venerable foundation, but which was first formed into a corporate body by Richard the Third, who conferred upon them the stately mansion in Cold Harbour, of which we have already given a notice.* Having been arbitrarily driven from this mansion by Henry the Seventh, they remained for some time without a fixed abode, till Queen Mary established them on the site of their present college; "to the end," says the grant, "that the said Kings-at-arms, heralds, and pursuivants-at-arms, and their successors, might at their liking dwell together, and at meet times congregate, speak, confer, and agree among themselves, for the good government of their faculty, and that their records may be more safely kept."

The house in which Queen Mary established them,—which stood on the site of the present Heralds' College,—had been long the London residence of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby. Here its

* See ante, vol. i. p. 36.

founder, Thomas the first Earl, who married the mother of King Henry the Seventh, lived and died; and here Edward, the third Earl, kept up that magnificence which has been chronicled by Stow and Holinshed, and which led Camden to remark, that "with Edward Earl of Derby's death, the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep." In 1552, Derby House was exchanged by this nobleman with Edward the Sixth for certain lands adjoining his Park at Knowsley, in Lancashire; and on the 18th July 1555, Queen Mary conferred it on the heralds. The old mansion having been burnt down in 1666, the present sombre and venerable-looking edifice was erected shortly afterwards, principally at the expense of the officers of the College. The armorial bearings of the Stanleys may still be seen on the south side of the quadrangle.

Fronting Heralds' College is a passage leading to Doctors' Commons, so called from its having been originally a college where the law was propounded or taught; the word Commons being added from its members living in community together, as in other collegiate establishments. The building, which is of brick, is of considerable size, but we are not aware that any historical interest attaches itself either to the edifice or to the site on which it stands.

Close to Doctors' Commons stands the church of St. Bennet, or rather St. Benedict, one of the numerous churches rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren

after the great fire, in 1666. The only interest which attaches itself to this church, is the circumstance of the great architect, Inigo Jones, having been interred under its roof. He was buried in the chancel of the old church, where a monument was erected to his memory, upon the north wall, which was destroyed by the Fire. Here also lies interred William Oldys, the author of "The British Librarian."

Retracing our steps to St. Paul's Churchyard, we find ourselves on Ludgate Hill, the site of Lud Gate, one of the ancient entrances into the city of London. It was rebuilt by the victorious Barons in the reign of King John, and again in 1586. "It was in my memory," says Pennant, "a wretched prison for debtors: it commenced what was called a free prison, in 1373, but soon lost that privilege. It was enlarged, and had the addition of a chapel, by Sir Stephen Forster, on a very romantic occasion. He himself had been confined there, and, while begging at the grate, was accosted by a rich widow, who asked him what sum would purchase his liberty. She paid it down, took him into her service, and afterwards married him. In the chapel was an inscription in honour of him and Agnes, his wife, dated 1454, the year in which he enjoyed the honour of being Lord Mayor of the city." Anciently there was to be seen, affixed to the wall of Lud Gate Prison, a copper-plate, on which were engraved the following doggerel lines:—

Devout souls, that pass this way,
For Stephen Forster, late Mayor, heartily pray,
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
That of pity this house made for Londoners in Ludgate ;
So that, for lodging and water, prisoners here nought pay,
As their keepers shall answer at dreadful doom's-day.

It was Lud Gate that gave the final check to the ill-advised insurrection of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Finding the gates closed against him, he retreated with the few followers who still remained true to him, and was shortly afterwards arrested near the Temple Gate. The gate was taken down in November, 1760.

Not many years have elapsed, since the sign of the *Belle Sauvage*,—representing a large bell with a wild man standing beside it,—was a conspicuous object on Ludgate Hill. The old hostelry,—perhaps one of the oldest in London,—was burnt down in the great Fire: it was rebuilt, however, and still retains its ancient name. It was on a bench, opposite to this tavern, that Sir Thomas Wyatt, on finding the city gates shut against him, is said to have seated himself in great despondency in order to meditate on the step most advisable for him to take in his altered fortunes. Stow conjectures that the name of the *Belle Sauvage* was derived from one Isabella Savage, a former possessor of the house. There can be little question, however, that the correct definition is that given in the "Spectator," where it is traced to a romantic story of a beautiful woman who had been discovered

in a savage state. "As for the Bell Savage," says Addison, "which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French, which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French "*La belle Sauvage*," and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the Bell Savage."

In the days of his obscurity, the celebrated artist, Grinling Gibbons, resided in Belle Savage Court, Ludgate Hill. Among other works which he executed at this period, is said to have been a vase of flowers of such delicate workmanship, that they shook with the motion of the vehicles which passed through the street.

Before the establishment of regular theatres in England, the court-yards of the larger inns,—surrounded, as they generally were, on three sides by galleries, — formed not incommodious arenas in which the strolling companies erected their temporary stage. "The form of these temporary play-houses," says Malone, "seems to be preserved in our modern theatre. The galleries in both are ranged over each other on three sides of the building. The small rooms under the lowest of these galleries answer to our present boxes; and it is observable, that these (even in theatres which were built in a subsequent period expressly for dramatic exhibitions) still retained their old name, and were frequently called *rooms* by our ancient writers.

The yard bears a sufficient resemblance to the pit, as at present in use." The *Belle Sauvage*, in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, appears to have been conveniently adapted for theatrical exhibitions, and here it was that Richard Tarlton, the Grimaldi of that famous age, delighted our forefathers by his extraordinary antics and extempore wit.

Ludgate reminds us of a creditable anecdote related of Nell Gwynn, of whose kindness of heart we have nearly as many proofs as we have of her frailty. She was one day ascending Ludgate Hill in her coach, when her attention was attracted to some bailiffs, who were in the act of hurrying an unfortunate clergyman to prison. Ordering her coachman to stop, and having made some inquiries into the case, she sent for some persons whom the poor debtor named as attestators to his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, she not only discharged the debt, but successfully exerted herself in obtaining preferment for the worthy clergyman.

There exists much difficulty in ascertaining the derivation of the name of Ludgate. According to some writers, it owes its name to King Lud, who is said to have erected a gate here: there seems, however, much more reason to believe, that its original appellation was Fludgate, or rather Flodgate, derived from the river Fleet, or Flod, which flowed in its immediate vicinity. The old gate was sold, by order of the Commissioners of City

Lands, on the 30th of July, 1760, and was shortly afterwards razed to the ground.

On the north side of Ludgate Street, opposite to the entrance into Blackfriars, stands the church of St. Martin Ludgate, which possesses little interest beyond its antiquity. According to Robert of Gloucester, it was originally built in the seventh century, by the British Prince, Cadwallo. Speaking of that Prince in connexion with Ludgate, he says,—

A chirch of Sent Martyn liuyng he let rere,
In whyche yat men shold goddys seruyse do,
And sing for his soule and al Christene also.

It is only certain that a church was standing here in 1322, when Robert de Sancto Albano was rector. At this period the presentation to St. Martin's was vested in the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, who continued to enjoy it till the dissolution of the monasteries, when, Westminster having been erected into a Bishopric, Henry the Eighth conferred the presentation upon the new Bishop. That See having been dissolved in the following reign, Queen Mary, in 1553, conferred it on the Bishop of London and his successors, with whom the patronage still continues.

The old church was burnt down in the great Fire of London, and among the monuments which perished was one bearing the following quaint and ingenious inscription :—

Earth goes to	}	Earth	{	As mould to mould
Earth treads on				Glittering in gold
Earth as to				Return nere should
Earth shall to				Goe ere he would

Earth upon	}	Earth	{	Consider may
Earth goes to				Naked away
Earth though on				Be stout and gay
Earth shall from				Passe poore away.

The present edifice was built after designs of Sir Christopher Wren, and reflects but little credit on his genius. From the circumstance of several sepulchral stones having been discovered in the immediate neighbourhood, the church is believed to stand nearly on the site of a Roman cemetery. Its vicinity to Watling Street, the great highway of the Romans, renders the supposition the more reasonable. Samuel Purchas, the author of the "Pilgrimages," held the rectory of this church.

In St. Martin's Court, on the south side of Ludgate Hill, may still be seen a remnant of London Wall.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

WREN'S DISCOVERIES WHEN DIGGING THE FOUNDATION OF ST. PAUL'S. — SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BUILT ON THE SITE OF A ROMAN TEMPLE. — HISTORY OF THE OLD STRUCTURES.—CHURCH OF ST. FAITH.—BISHOP OF LONDON'S PALACE.—LOLLARDS' TOWER. —WICKLIFFE IN ST. PAUL'S.—“PAUL'S WALKERS” OR “PAUL'S MEN.”—TOMBS IN OLD ST. PAUL'S.—PAUL'S CROSS.—REMARKABLE EVENTS THERE.—PRESENT ST. PAUL'S.—SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

How interesting is the account bequeathed to us by Sir Christopher Wren, of his noble work, the laying the foundations of St. Paul's Cathedral! At the greatest depth to which he excavated, he found a substratum of hard clay, the natural soil of the locality. Above this, nearly at the level of low water mark, he discovered water and sand, mixed with sea-shells; thus not only rendering it evident that the sea had once flowed over the high ground on which St. Paul's now stands, but also giving probability to the supposition of the great architect, that the whole country, between Camberwell Hill and the hills of Essex, was once a branch of the sea; and that at low water it formed a sandy bay. Above the sand, on the north side, Wren found a variety of Roman urns, lamps, and lachrymatories, showing that this had once been a cemetery of that great people. Above these again, affording unquestion-

able evidence of its having also been a burial-place of the ancient British, he discovered numerous pins of wood and ivory, which had formerly fastened the garments of the dead; and lastly, still nearer to the surface of the earth, he found the stone coffins, and graves lined with chalk-stones, which were the peculiar characteristics of a Saxon cemetery. Whether there be any truth in the surmise that a temple of Diana stood anciently on the site of the present St. Paul's Cathedral, must ever be a disputed question; but putting all fanciful theories aside, we can scarcely imagine a sight more suggestive of deep and interesting reflections, whether to the philosopher or to the antiquary, than that which was presented by the discovery of the relics of successive ages, on digging the vast foundations of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Although Sir Christopher Wren expresses his conviction that there existed a place of Christian worship on the site of St. Paul's, as early as the days of the Roman empire in Britain, he explodes the idea of its having been preceded by a pagan temple. He could discover, he says, neither the slightest remains of Roman ornamental architecture, nor the horns of any animal which it was the custom to sacrifice to the Goddess of Chastity. That, after a lapse of upwards of twelve centuries, and after the ground had been so repeatedly disturbed by the erection and destruction of successive edifices, no trace was to be found of the graceful cornices and capitals of the Romans, is, perhaps, not much to be wondered at. But when we find Sir Christopher

himself speaking of the discovery of some ancient foundations, consisting of "Kentish rubble-stone, artfully worked and consolidated with exceeding hard mortar, *in the Roman manner*;"—moreover, when we find a Roman burial-place existing in the immediate neighbourhood,—when we remember, too, how common it was for the early Christians to convert pagan temples into places of Christian worship,—and lastly, when we find it an established fact, that the horns of animals used in the sacrifices to Diana, have been *actually* discovered near the spot, though none such happened to be found by Wren,—we feel ourselves almost justified in clinging to an ancient tradition, which serves to throw so much additional interest over St. Paul's. In Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden's "*Britannia*," is the following passage, with which we will conclude our notices of this curious question:—"Some have fancied that the temple of Diana formerly stood here; and there are circumstances that strengthen the conjecture;—as the old adjacent buildings being called in their records *Dianæ Camera*, the chamber of Diana; the digging up in the churchyard, in Edward the First's reign, as we find by our annals, an incredible number of ox-heads, which the common people at that time not without great admiration, looked upon to have been Gentile sacrifices; and the learned know that the *Tauropolia* were celebrated in honour of Diana. But, much rather should I found this opinion of a temple of Diana upon the witty conceit of Mr. Selden, who upon occasion of some ox-heads, sacred

also to Diana, that were discovered in digging the foundations of a new chapel on the south side of St. Paul's (1316), would insinuate that the name of London imported no more than *Llan Dien*, i.e. *Templum Dianæ*. And against the foregoing conjecture it is urged, that as for the tenements called *Camera Dianæ*, they stood not so near the church as some would have us think, but on St. Paul's Wharf Hill, near Doctors' Commons; and they seem to have taken their denomination from a spacious building, full of intricate turnings, wherein King Henry the Second, as he did at Woodstock, kept his heart's delight, whom he there called Fair Rosamond, and here Diana." Some remains of these "intricate turnings," existed as late as the reign of Elizabeth; as also of an underground passage leading to it, from Baynard's Castle, by which communication it has been presumed, the King used to find his way to his *Camera Dianæ*, or secret apartment of his beloved mistress.

It has been conjectured that a place of Christian worship existed on the site of the present Cathedral as early as the end of the second century; about which time (185), Faganus and Damianus were sent by Pope Eleutherius, to convert the natives of Britain to Christianity. This early church, it has been supposed, was destroyed during the famous persecution of the Christians, in the reign of Dioclesian; it being the great object of that Emperor to efface, throughout the Roman dominions, the name and worship of Christ, and to restore the religion of the

heathen gods. It was then, according to some authorities, that a temple dedicated to Diana, was erected on this spot. In the words of an old monkish chronicler, Flete, "the old abomination was restored, wherever the Britons were expelled their place. London worshipped Diana; and the suburbs of Thorney offered incense to Apollo."*

After the death of the Emperor Dioclesian, a place of Christian worship again arose on the site of St. Paul's. This building was destroyed by the pagan Saxons; but when that people subsequently embraced Christianity, early in the seventh century, it was re-built by Ethelbert, King of Kent (610), on its ancient foundations; Melitus, at the instance of St. Augustine, being consecrated first Bishop of London. In 675 we find Erkenwald, son of King Offa, fourth bishop of London from Melitus, expending large sums of money in repairing and beautifying the ancient edifice, as well as obtaining for it considerable privileges both from the Pope and the Saxon princes of England. For these good deeds, Erkenwald was canonized at his death, and his body placed in a shrine above the high altar, where it continued to be an object of adoration till the destruction of the edifice by fire in 1086. William the Conqueror not only secured to St. Paul's its ancient privileges, but appears also to have regarded it with peculiar reve-

* It is needless to remind the reader, that by *Thorney* is meant Westminster Abbey, on the site of which is said to have stood a temple of Apollo; Thorney Island being so called, from its having been insulated by a branch of the Thames, and covered with thorns and briers.

rence, and to have taken it under his immediate protection.

After the destruction of the old church by fire, in 1086, Mauritius, or Maurice, then Bishop of London, commenced rebuilding it on a most extensive and magnificent scale. William Rufus granted him the stones of the old Palatine Tower on the banks of the Thames: and in the following reign, we find Henry the First exempting from toll or custom all vessels entering the river Fleet with stones and other materials for the new cathedral. Such, however, was the vastness of the undertaking, that although Bishop Maurice lived twenty years after the commencement of his pious labours, and although his successor, Bishop Beauvages, enjoyed the See twenty years more, and appropriated nearly the whole of his ecclesiastical revenue in advancing this great work, yet its completion was left to succeeding generations. The steeple was not finished till 1221, nor the choir till 1240. When completed, this magnificent structure, with the buildings attached to it, covered upwards of three acres and a half of ground. Its length was six hundred and ninety feet; its breadth one hundred and thirty; and its extreme height, to the summit of the spire, five hundred and thirty four feet.

The interior of old St. Paul's corresponded in splendour with the grandeur of its external appearance. The immense length of the vista—the double line of graceful gothic arches—the gorgeous decorations of the high altar—the sublime effect of the

vaulted roof, exquisitely groined and gilt—as well as the beautiful colouring of the painted windows—are described as presenting a scene to which no language could do justice, and which far outrivalled every other religious edifice in England. The high altar—which stood between two columns under a canopy of wood elaborately carved and painted,—was adorned with precious stones, and surrounded with images exquisitely wrought. Above the altar was the new shrine of St. Erkenwald, inlaid and adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones; and presenting such a splendid and dazzling effect, that we are told that princes and nobles came from all parts to visit it, and to offer up their adorations to the Saxon saint. In a wooden tabernacle, on the right side of the high altar, was a picture of St. Paul, said to have been of great excellence; and against a pillar, in the body of the church, was a beautiful image of the Virgin, before which a lamp was kept constantly burning. In the centre of the cathedral stood a large cross, and, if we add to these the splendour of the numerous shrines and altars, and the magnificence of the sepulchral monuments, we shall be able to form some slight notion of old St. Paul's as it existed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Another striking feature in the old Cathedral was the beautiful subterranean parish church of St. Faith, in the Crypts, commenced by Fulco Basset, Bishop of London, in 1356, and which, besides several chantries and monuments, had two chapels, seve-

rally dedicated to Our Lady and to St. Dunstan. This "famous vault," as Dugdale styles it, was originally a building entirely distinct from the Cathedral; but when the latter was enlarged, between the years 1256 and 1312, it was demolished, and a portion of the extensive Crypt appropriated to the use of the parishioners, who have still the right of interment in certain portions of St. Paul's churchyard and of the vaults. After the Fire of London, the parish of St. Faith was united with that of St. Augustine.

The Chapter House of the old Cathedral, as well as the Cloisters, are also said to have been of elaborate workmanship and of great beauty. The latter, with the fine monuments which they contained, were destroyed by the Protector Somerset, who made use of the materials in constructing his new palace in the Strand.

At the north-west corner of St. Paul's, stood the stately Inn, or palace, of the Bishops of London. Here it was that Edward the Third and his Queen were, on one occasion, entertained and lodged after a magnificent tournament at Smithfield. "There was goodly dancing" says Froissart, "in the Queen's lodging, in presence of the King and his uncles, and other barons of England, and ladies demoiselles, till it was day, which was time for every person to draw to their lodgings, except the King and Queen, who lay there in the Bishop's palace, for there they lay during all the feasts and jousts." The Bishop of London's palace, at St. Paul's, was,

for a short time, the residence of the unfortunate Edward the Fifth, previous to his being immured in the Tower. From hence, too, it was that Jane Shore was led to undergo her penance at Paul's Cross; and under its roof, after her marriage to Prince Arthur in the neighbouring Cathedral, the ill-fated Katherine of Arragon was conducted to a magnificent banquet, and here she passed the nuptial night. Among other eminent persons who have been lodged at different times in this mansion, may be mentioned Anne de Montmorenci, ambassador from Francis the First, in 1526; Claude Annibau, ambassador from the same monarch, in 1546; and Mary of Guise, Queen-dowager of Scotland, when she visited London, in the reign of Edward the Sixth.

In the reign of Edward the First, the Cathedral, as well as the Bishop's palace and the other ecclesiastical buildings, were surrounded by a wall, the gates of which were always carefully closed at night. Many of the neighbouring thoroughfares, such as Ave-Maria Lane, Pater-Noster Row, Creed Lane, Canon Alley, Holyday Court, and Amen Corner, derive their names from their contiguity to, and their connexion with, the old Cathedral.

Another interesting building connected with old St. Paul's, was the Lollards' Tower, which stood at the west front. It was long used as a prison for heretics, and is said to have witnessed many fearful scenes of suffering and crime. The tale of

Richard Hunne, who was committed a prisoner to the Lollards' Tower in 1514, is one of the darkest in the annals of human misery. This person, who was a merchant-tailor of London, had become involved in a dispute with his rector, who summoned him before the Spiritual Court. Hunne retorted by taking out a writ of *premunire* against the rector, an act of defiance, which gave such offence to the Roman Catholic clergy, that the formidable charge of heresy was brought against him, and he was thrown into the Lollards' Tower. A few days afterwards his body was found suspended from a hook in the ceiling, life being entirely extinct. It was given out that he had committed suicide. The usual process was commenced against the corpse for heresy, and it was condemned to be burned at Smithfield. But in the meantime suspicions of foul play had gained ground, and a coroner's inquest was appointed to sit on the body. According to Burnet, they "found him hanging so loose, and in a silk girdle, that they clearly perceived he was killed. They also found his neck had been broken, as they judged, with an iron chain, for the skin was all fretted and cut. They saw some streams of blood about his body, besides several other evidences, which made it clear that he had not murdered himself; whereupon they did acquit the dead body, and laid the murder on the officers that had the charge of that prison. By other proofs they found the Bishop's summoner and the bell-ringer guilty of it; and, by the deposition of the summoner

himself, it did appear that the Chancellor and he and the bell-ringer did murder him, and then hung him up." The criminals were defended by the Bishop, Fitzjames; and, although the crime was clearly brought home to Horsey, the Chancellor of the diocese, not only did he escape punishment, but the ashes of Hunne were ignominiously committed to the earth, as if he had been a suicide. The perpetrators of the crime subsequently obtained the King's pardon; who, however, so far interfered on the side of justice, as to obtain the restitution of Hunne's property to his children. "The last person confined here," says Pennant, "was Peter Burchet, of the Temple, who, in 1573, desperately wounded our famous seaman, Sir Richard Hawkins, in the open street, whom he had mistaken for Sir Christopher Hatton. He was committed to this prison, and afterwards removed to the Tower: he there barbarously murdered one of his keepers; was tried, convicted, had his right hand struck off, and then hanged. He was found to be a violent enthusiast, and thought it lawful to kill such who opposed the truth of the Gospel."

It was in St. Paul's, in May 1213, that King John, overawed by the disaffection of his subjects, the secret combination of his barons, and the dreaded approach of the mighty armament with which Philip of France was preparing to invade his dominions, consented to submit himself entirely to the judgment of the Pope, and formally acknowledged the supremacy of the Apostolic See. Here,

too, it was, in 1401, that William Sautre, the parish priest of St. Osithes, in London, and conspicuous as the first English martyr, underwent the imposing ceremony of being stripped of his priestly vestments, and of being degraded from his priestly office, preparatory to his being led forth to a death of agony in the flames.

With the tale of the illustrious Wickliffe, the father of the Reformation in England, St. Paul's is also intimately associated. Here it was, on the 19th of February 1377, that this extraordinary man presented himself before the solemn conclave which had been convoked by the Church of Rome, who were prepared to crush him with all the weight of their formidable authority. Instead, however, of presenting the humbled look of a criminal or a suppliant, he appeared before the haughty synod, supported by the great John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, on one side, and by Lord Percy, the Earl Marshal, on the other. These powerful lords were each accompanied by a formidable train composed of their armed retainers. "With whatever intent," says Southey, "these powerful barons accompanied him, their conduct was such as discredited the cause. Before the proceedings could begin, they engaged in an angry altercation with Bishop Courtenay, who appears to have preserved both his temper and his dignity, when Lancaster had lost all sense of both. Here, however, the feeling of the people was against Wickliffe, probably because he was supported by an unpopular govern-

ment; and when the citizens who were present heard Lancaster mutter a threat of dragging their bishop out of the church by the hair of his head, they took fire; a tumult ensued; the synod was broken up, and the barons were glad to effect their escape as they could. In consequence of this disturbance an imprudent bill was brought forward the same day in Parliament, by Lord Percy, that London should be governed by a captain, as in former times, instead of a mayor, and that the sole power of making arrests within the city, should be vested in the Earl Marshal. The member for the City, John Philpot, manfully opposed this attempt upon the liberties of London. A riot ensued the next day: Lancaster and the Earl Marshal escaped up the river to Kingston; and the mob, to show their detestation of the Duke, hung his escutcheon upon gibbets in the open places of the City, as if he had been a convicted traitor. By the interference of the Court and of the Bishops, who, notwithstanding the occasion of these troubles, supported the cause of government, as that of order, with the whole strength of their authority, the Duke and the City were reconciled; one of the conditions being that, in atonement probably for the death of a priest in his service whom they had murdered in their fury, the citizens should maintain a great wax taper marked with the Duke's arms, to burn continually before the image of Our Lady in St. Paul's."

After the mysterious death of the ill-fated

Richard the Second, in Pomfret Castle, his body was conveyed to St. Paul's Cathedral on a bier drawn by four black horses, and followed by four knights habited in black. Here it was exposed to public view for three days, during which period, says Froissart, "There came in and out twenty thousand persons, men and women, to see him where he lay; his head upon a black cushion, and his visage open. Some had pity on him, and some had none, but said he had long ago deserved death." From St. Paul's, the royal corpse was conveyed to Langley, "and there this Kyng Richard was buried;—God have mercy on his soule!" According to Stow, among those who were present at the performance of the funeral obsequies over King Richard's body, in St. Paul's, was his rival and successor, Henry the Fourth.

In 1470, when the revolution effected by the great "King-maker," Earl of Warwick, drove Edward the Fourth into temporary exile, we find Henry the Sixth waited upon in his dungeon in the Tower, by the Duke of Clarence, the Earls of Warwick and Shrewsbury, and other noblemen, who conducted him with great formality to the royal apartments in that palatial fortress. Thence, clad in a long robe of blue velvet, and with the crown on his head, he rode through the streets in solemn state to St. Paul's, where, amidst the hollow shouts of the capricious multitude, he solemnly returned thanks for his unexpected deliverance. From this period till he was led back a

prisoner to the Tower, the following year, Henry appears to have principally held his court in the Bishop of London's Palace, at St. Paul's. The sequel of his melancholy history is well known. On the very morning after the triumphal entry of Edward the Fourth into London, the unfortunate Henry was found dead in the Tower. From hence his body was conveyed by torch-light to St. Paul's, where it lay for some days on a bier, exposed to the view of the multitude. There was a rumour, which obtained general credit at the time, that blood flowed from it on this occasion. From St. Paul's, the royal corpse was conveyed by torch-light to the river side, where it was placed on board a barge, and from thence conveyed to Chertsey.*

* In Rymer's "*Fœdera*" will be found the following interesting particulars relating to the funeral of Henry the Sixth:—

"To Hugh Brice, in money to him delivered for such monies by him paid for clergy, linen cloth, spices, and other ordinary expenses, by him laid out and disbursed about the burial of the said Henry of Windsor, who died within the Tower of London; and for wages and rewards of divers men carrying torches, from the Tower aforesaid to the cathedral church of St. Paul, and thence to Chertsey with the body, *xvℓ. iiis. vid. ob.*

"To Master Richard Martyn, in money to him delivered, namely, at one time, *ixℓ. xs. xjd.* for so much money by him paid for twenty-eight ells of linen cloth of Holland, and expenses, as well within the Tower aforesaid at the last departure of the said Henry, as at Chertsey on the day of his burial, and for reward given to divers soldiers of Calais watching round the body, and for hire of barges with the masters and sailors rowing by the water of Thames to Chertsey aforesaid; and at another time, *viiiℓ. xiiis. iiid.* for so much money by him paid to the four orders of brethren within the City of London, and to the brethren of the Holy Cross there, and in other works of charity, namely, to

From the reign of Queen Elizabeth to that of Charles the First, the body or middle aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral, was the common and fashionable resort of the gay and the idle ; of the politician, the adventurer, the news-monger, and the man of fashion. The hours at which it was principally resorted to were between eleven and twelve in the morning, and three and six in the afternoon. Those who frequented it were called *Paul's Walkers*, and occasionally *Paul's Men*, in the same way that Bond Street Loungers formerly derived their appellation in our own time. For instance, among the *dramatis personæ*, in Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," we find "Captain Bobadil a Paul's Man." Dekker has left us a very graphic and amusing account of the strange medley of persons who were daily to be seen assembled in Paul's Walk. "At one time, in one and the same rank, yea, foot by foot, and elbow by elbow, shall you see walking the knight, the gull, the gallant, the upstart, the gentleman, the clown, the captain, the appel-squire, the lawyer, the usurer, the citizen, the rankrout, the scholar, the beggar, the doctor, the idiot, the ruffian, the cheater, the puritan, the cut-throat, the high-man, the low-man, the true-man, and the thief; of all trades and professions some; of all countries some. Thus, whilst Devotion kneels at the Friars Carmelites xxs., to the Augustine Friars xxs., to the Friars Minors xxs., to the Friars Preachers, for obsequies and masses to be celebrated, xls., and to the said Friars of the Holy Cross xs., and for obsequies and masses to be said at Chertsey aforesaid, on the day of the burial of the said Henry, liis. iij*l*."

her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose in contempt of religion." Massinger, in his "*City Madam*," thus alludes to the disreputable characters who frequented "*Paul's Walk*."

I'll hang you both, I can but ride
You for the purse, you cut in sermon time at Paul's.

Falstaff, also, in speaking of Bardolph, says, "I bought him in Paul's." The witty Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Norwich, thus speaks of the manner in which, in his time, the old Cathedral was desecrated:—

When I pass Paul's, and travel in that *walk*,
Where all our British sinners swear and talk !
Old Harry ruffians, bankrupts, soothsayers,
And youth whose cozenage is old as theirs ;
And then behold the body of my lord
Trode under foot by vice, which he abhorr'd,
It woundeth me.

The once popular phrase of "dining with Duke Humphrey," as we have already remarked, was applied to persons who, not having the means of providing themselves with a dinner, whiled away, in the aisles of St. Paul's, the hours at which others were enjoying their comfortable meal. The middle aisle occasionally went by the name of "*Duke Humphrey's Walk*," from a belief that a conspicuous monument which it contained was that of Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester. There is no doubt, however, that the monument in question was that of Sir John Beauchamp, the royal standard-bearer at the Battle of Cressy, and one of the original

Knights of the Garter. Bishop Hall writes in his seventh satire,—

'Tis Ruffio: trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray,
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for every straggling cavalier;
An open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service, mixed with musical disport.
Many fair yonker with a feathered crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelve pence to a meaner host.

On the destruction of St. Paul's Cathedral, the nave of Westminster Abbey became the fashionable *walk* of London.

In old St. Paul's were interred two of our old Saxon kings—Sebba, King of the East Saxons, who was converted to Christianity by Erkenwald in 667; and Ethelred the Second, who died in 1016. Here, too, were interred the following eminent persons, whose tombs—many of them of great beauty—perished with the Cathedral in the great Fire of London:—

Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, the distinguished statesman and warrior of the reign of Edward the First. He died in 1312, “at his mansion house called Lincoln's Inn, in the suburbs of London, which he himself had erected in that place, where the Black Friars' habitation anciently stood.”* His effigy, in old St. Paul's, represented him clad in complete armour, his body covered with a short mantle, and his legs crossed.

* See *ante*, First Series, vol. ii. p. 87.

Sir John Beauchamp, Constable of Dover Castle, to whose monument we have just referred, was also represented in full armour, in a recumbent posture. He was summoned to parliament, in the reign of Edward the Third, as "*Johannes de Bello-Campo de Warrewyk*," and died in 1358, when the barony became extinct.

Under a beautiful gothic arch lay the armed effigy of the unfortunate Sir Simon de Burley, perhaps the most accomplished man of his age. He lived on affectionate terms with Edward the Third, and was the chosen companion of the Black Prince, who selected him to be the tutor of his son, afterwards Richard the Second. Having become involved in the ruined fortunes of his royal master, he was ordered by the inexorable Thomas Duke of Gloucester, to the block. In vain did the Queen, Anne of Bohemia, throw herself at Gloucester's feet, and implore him to spare the life of one so accomplished and so esteemed. Her prayers and entreaties were uttered in vain. Burley was sentenced to be drawn, hanged, and quartered; but in consideration of his being a Knight of the Garter, and of the services which he had rendered to the late King, his sentence was changed to decapitation, which was carried into effect the same day on Tower Hill. "To write of his shameful death," says Froissart, "right sore displeases me; for when I was young I found him a noble knight, sage and wise: yet no excuse could be heard; and on a day he was brought

out of the Tower and beheaded like a traitor : God have mercy on his soul."

Perhaps the most magnificent, and certainly not the least interesting tomb, in old St. Paul's, was that of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Under an exquisitely carved gothic canopy lay his effigy, side by side with that of his first wife, Blanche, the rich heiress of the Plantagenets, Dukes of Gloucester, who died in 1368 ; over his monument hung his ducal cap of state, as well as his shield and spear, which had so often served him in the tournament and on the battle-field. He was alike the son, the uncle, and the father of kings ; yet it has been justly observed of him, that he had a title still nobler—namely, as the supporter of Wickliffe, and as the friend and patron of Chaucer.

The next monument which we shall notice was to the memory of a man of very different fortunes, the learned John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, the friend of Erasmus and Budæus, and the founder of St. Paul's School. His monument was surmounted by his bust in *terra cotta* ; and underneath was represented a skeleton on a mat, the upper part of which was rolled up in the form of a pillow under its head.

Another sumptuous monument in the old cathedral was that of the crafty, but magnificent favourite, William first Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1570. He was brother-in-law to Henry the Eighth, having married Anne, sister of Queen Katherine

Parr. The effigies of the Earl and his Countess lay beneath a beautiful arched canopy ; their daughter Anne, Lady Talbot, kneeling at their head ; and their sons, Henry Earl of Pembroke, and Sir Edward Herbert, kneeling at their feet. According to Stow, such was the magnificence of Earl William's funeral, that the mourning presents alone which were given away cost 2000*l.* pounds.

Another monument, of no slight pretensions, was that of the honest and eloquent lawyer, Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the great Lord Bacon. Notwithstanding his having been a civilian, his effigy represented him in complete armour. Sir Nicholas was the first Lord Keeper who ranked as Lord Chancellor. He died in 1578, having caught his death by sleeping in a chair at an open window.

Perhaps the most insignificant monument in old St. Paul's—for it was merely a board containing an inscription consisting of eight indifferent lines in verse*—was that of the chivalrous Sir Philip Sydney. After he had received his death-wound on the field of Zutphen, his remains were placed on board a vessel at Flushing, and having been landed at the Tower wharf, lay in state

* England, Netherland, the heavens, and the arts,
The soldiers, and the world have made six parts
Of the noble Sydney ; for none will suppose
That a small heap of stones can Sydney enclose.
His body hath England, for she it bred ;
Netherland his blood, in her defence shed ;
The heavens have his soul ; the arts have his fame ;
All soldiers the grief, the world his good name.

for a considerable time in the Minories. At length, every preparation having been made for his funeral, his body was brought from the Minories to St. Paul's, where it was lowered into the earth on the 16th of January 1586--7. Such was the sensation created by the death of this illustrious man, that the public mourned for him as for a near relative: indeed we are told that, for many months after his death, "it was accounted indecent for any gentleman of quality to appear at court or in the City in any light or gaudy apparel." His contemporaries, however, who buried him so sumptuously, and who mourned his loss so reverently, forgot to raise a monument to the memory of their idol: his fame, however, needed none; for in the words of the concluding couplet of the epitaph written on him by James the First, then King of Scotland—

Yet doth he in a bed of honour rest;
And evermore of him shall live the best.

In the dead of night, on the 6th of April 1590, was lowered into the grave, in old St. Paul's, in silence and stealth, the body of the wily, the eloquent, and insinuating Sir Francis Walsingham,—he who with equal grace and versatility of talent, had breathed soft nothings into the ear of Queen Elizabeth; had bandied wit with Henry the Fourth of France; and had discussed the philosophy of Plato and the graces of Euripides, with the royal pedant, James the First. So far was he from having enriched himself while employed in the service of his country, that his friends, apprehen-

sive that his body might be seized by his creditors, buried him at their own expense, in the stealthy manner to which we have alluded.

Another magnificent monument was to the memory of Sir Christopher Hatton, the gallant Lord Chancellor of England, whose graceful dancing at a masque is said to have first attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth.

The last monument which we shall mention is that of Dr. Donne, to which a curious history attaches itself. In order to have near him a constant memento of the uncertainty of life, he caused himself to be wrapped up in a winding-sheet, in the same manner as if he had been dead. Being thus shrouded, with so much of the sheet put aside as served to discover his attenuated form, and death-like countenance, he caused a skilful painter to take his picture; his face being purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of our Saviour. This painful picture he kept constantly by his bed-side, and it afterwards served as a pattern for his tomb. In the last hours of his life, he summoned several of his most intimate friends to his sick chamber. Having taken an affectionate farewell of them, he prepared himself to die with the utmost cheerfulness and resignation; pronouncing with his last breath the words, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." Of all the monuments in Old St. Paul's Cathedral, it is remarkable that Dr. Donne's was the only one which remained un-

injured by the great fire. It is still to be seen in the crypt beneath the present edifice, together with the mutilated effigies of Sir Nicholas Bacon, of Dean Colet, and one or two others. His effigy represents him in the attitude, and in the garb of a corpse, according to the manner in which he was painted in his life-time. We are at a loss to conjecture why nearly two centuries have been allowed to elapse, without so interesting a relic having been restored to a place in the present Cathedral.

In old St. Paul's was buried the great painter, Vandyke; but no monument seems to have been erected to his memory.

At the north-east of St. Paul's Cathedral stood the famous Paul's Cross. "In the midst of the churchyard," writes Stow, "is a pulpit-cross of timber, mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with lead, in which are sermons preached by learned divines every Sunday in the forenoon; the very antiquity of which cross is to me unknown. I read that in the year 1259, King Henry III. commanded a general assembly to be made at this cross, where he in proper person commanded the Mayor, that on the next day following, he should cause to be sworn before the Alderman every stripling of twelve years of age, or upward, to be true to the King and his heirs, Kings of England. Also, in the year 1262, the same King caused to be read at Paul's Cross a bull, obtained from Pope Urban IV., as an absolution for him, and for all that were

sworn to maintain the articles made in Parliament, at Oxford. Also, in the year 1299, the Dean of Paul's cursed, at Paul's Cross, all those which had searched in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Field, for a hoard of gold. This pulpit-cross was, by tempest of lightning and thunder, defaced. Thomas Kempe, Bishop of London, new built it in form as it now standeth."

On the occasion of sermons being preached at Paul's Cross, seats were set apart in covered galleries for the King, the Lord Mayor, and the principal citizens; while the remaining part of the congregation sat in the open air. At Paul's Cross, for centuries, the Church of Rome thundered forth its anathemas on its foes, and showered its benedictions on its champions: here it was the custom to announce to the assembled citizens the will and pleasure of the Sovereign, and the bulls of the Pope; hither the Kings of England were accustomed to repair, either to listen to some eminent preacher, or to return thanks for the success of their arms; here royal marriages were proclaimed, and rebellious subjects denounced; and lastly, here it was that the wanton were made to perform penance, and the timid were brought to recant their religious errors, with the emblematical faggot in their arms.

It was at Paul's Cross, in 1457, that the well-known Reginald Peacocke, Bishop of Chichester, submitted to the degrading ceremony of publicly recanting the religious opinions which he had advanced in his writings. Southey is charitable to

his weakness and his motives,—“Let no one,” he says, “reproach his memory because martyrdom was not his choice! Considering the extreme humiliation to which he submitted, it can hardly be doubted but that death would have been the preferable alternative, had he not acted under a sense of duty. He was brought in his episcopal habit to St. Paul’s Cross in the presence of twenty thousand people, and placed at the Archbishop’s feet, while fourteen of his books were presented to the Bishops of London, Rochester, and Dunholm, as judges. These books he was ordered to deliver with his own hands to the person by whom they were to be thrown into the fire, there ready for that purpose. Then standing up at the Cross, he read his abjuration in English, confessing that, presuming upon his own natural wit, and preferring the natural judgment of reason before the Scriptures, and the determination of the Church, he had published many perilous and pernicious books, containing heresies and errors, which he then specified as they had been charged against him.” As many copies of his books, as could be collected, were then thrown into the flames.

Before the Cross, clothed with a white sheet, and with a taper in her hand, was led the frail, but charitable and accomplished Jane Shore, the beloved mistress of Edward the Fourth. In an admirable defence, she had succeeded in clearing herself of the charges of witchcraft and of conspiring against the life of the Protector, which had been preferred against

her ; but the sin of having yielded to the solicitations of her royal lover—the handsomest man of his age, —was undeniable, and she was consequently led from the Bishop's Palace to the Cross, to confess her transgression before the assembled multitude. “In her penance,” says Holinshed, “she went in countenance and pace demure ; so womanly, that albeit she was out of all array, save her kirtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, while the wondering of the people cast a comely red in her cheeks (of which she before had most want) that her great shame was her most praise among those that were more amorous of her body than curious of her soul.” Granger informs us that the Duchess of Montagu had a lock of her hair, which looked as if it had been powdered with gold-dust.

When Richard the Third, then Duke of Gloucester, had completed his foul project of depriving his nephew of the crown, and placing it on his own head, it was at Paul's Cross that he caused his intentions to be announced to the astonished multitude. Notwithstanding that his mother, the venerable Duchess of York, was still living, and that her reputation had never hitherto been breathed upon, he caused his partizans to load her with the foul charge of having conferred her favours on different lovers, by one of whom it was asserted that she had become the mother of the late King Edward the Fourth, and of the Duke of Clarence. Of all her sons, it was insisted that the Duke of Gloucester alone was the true and legitimate off-

spring of the Duke of York. It is difficult to believe that such a charge should have been publicly made by a son against his own mother; and yet not only was such the case, but Dr. John Shaw, brother of the Lord Mayor, was appointed to preach at Paul's Cross for the express purpose of promulgating it among the people. Having selected for his text the following words from the Book of Wisdom—"Bastard slips shall not strike deep roots," he in the first instance made use of every argument which tended to throw suspicion on the legitimacy of the late King and of the Duke of Clarence, and then concluded his profligate harangue by bursting forth into a fulsome panegyric on the Duke of Gloucester. "Behold this excellent prince," he exclaimed, "the express image of his noble father; the genuine descendant of the House of York; bearing no less in the virtues of his mind, than in the features of his countenance, the character of the gallant Richard, once your hero and favourite: he alone is entitled to your allegiance; he must deliver you from the dominion of all intruders; he alone can restore the lost glory and honour of the nation." According to Sir Thomas More, it had been previously concerted that "at the speaking of these words, the Protector should have come in among the people to the sermon-ward, to the end that these words, meeting with his presence, might have been taken among the hearers as though the Holy Spirit had put them in the preacher's mouth, and should have moved the

people to cry '*King Richard! King Richard!*' that it might have been after said that he was specially chosen by God, and in a manner by miracle." By some ludicrous mischance, however, this piece of clap-trap was completely thrown away; the Duke not making his appearance till some time after the words had been spoken, when he suddenly presented himself in an upper story of one of the galleries. The preacher, consequently, was compelled to repeat his fulsome rhetoric; which signally failed in producing the intended effect. The people, we are told, stood "as though they had been turned into stones," to the great discomposure of the Protector and his reverend panegyrist.

We have already mentioned that in ancient times it was the custom to declare Royal marriages at Paul's Cross. In 1501, we find the marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry the Seventh, with James the Fourth of Scotland, proclaimed with great ceremony at this spot. The *Te Deum* was sung; bonfires blazed in the streets, and twelve hogsheads of wine were distributed among the citizens.

Paul's Cross is intimately associated with the progress of the Reformation in England. Here Henry the Eighth engaged the most eminent divines to preach against the Pope's supremacy; and here, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, Bishop Latimer proclaimed those pure doctrines for which he afterwards suffered martyrdom in the flames. He preached his first sermon at Paul's Cross, on New

Year's Day 1548, and his second and third on the two following Sundays. Another illustrious martyr, Bishop Ridley, was also a frequent preacher at Paul's Cross. Perhaps the most memorable occasion on which he officiated was on the 1st of November 1552; when, says Stow,—“Being the feast of All Saints, the new service book, called of Common Prayer, began in Paul's Church, and the like through the whole city. The Bishop of London, Dr. Ridley, executing the service in Paul's Church in the forenoon, in his rochet only, without cope or vestment, preached in the choir; and at afternoon he preached at Paul's Cross, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and crafts in their best liveries being present; which sermon, tending to the setting forth the said late-made Book of Common Prayer, continued till almost five of the clock at night; so that the Mayor, Aldermen, and Companies entered not into Paul's Church, as had been accustomed, but departed home by torchlight.” Another interesting occasion, on which Ridley preached at Paul's Cross, was on the 9th of July 1553, three days after the death of Edward the Sixth, when he advocated the claims of the Lady Jane Grey, and congratulated his audience on having escaped the dangers which would have attended the accession of Queen Mary.

But the fate of both the Lady Jane and of Ridley was sealed. Queen Mary had no sooner established herself on the throne, than the champions of the Reformation were compelled to succumb to

the Roman Catholic priesthood, who once more thundered forth their anathemas from Paul's Cross, on those who had dared to impugn the truth and immutability of the old religion. Strype mentions a sermon which was preached at Paul's Cross, about five weeks after the Queen's accession, by Dr. Bourn, incumbent of High Ongar, in Essex, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and a large assemblage of citizens. "This man," he says, "did, according to his instructions, fiercely lay about him in accusing the doings of the former reign, with such reflections upon things that were dear to the people, that it set them all into a hurly-burly; and such an uproar began, such a shouting at the sermon, and casting up of caps, as that one, who lived in those times and kept a journal of matters that then fell out, writ *it was as if the people were mad*; and that there might have been great mischief done, had not the people been awed somewhat by the presence of the Mayor and Lord Courtenay." A dagger was actually hurled at the preacher, which stuck in the pulpit; and it was only by the timely interference of two influential Protestant clergymen, John Bradford and John Rogers,—both of whom subsequently suffered martyrdom at the stake,—that Bourn was conveyed in safety to a house in the neighbourhood. On the following Sunday it was thought necessary to surround Paul's Cross with two hundred of the Queen's guards, in order to insure the safety of the preacher.

During the reign of Queen Mary, and the con-

sequent predominance of the old worship, we discover the notorious Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, more than once preaching at Paul's Cross. For instance, Strype mentions his delivering a sermon on Sunday, the 30th of October 1553, "which he did with much applause, before an audience as great as ever was known, and among the rest all the council that were then at court." Again, on the 2nd of December following, we find him preaching before King Philip of Spain. One of the audience was Cardinal Pole, who, we are told, proceeded by water from Lambeth Palace to Paul's wharf, where he landed, and "from thence to Paul's Church with a cross, two pillars, and two pole-axes of silver, borne before him."

On the accession of Elizabeth, the pure doctrines, in defence of which Latimer and Ridley had yielded up their lives in the flames, were again proclaimed from Paul's Cross, to the great joy and satisfaction of the citizens of London. Hither, on the 24th of November 1588, we find Elizabeth proceeding, attended by the Earl of Essex and a gorgeous array of lords and ladies, to return thanks for the destruction of the "Invincible Armada." The sermon was preached by Dr. Pierce, Bishop of Salisbury; the Queen being seated in a closet which had been prepared for her against the north wall of the church. The coach in which she came to Paul's Cross is said to have been the first which had been used in England.

On the 26th of March 1620, we find James the

First proceeding on horseback in great state to Paul's Cross to hear a sermon preached by Dr. John King, Bishop of London. The last time that a sermon at Paul's Cross was preached before one of our sovereigns appears to have been on the 30th of May 1630, when Charles the First proceeded in state to St. Paul's, to return thanks for the birth of his son, afterwards Charles the Second.

In September 1643 the Long Parliament voted the destruction of the different crosses in London and Westminster, as offensive relics of Popery; and accordingly, the following year, Paul's Cross was razed to the ground.

The melancholy fate of the venerable Cathedral may be related in a few words. Like many other religious structures, which for centuries had been the glory of the land, St. Paul's suffered considerably at the Reformation. Its ancient monuments and brasses were either defaced or destroyed; while, as has already been mentioned, the beautiful cloisters were demolished by the Protector Somerset, in order to furnish materials for completing his palace in the Strand. Again, in 1561, we find the noble steeple entirely destroyed by fire; many other parts of the edifice being at the same time greatly injured. With the exception of the roof having been repaired in 1566, St. Paul's appears to have remained in a very ruinous state till 1633; when, chiefly by the instrumentality of Archbishop Laud, large sums of money were subscribed for the purpose of restoring it to its

ancient magnificence. Laud laid the first stone, and Inigo Jones the fourth. Charles the First, at his own expense, erected the portico at the west front; while Sir Paul Pindar not only restored the beautiful screen at the entrance into the choir, but also gave 4000*l.* towards the repair of the south transept. At length, with the exception of the steeple, the whole was completed in 1643, at an expense of nearly 100,000*l.* when the breaking out of the Civil Wars again doomed St. Paul's to havoc and desecration. The beautiful carved ornaments were recklessly demolished by the Puritans with axes and hammers; the body of the church was converted into stalls for troopers' horses; and Lord Brooke was even heard to observe, that he hoped to see the day when not one stone of St. Paul's should be left upon another. Charles the Second commenced repairing it in 1663, but three years afterwards it was entirely destroyed by the great fire.

The present St. Paul's Cathedral,—less interesting, perhaps, but still a scarcely less magnificent structure than its predecessor,—was commenced in 1675; divine service was first performed in it on the 2d December 1697, and, with the exception of some of the decorations, it was completed in 1710. Unquestionably it is the greatest architectural work which was ever completed by a single individual. Moreover, it is a singular fact, that notwithstanding it occupied thirty-five years in building, yet it was begun and completed by *one* architect, Sir Christo-

pher Wren ; under *one* Bishop of London, Dr. Henry Compton ; and under *one* master-mason, Mr. Thomas Strong : whereas St. Peter's, at Rome, occupied one hundred and fifty-five years in building, under the rule of nineteen Popes, and under the superintendence of twelve successive architects. The height of St. Peter's to the top of the cross, is four hundred and thirty-seven feet and a-half ; its length is seven hundred and twenty-nine feet ; and its greatest breadth five hundred and ten feet. The dimensions of St. Paul's are three hundred and forty feet in height ; five hundred in length ; and two hundred and fifty at its extreme breadth. The total original cost of the present cathedral was 747,954*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*

As a remuneration for his labours in superintending the progress of his great work, Sir Christopher Wren received only two hundred a-year. The celebrated Duchess of Marlborough was once squabbling with an architect whom she employed in the works at Blenheim. The architect insisted that a claim which he had preferred was not an exorbitant one. "Why," said the Duchess, "Sir Christopher Wren was content to be dragged up to the top of St. Paul's three times a week, in a basket, and at a great hazard, for 200*l.* a-year." But the true reward of Wren was the prospect of undying fame. When compelled to add the side aisles, which deform his noble cathedral, he is said to have actually shed tears. The addition of these aisles is stated to have been owing to the influence of the Duke of York,

who contemplated the day when high mass might again be performed in St. Paul's, and when they would be converted into auxiliary chapels.

The greatest satisfaction of Sir Christopher Wren, at the close of his life, is said to have been derived from the occasional visits which he paid to London, for the purpose of contemplating the magnificent structure which his genius had created. His remains lie interred in the crypt of the cathedral, beneath the great dome. His resting-place is pointed out neither by storied urn nor sculptured marble; but his fame required no such tribute, for the vast Cathedral is itself his monument. In the words of the conspicuous inscription over the entrance into the choir—

Si monumentum requiris circumspice.

Among many other celebrated men, whose remains lie interred in the present Cathedral, may be mentioned the names of Bishop Newton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, James Barry, John Opie, Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Henry Fuseli; and lastly, of John Rennie, the architect of that noble structure, Waterloo Bridge.

In the crypt of the cathedral may be seen the graves of these eminent men. The resting-place of Nelson is probably that which excites the deepest and most general interest. The sarcophagus which encloses his coffin was originally made at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey, and was intended

to contain the remains of his royal master, Henry the Eighth. The coffin itself was manufactured out of the mainmast of the French ship, L'Orient, which was blown up at the battle of the Nile. It was sent as a present to Nelson by one of his gallant followers, Captain Hallowell,* of the Swiftsure. "I have taken the liberty," he wrote to the hero, "of presenting you a coffin made from the mainmast of L'Orient, that, when you have finished your military career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies." Nelson accepted the melancholy offering in the same spirit in which it had been sent. He even ordered it to be placed upright in his cabin, as if to serve him as a *memento mori* in the hour of victory and triumph; and it was only in accordance with the entreaties of an old and favourite servant that he at length consented to its being removed.

* Afterwards Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell Carew, G.C.B.

THE OLD BAILEY, NEWGATE, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH.

DERIVATION OF WORD OLD BAILEY.—GREAT ANTIQUITY OF COURT OF JUSTICE THERE.—THE PRESS YARD.—“PEINE FORTE ET DURE.” —MAJOR STRANGWAYS.—GAOL FEVER.—NEWGATE PRISON.—IVY LANE.—PANNIER ALLEY.—OLD CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE.—PERSONS INTERRED THERE.—MODERN CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE.—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH.—CURIOUS CEREMONY AT EXECUTIONS.—PIE CORNER.—GREEN ARBOUR COURT.

THE street which bears the name of the Old Bailey runs parallel with the site of that part of the city wall which anciently connected Lud Gate with New Gate. Here stood Sidney House, the residence of the Sidneys, Earls of Leicester, previous to their removal to Leicester Square; and here too, at the house of his father, in May 1551, was born the celebrated antiquary, William Camden. No. 68, close to Ship Court, was the residence of the notorious Jonathan Wild; and in Ship Court Hogarth's father kept a school.

The word Old Bailey has been supposed by some to be derived from the *Ballium*, or outer walled court, attached to the ancient fortifications. According to other accounts, the word is corrupted from *Bail Hill*, the place where offenders were tried by the Bailiff; a derivation which appears

to be the more reasonable, from the circumstance of that part of the court, in which prisoners are confined previous to their trial, still retaining the name of the Bail Dock.

This celebrated court of justice is of great antiquity; our oldest records failing to afford us any clue to the date of its foundation. Could those grey and gloomy walls speak, what fearful chronicles of crime, what tales of human suffering, could they not unfold! Within the area which they contain, how many virtuous patriots and self-devoted martyrs,—how many ruthless murderers and desperate malefactors,—have stood from time immemorial at its solemn bar of justice! How many cheeks have become blanched,—how many hearts have palpitated,—in that awful moment, when the ear of the prisoner is stretched forth to catch the purport of that verdict, on which depends either his restoration to all that life holds most dear, or his being condemned to perish before the inquisitive gaze of an assembled multitude, by an ignominious death. Here, on the 9th of October 1660, commenced the famous trial of the Regicides, many of whom were subsequently dragged on hurdles to Charing Cross, to expiate their offences, attended by the most terrifying circumstances that barbarity could invent. Here stood, at the bar of justice, the sturdy enthusiast, General Harrison; the witty atheist, Henry Marten; the fanatic preacher, Hugh Peters; Cook, who had conducted the prosecution on the part of the Com-

mons of England at the trial of Charles the First, and Colonel Hacker, who had guarded the King on the scaffold ! Here, in 1683, the high-minded and virtuous, William Lord Russell, was arraigned for high treason ! Here the ill-fated poet, Richard Savage, underwent his trial for killing a fellow-creature in a drunken brawl at Charing Cross, in 1727 ; here Dr. Dodd was condemned to death for forgery, in 1777 ; Bellingham, for assassinating Mr. Percival in the lobby of the House of Commons, in 1812 ; and Thistlewood, and the other Cato Street conspirators, in 1820. To these names might be added a host of others, scarcely less familiar to us ; from such miscreants as Jack Shepherd and Jonathan Wild,—who were tried at the Old Bailey, the one in 1724, and the other in 1725,—to others whose career of villany and blood has, in our own time, led to their expiating their crimes on the scaffold.

Another spot in the Old Bailey, which still retains its ancient name, and recalls to our memory many a scene of horror, is the Press Yard. Frequently we read of cases in the olden times, when a criminal, in order to avoid conviction, has refused to plead at the bar, and thus, though his own life has been sacrificed, has preserved his property to his family, instead of its falling into the hands of the Crown. In order to overcome this difficulty, a new law was passed which provided that in similar cases of contumacy, the prisoner should in future be removed from the bar, and having been stretched on his back, that a large weight of iron should be

placed on his chest and stomach, to be gradually increased either till the culprit consented to plead, or till death should release him from his agony. Of this terrible kind of torture,—styled “*Peine forte et dure*,”—the Press Yard in the Old Bailey is said to have been but too frequently the scene. At a later period, apparently from motives of humanity, a preliminary and milder form of torture was introduced,—namely, that of forcibly compressing the thumb with whipcord, in order, if possible, to force the prisoner to plead, without having recourse to the more intolerable infliction of “*Peine forte et dure*.” Incredible as it may appear, these barbarous expedients were actually had resort to as late as the reign of George the Second. In 1721, we find one Mary Andrews undergoing the agony of the compression, till three whipcords had been severally broken, nor was it till a fourth had been applied that she consented to plead. A still more remarkable instance occurred the same year, in the case of Nathaniel Hawes. The application of the cord failing to produce any effect, he was subjected to the severer torture, which he endured for seven minutes under a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds, when human nature could hold out no longer, and he consented to plead. The latest occasion of the Old Bailey having been the scene of these horrors, appears to have been in 1734.

As a striking example of the application of the “*Peine forte et dure*,” we may mention the tragic story of Major Strangeways, who died under its

tortures in 1659. "The father of Strangeways had left him in possession of a farm, an elder sister being executrix. Here they lived together, it is said, very happily, till the sister formed an acquaintance with Fussell, a respectable lawyer. The brother appears to have been from the first greatly averse to this connexion, and once swore, 'if ever she married Mr. Fussell, to be the death of him, either in his study or elsewhere.' They parted, and in parting quarrelled about their property. This led to litigation; Fussell, after his marriage with the sister, prosecuted certain suits against Strangeways. One day, whilst the former was in London, engaged in this and similar business, he was suddenly struck, where he sat in his lodgings, by two bullets, and fell dead. Suspicion fell on Strangeways, who was taken into custody. On the day of the inquest he was conveyed by a guard 'to the place where Mr. Fussell's body lay, where, before the coroner's jury, he was commanded to take his dead brother-in-law by the hand, and to touch his wounds. This sage expedient having failed, the foreman of the jury proposed that all the gunsmiths' shops in London, and the adjacent places, should be examined, to see what guns had been lent or sold on the day of the murder. The jury mostly thought this proposition impracticable, and one of them, who was a gun-maker, a Mr. Holloway, said decidedly the thing was not to be done from the great number of his profession; adding that he, for one, had lent a gun on the day

in question, and so no doubt had many others. Strange to say, that was the very gun with which the murder had been committed, and by its means Strangeways was discovered to be the murderer.

“Overcome by the extraordinary nature of the proof, he confessed his connexion with the alleged crime. The day of trial was the 24th of February, when, on being asked to plead, he said, ‘that if it might, on his being tried, be admitted him to die by that manner of death by which his brother fell, he would plead; if not, by refusing to plead, he would both preserve an estate to bestow on such friends for whom he had most affection, and withal free himself from the ignominious death of a public gibbet.’ Persisting in this resolution, he was sentenced by Lord Chief Justice Glynn ‘to be put into a mean house, stopped from any light, and that he be laid upon his back, with his body bare; that his arms shall be stretched forth with a cord, the one to the one side, the other to the other side of the prison, and in like manner shall his legs be used; and that upon his body shall be laid as much iron and stone as he can bear, *and more*; and the first day shall he have three morsels of barley-bread, and the next shall he drink thrice of the water in the next channel to the prison-door, but of no spring or fountain, and this shall be his punishment till he die!’ On the Monday following, at eleven in the forenoon, the sheriffs and other officers came to the Press Yard, whither the miserable prisoner was presently brought. He wore

a mourning cloak, beneath which he appeared clothed in white from head to foot. By the sheriffs he was conducted to a dungeon, where, after prayers, his friends placed themselves at the corner of the press, whom he desired, when he gave the word, to lay on the weights! This they did at the signal of 'Lord Jesus, receive my soul;' but, finding the weight 'too light for sudden execution, many of those standing by added their burthens to disburthen him of his pain.' He died in about eight or ten minutes. The press used on this occasion was of a triangular form, and so constructed as to press upon the breast of the sufferer, about the region of the heart, as the speediest mode of relieving him from his agony."*

Before quitting our notices of the Old Bailey, we must not omit to mention the frightful gaol fever, which raged in its precincts, in May 1750, and especially in the neighbouring gaol of Newgate. Notwithstanding every precaution had been taken to prevent it, the effluvia entered the crowded Court, and among other victims hurried to the grave were, the Judge of the Common Pleas, Sir Thomas Abney, Baron Clark, the Lord Mayor, Sir Samuel Pennant, and several members of the Bar and of the Jury.

Adjoining the Old Bailey is the prison of Newgate. It derives its name from one of the old City gates, which as late as 1778 was still standing, and formed a portion of the prison. This

* Knight's "London," vol. iv. p. 301, &c.

gate appears to have been originally built about the time of Henry the First, at which early period we find it used as a place of confinement for felons. Somewhat later, it seems to have been set apart as a prison for persons of rank. Here, in the reign of Edward the Third, the Chancellor, Robert Baldock, ended his days in confinement; and here Sir Thomas Percy, Lord Egremont—who afterwards fell at the battle of Northampton—as well as some other persons of distinction, were imprisoned in 1457. At a later period, William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was put in this prison for preaching in Gracechurch Street against the Established Church; and, in 1702, Daniel Defoe was imprisoned here for his ironical pamphlet, “The Shortest Way with the Dissenters;” and within its walls he wrote his “Review,” which is said to have afforded Steele his first idea of the “Tatler.” For a long lapse of years it bore the name of Chamberlain’s-gate; but when rebuilt in the reign of Henry the Fifth, it obtained the name of New-gate. Having been considerably injured by the great Fire of London, it was again rebuilt in 1672; and was finally destroyed in 1778, to make room for the present Newgate Prison. The latter massive building had scarcely been completed, when, in 1780, the famous riots broke out, which bear the name of their instigator, Lord George Gordon. In their fury, the mob tore away stones two or three tons in weight, to which the doors of the cells were fastened; the pri-

soners were released; the building was fired in several places, and in a short time became a mass of ruins.

Dr. Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale in June 1780:—"On Wednesday I walked with Dr. Scott to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions-house at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation; as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place." Within the walls of the new prison Lord George Gordon died on the 1st November 1793. The first execution which took place at Newgate was on the 9th December 1783.

Let us now proceed to point out the principal objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Newgate Street. From the south side, in the direction of St. Paul's Cathedral, runs Ivy Lane, a narrow gloomy street, in which, for about eight years, Dr. Johnson presided over a convivial and literary club, of which he was himself the founder. It was held at the sign of the King's Head, which is no longer in existence. Sir John Hawkins says,—"The club met weekly at the King's Head, a famous beef-steak house in Ivy Lane, every Tuesday evening. Thither Johnson constantly resorted, and, with a disposition to please and be pleased, would pass those hours in a free and unrestrained interchange of sentiments, which otherwise had

been spent at home in painful reflection." Speaking of some years later, Sir John Hawkins again writes :—"About the year 1756, time had produced a change in the situation of many of Johnson's friends who were used to meet him in Ivy Lane. Death had taken from them M'Ghie; Barker went to settle as a practising physician at Trowbridge; Dyer went abroad; Hawkesworth was busied in forming new connections;* and I had lately made one that removed me from all temptations to pass my evenings from home. The consequence was, that our symposiums at the King's Head broke up, and he, who had first formed it into a society, was left with fewer around him than were able to support it."—According to Stow, Ivy Lane derives its name from the ivy which anciently grew on the walls of the houses of the Prebendaries of St. Paul's, overlooking the lane.

In Newgate Street, over the entrance into Bull Head Court, may be seen a small sculpture in stone, representing the redoubtable Sir Jeffery Hudson, the favourite dwarf of Queen Henrietta Maria, standing by the side of William Evans, the gigantic porter of Charles the First. The story of Sir Jeffery's having been served up to the

* M'Ghie and Barker were physicians; Samuel Dyer was the eminent scholar to whom the authorship of the "Letters of Junius" has sometimes been absurdly attributed; and Hawkesworth is still better known as the translator of "Telemachus," and one of the principal writers in the "Adventurer."

King and Queen in a cold pie; the anecdote of the porter,—whom by the bye he held in especial abhorrence,—drawing him forth from his capacious pocket at a Masque at Whitehall;—the story of his bloody duel with Mr. Crofts; and of his imprisonment and death in the Gatehouse at Westminster, we have already related.* Glancing, therefore, for a moment at this curious relic of the past, let us turn down Bagnio Court, now called Bath Street, which derives its name from a once fashionable bagnio, the first that was established in London. Strype speaks of it as a “neatly-contrived building, after the Turkish fashion, for the purposes of sweating and hot-bathing; and much approved by the physicians of the time.” According to Aubrey, it was built by some Turkish merchants, and was first opened in December 1679. The bath, with its marble steps and cupola roof, is still used as a cold bath.

The Queen’s Arms Tavern in Newgate Street, (No. 70,) appears to have been a favourite resort of Tom d’Urfey, the poet. At No. 17, at the sign of the “Salutation and Cat,” Coleridge used to seek a retreat in his youthful and moody days; and here it was that Southey found him out, and remonstrated with him on his culpable supineness.

Within a short distance, at the east end of Newgate Street is Pannier Alley, in which is a curious flat stone, representing a naked boy, sitting upon

* See vol. i. First Series, pp. 249 and 250.

a pannier or basket. On the lower part is inscribed the following doggerel couplet:—

When ye have sought the city round,
Yet still this is the highest ground.

August the 27, 1688.

Of the ancient churches of London, there is perhaps not one whose destruction is more deeply to be lamented than that of Christ Church Newgate. Its magnificent monuments, erected to the memory of heroes, princes, and prelates, fell sacrifices to the blind zeal of the Reformation; the church itself being subsequently destroyed by the great Fire of 1666. The present edifice, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, dates no further back than 1687.

Christ Church, on the north side of Newgate Street, stands on the site of a Priory of Grey, or Mendicant Friars, of the Order of St. Francis, founded, about the year 1225, by John Ewen, Mercer, who himself entered the Order as a lay-brother. The habits of self-denial practised by the Friars, as well as their charities and blameless lives, soon brought them into great repute; so much so, that, in 1306, at the private expense of some of the most illustrious persons in the realm, the old church was taken down, and a far more magnificent edifice was erected on its site. Margaret, the second wife of Edward the First, began the choir; Isabella, Queen of Edward the Second, gave a considerable sum of money towards the completion of the building; and Philippa, the beautiful wife of Edward the Third, followed her pious ex-

ample. The body of the church was built at the expense of John de Bretagne, Duke of Richmond, who, moreover, furnished the hangings, the vestments for the priests, and a rich chalice for the altar; and, lastly, Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, supplied the beams from his forest at Tunbridge. "And so," says Stow, "the work was done within the space of twenty-one years, 1337."

Of the vast size of the original edifice we are enabled to form a tolerable conception, from the fact of the present spacious church covering less than half the ground occupied by its predecessor. The church of the Grey Friars, indeed, with its stained glass, its decorated chancel, and stately tombs, was unquestionably one of the most magnificent in the metropolis. Certainly, there was not one which contained the remains of a greater number of illustrious or memorable persons. According to Weever, in his "Funeral Monuments,"—"This Abbey-church hath been honoured with the sepulture of four Queens, four Duchesses, four Countesses, one Duke, two Earls, eight Barons, and some thirty-five Knights; in all, from the first foundation unto the Dissolution, six hundred and sixty-three persons of quality were here interred." Here, with the heart of her murdered husband resting on her breast, was interred Isabella of France, Queen of Edward the Second.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.

Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate, &c.

Under the same roof with those of the ruthless Queen, were interred the remains of her haughty paramour, Roger Lord Mortimer. The King was put to death in Berkeley Castle, in 1327, and, three years afterwards, Mortimer, as is well known, was seized in Nottingham Castle, where he was residing with his royal mistress. The young King, Edward the Third, had determined on the destruction of the obnoxious favourite; but as the castle was strictly guarded, the gates carefully locked every evening, and the keys carried to the Queen, he had no option but to seek the concurrence of the governor of the castle, Sir William Eland. With his consent and aid, a small band of armed men were admitted by means of a subterranean passage, who, having succeeded in reaching the royal apartments without being discovered, suddenly seized Mortimer in a room adjoining that of the Queen. In vain did Isabella cry,—“*Bel filz, bel filz, ayez pitié du gentile Mortimer!*” He was carried to London, and, after a hurried trial, was hanged on the common gallows at the Elms in Smithfield. It was not till his body had remained suspended from the gibbet for two days and two nights, in a state of nudity, that it was

allowed sepulture in the neighbouring church of the Grey Friars.

Besides Isabella of France, here rested the remains of Margaret, daughter of Philip the Hardy, and Queen of Edward the First;—of Joan, daughter of Edward the Second, and wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland;—of Isabella, wife of William Baron Fitzwarren, sometime Queen of the Isle of Man;—of Beatrix, daughter of Henry the Third, and Duchess of Bretagne;—and of Isabella, daughter of Edward the Third, and wife of Ingelram de Courey, Earl of Bedford. Here, too, were interred the young and chivalrous John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, who was killed in Woodstock Park, during some Christmas rejoicings, in 1389;—John Duke of Bourbon, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and who wore out a melancholy captivity in England of eighteen years;—Walter Blunt, Lord Mountjoy, Lord Treasurer of England in the reign of Edward the Fourth;—Sir Robert Tressilian, and Sir Nicholas Brember, both of whom were executed for high treason;—Sir John Mortimer, beheaded in 1423, for his attachment to the House of York;—Thomas Burdett, beheaded in 1477; and the Lady Alice Hungerford, who was executed for the murder of her husband, in 1523. The latter lady, having been conducted from the Tower to Holborn, was there placed in a cart with one of her servants, and from thence carried to the place of execution at Tyburn. The fate of Burdett, an ancestor of the present Baronet,

was also a remarkable one. He had a favourite white buck, which the King, Edward the Fourth, happened to kill; on which Burdett made use of some hasty and intemperate expressions, intimating his wish that the horns had been in the body of the man who had induced the King to shoot his favourite. These words having been repeated to the King, Burdett was committed to take his trial, and was subsequently executed in pursuance of his sentence.

One of the most sumptuous monuments in the old church appears to have been that of the beautiful Venetia Digby, erected to her memory by her eccentric husband, Sir Kenelm Digby. It was believed at the time that he made use of the most singular expedients to increase the lustre of her charms; that he invented cosmetics with this object, and, among other fantastic experiments, supplied her with the flesh of capons which had been fed with vipers. After her death, only a small portion of brains having been found in her head, Sir Kenelm attributed it to her drinking viper-wine; but, says Aubrey,—“spiteful women would say it was a viper husband who was jealous of her.” Pennant, in his “Journey from Chester to London,” tells us that the woods in the neighbourhood of Gothurst, once the seat of Sir Kenelm, are the most northern haunt of the great snail, or *pomatia*, which is of exotic origin; and he adds,—“tradition says it was introduced by Sir Kenelm, as a medicine for the use of his lady.” Digby’s

well-known jealousy of his beautiful wife, and the application of these strange medicaments, gave rise to a report that he had administered poison to her. That he was the murderer of his wife, however, appears to be most improbable; though it is not unlikely that his cosmetics and chemical experiments might have hastened her end. Her monument in Christ Church was of black marble, supporting her bust in copper gilt. This tomb was completely destroyed by the great Fire, and the vault in which she lay was partially broken open by its fall. The bust, however, escaped, and Aubrey informs us that he afterwards saw it exposed for sale in a brazier's stall. Unfortunately, he neglected to purchase it at the time, and when he afterwards made inquiries respecting it, he discovered that it had been melted down. By his will, Sir Kenelm desired that he should be buried in the same vault with his wife, but that no inscription should be engraved on the tomb.

Of the modern church but little remains to be said. Beyond its historical associations, it boasts no particular interest; nor,—with the exception of the celebrated non-conformist divine, Richard Baxter, author of the “Saints’ Everlasting Rest,”—does any very eminent person appear to have been interred within its walls. The interior of the edifice is not without merit, and the tower has been deservedly admired.

In the “green churchyard” of Christ Church was buried the Marquis de Guiscard, famous for having

stabbed Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, in the Council-chamber at Whitehall. The scene was a remarkable one. Guiscard was about to be removed in custody, when he suddenly drew a knife from his bosom, and plunged it into the breast of the minister. The blade broke at the first thrust, but the assassin, ignorant of the fact, continued desperately to repeat the stroke. The members of the council were for a moment stupified, till Lord Bolingbroke, then Mr. St. John, recovered his self-possession, and rushed towards Guiscard. Other members of the council followed his example; some of them drawing their swords and thrusting at the defenceless assassin, and others striking at him with chairs; while Guiscard, on his part, rushed desperately against his assailants, as if his only object was to encounter death at their hands. He was at length secured, and was conveyed to Newgate, where he refused all aid from medicine, and in a few days died of a mortification which resulted from his wounds.

The Priory of the Grey Friars was the first of the religious houses which was demolished at the Reformation. It was conferred, in the first instance, by Henry the Eighth, on his Chancellor, Sir Thomas Audley; and afterwards on the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, who caused the church to be re-opened for the performance of divine service. The boon conferred by Henry the Eighth was greatly enhanced by his successor, Edward the Sixth, who, in the sixth year of his

reign, caused the old priory to be properly repaired, and founded within it that noble establishment called Christ's Hospital, or the Blue Coat School, for the education and maintenance of orphans, and the children of indigent persons.

A very interesting anecdote is related in connexion with the young King and his magnificent charity. "Ridley," says Southey in his "Book of the Church," "had preached before him, and, with that faithfulness which his preachers were encouraged to use, dwelt upon the pitiable condition of the poor, and the duty of those who were in authority to provide effectual means for their relief. As soon as the service was over, the King sent him a message, desiring him not to depart till he had spoken with him; and calling for him into a gallery where no other person was present, made him there sit down, and be covered, and gave him hearty thanks for his sermon and his exhortation concerning the poor. 'My Lord,' said he, 'ye willed such as are in authority to be careful thereof; and to devise some good order for their relief; wherein I think you mean me, for I am in highest place, and therefore am the first that must make answer unto God for my negligence, if I should not be careful therein.' Declaring then that he was before all things most willing to travel that way, he asked Ridley to direct him as to what measures might best be taken. Ridley, though well acquainted with the King's virtuous disposition, was nevertheless surprised, as well as affected, by the

earnestness and sincere desire of doing his duty, which he now expressed. He advised him to direct letters to the Lord Mayor, requiring him, with such assistants as he should think meet, to consult upon the matter. Edward would not let him depart till the letter was written, and then charged him to deliver it himself, and signify his special request and commandment, that no time might be lost in proposing what was convenient, and apprizing him of their proceedings. The work was zealously undertaken, Ridley himself engaging in it; and the result was, that, by their advice, he founded Christ's Hospital, for the education of poor children; St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's, for the relief of the sick; and Bridewell, for the correction and amendment of the vagabond and lewd; provision also being made, that the decayed housekeeper should receive weekly parochial relief. The King endowed these hospitals, and, moreover, granted a licence, that they might take in mortmain lands, to the yearly value of 4,000 marks, fixing that sum himself, and inserting it with his own hand when he signed the patent, at a time when he had scarcely strength to guide the pen. 'Lord God,' said he, 'I yield thee most hearty thanks that thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of thy name!' That innocent and most exemplary life was drawing rapidly to its close, and in a few days he rendered up his spirit to his Creator, praying God to defend the realm from Papistry."

A portion of the cloisters of the old Priory still exists as an interesting relic of the past. The magnificent hall, too, though a modern building, and defective in some of its details, is, nevertheless, well worthy of a visit; more especially at the important hour of meals, when it is filled with the scholars in their fantastic costume, nearly the same that was in vogue in the days of the founder. The hall, moreover, contains some pictures of considerable historical interest. The most striking is one, attributed to Holbein, representing Edward the Sixth granting the charter to the Lord Mayor and Governors of the Hospital, who are represented in their scarlet gowns in a kneeling posture; the boys and girls being arranged in double rows on each side of the throne. The young King, robed in scarlet and ermine, is seated with a sceptre in his hand; the Chancellor, holding the seals, standing by his side, and Bishop Ridley kneeling before him in the attitude of prayer, as if in the act of invoking a blessing on the new foundation.

The next picture in importance, is by Verrio, and is perhaps one of the largest ever painted. It represents James the Second — who was a munificent patron of the Hospital — seated on a throne of crimson damask, in the midst of his courtiers, receiving the Lord Mayor, Governors, and children of the Hospital, who are all painted in a kneeling attitude. By the King's side stands the Lord Chancellor, and, in one corner, Verrio has intro-

duced himself in a long wig, apparently inquiring of the bystanders their opinion of his performance.

Besides these pictures, there is in the hall a portrait of Charles the Second, by Sir Peter Lely; and a very curious picture, representing Brooke Watson, afterwards Lord Mayor of London, attacked by a shark while bathing. The shark actually carried off his leg. In the counting-house, also, is a very fine portrait of Edward the Sixth, said to be the work of Holbein.

Christ's Hospital has produced many eminent men. Among these may be named Camden, the historian, — preparatory to his being sent to St. Paul's School;—Bishop Stillingfleet; Joshua Barnes, the scholar and historian; Thomas Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta; Jeremiah Markland, the eminent critic and scholar; Richardson, the novelist; Thomas Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes; Charles Lamb, and Coleridge, the poet. In a charming paper on Christ's Hospital, in the *Essays of Elia*, Charles Lamb thus apostrophizes his illustrious schoolfellow and friend:—"Samuel Taylor Coleridge! Logician, metaphysician, bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Mirandula*; to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus,—for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philo-

sophic draughts,—or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar; while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*”

With another interesting extract from the Essays of Elia, we will conclude our notices of Christ's Hospital. After alluding to the repugnance of the school to *gags*, as the fat and uneatable scraps of meat were styled, Charles Lamb thus relates the singular story of one of his schoolfellows, who was held in especial abhorrence as a *gag-eater*. “He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table,—not many, nor very choice remnants, you may credit me,—and these disreputable morsels he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed-side. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This, then, must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment which is

more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows,—who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose,—to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism, with open door and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and Hathaway, the then steward, with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of the culprit,—an honest couple come to decay,—whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! The Governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family, and presented him with a gold medal. I had left school then, but I well remember him. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen

him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard that he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks."

On the north side of Snow Hill is the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the tolling of whose solemn bell, reverberating through the neighbouring cells of Newgate, has often exhorted the condemned criminal, that, before a brief hour shall have passed away, he will be swinging a lifeless weight, exposed to the curious gaze and, perhaps, the execrations of the pitiless crowd.

St. Sepulchre's Church, dedicated to the Holy Sepulchre, is supposed to have been originally built about the year 1100. It was either entirely or partially rebuilt in the reign of Henry the Sixth, when Popham, Chancellor of Normandy and Treasurer of the King's Household, erected a handsome chapel on the south side of the choir, and also the beautiful porch at the north-west corner of the edifice, the latter of which still remains. The striking and venerable tower was probably built at the same period. The church was severely damaged by the great Fire in 1666; nothing but the walls and the tower being left. It was restored, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1670; but in consequence of its falling into a decayed state, was again repaired, and underwent considerable alterations in 1790. The organ, built in 1677, is said to be the oldest, and one of the finest in London.

We cannot discover, either that any very cele-

brated persons have been interred in St. Sepulchre's Church, or that many interesting monuments perished in the great conflagration. Here, however, lies buried—though without any memorial of his resting-place—the elegant scholar, Roger Ascham, whose love for the classic writings of Greece and Rome was exceeded only by his fondness for cock-fighting. He is, perhaps, best remembered in the present day from having been the tutor of Queen Elizabeth. Here, too, lies buried one whose romantic adventures and daring exploits have rarely been surpassed: we allude to Captain John Smith, who figured conspicuously in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and who was buried here in June 1631. He served for some time under the banner of the Emperor against the Grand Signior, and, during the war in Hungary, distinguished himself by challenging three Turks of quality to single combat, and cutting off their heads. For this exploit, Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, gave him his picture set in gold, besides settling on him a pension of three hundred ducats, and permitting him to bear three Turks' heads, between a chevron, in his armorial bearings. He afterwards went to America in search of fresh adventures, and was taken prisoner by the Indians, but contrived to make his escape from them after a short captivity. On numerous occasions he hazarded his life in naval engagements with pirates, with Spanish men-of-war, and in every kind of adventure; but the most important act of his life was the share which he

had in civilizing the natives of New England, and reducing that province to obedience to Great Britain.* His epitaph, though no longer to be seen in St. Sepulchre's Church, has fortunately been preserved, and is as follows:—

Here lies one conquered, that hath conquered Kings,
Subdued large territories, and done things,
Which to the world impossible would seem,
But that the truth is held in more esteem.
Shall I report his former service done,
In honour of his God, and Christendom?
How that he did divide, from pagans three,
Their heads and lives, types of his chivalry?—
For which great service, in that climate done,
Brave Sigismundus, King of Hungarion,
Did give him, as a coat of arms, to wear
Three conquered heads, got by his sword and spear;—
Or shall I tell of his adventures since,
Done in Virginia, that large Continent?
How that he subdued Kings unto his yoke,
And made those heathens flee, as wind doth smoke;
And made their land, being of so large a station,
An habitation for our Christian nation;
Where God is glorified, their wants supplied;
Which else, for necessities, must have died.
But what avails his conquests, now he lies
Interred in earth, a prey to worms and flies?
Oh! may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep,
Until the Keeper, that all souls doth keep,
Return to judgment; and that after thence
With angels he may have his recompense.

By the will of one Robert Dow, citizen and merchant-tailor, who died in 1612, the annual sum

* See an account of his exploits in the "History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles;" written by himself.

of 26s. 8d. was bequeathed for the delivery of a solemn exhortation to the condemned criminals in Newgate, on the night previous to their execution. According to Stow, it was provided that the officiating clergyman of St. Sepulchre's "should come in the night-time, and likewise early in the morning, to the window of the prison where they lie, and there ringing certain tolls with a hand-bell, appointed for the purpose, should put them in mind of their present condition, and ensuing execution, desiring them to be prepared therefore, as they ought to be. When they are in the cart, and brought before the wall of the church [on their way to Tyburn], there he shall stand ready with the same bell, and after certain tolls, rehearse an appointed prayer, desiring all the people there present to pray for them." *

* The affecting admonitions, here referred to, were as follows :—

Admonition to the Prisoners in Newgate, on the Night before Execution.

You prisoners that are within,
Who for wickedness and sin,

after many mercies shown, are now appointed to die to-morrow in the forenoon ; give ear, and understand, that to-morrow morning, the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you, in form and manner of a passing bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death : to the end that all godly people, hearing that bell, and knowing it is for your going to your deaths, may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow his grace and mercy upon you, whilst you live. I beseech you, for Jesus Christ's sake, to keep this night in watching and prayer, to the salvation of your own souls, while there is yet time and place for mercy ; as knowing to-morrow you must appear before the judgment-seat of your

According to the "Annals of Newgate," it was for many years a custom for the bellman of St. Sepulchre's, on the eve of an execution, to proceed under the walls of Newgate, and to repeat the following verses in the hearing of the criminals in the condemned cell:—

All you that in the condemn'd cell do lie,
 Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
 Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near,
 When you before th' Almighty must appear.
 Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
 That you may not t' eternal flames be sent ;
 And when St' Pulcre's bell to-morrow tolls,
 The Lord have mercy on your souls !
 Past twelve o'clock !

Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torments for your sins committed against Him, unless, upon your hearty and unfeigned repentance, you find mercy through the merits, death, and passion of your only Mediator and Advocate Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return to him.

*Admonition to the Condemned Criminals, as they are passing by
 St. Sepulchre's Church-wall to Execution.*

All good people, pray heartily unto God for these poor sinners, who are now going to their death, for whom this great bell doth toll.

You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears : ask mercy of the Lord, for the salvation of your own souls, through the merits, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto Him.

Lord have mercy upon you.

Christ have mercy upon you.

Lord have mercy upon you.

Christ have mercy upon you.

Till within the last seventy years, there existed another singular custom of presenting, from the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, a nosegay to every criminal passing on his way to Tyburn.

We have already mentioned that the first person who, in the reign of Queen Mary, suffered at the stake on account of his religious principles, was the Reverend John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's. When, in the preceding reign, Joan Bocher had been condemned to the flames, for maintaining the doctrine that our Saviour was human only in appearance, — having but an apparent, not a real body, — a mutual friend had earnestly entreated Rogers to intercede for the life of the misguided woman; or, at all events, to endeavour to save her from suffering an agonizing death in the flames. To both these requests Rogers is said to have turned a deaf ear, adding, that he believed burning to be rather an easy death than otherwise. This indifference to the sufferings of a fellow-creature, so incensed the other, that he is said to have exclaimed, with great vehemence, — “Take care! the time may come when you yourself may have enough of this mild burning.” The words, as we have already related, proved prophetic.

In the churchyard of St. Sepulchre's, Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, was buried in 1733.

Running from Newgate Street into West Smithfield is Giltspur Street, — anciently called Knight-rider Street, — which derives its names from the knights, with their gilt spurs, riding this way from

the Tower, to the jousts and tournaments which in the olden time were held in Smithfield. We have already mentioned that Knight-rider Street, in the neighbourhood of Doctors' Commons, derives its name from a similar circumstance.

Close by, adjoining Cock Lane, is Pie Corner, so called, according to Stow, from the sign of a well-frequented hostelry, which anciently stood on the spot. Strype speaks of Pie Corner, as "noted chiefly for cooks'-shops, and pigs dressed there during Bartholomew Fair." In our old writers there are many references to its cook's-stalls and dressed pork. Shadwell, in "The Woman Captain" (1680), speaks of "meat dressed at Pie Corner by greasy scullions;" and Ben Jonson writes, in the "Alchemist," (1610):—

I shall put you in mind, sir, at Pie Corner,
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls.

The principal interest, however, which is attached to Pie Corner, is from its having been the spot where the great Fire terminated in 1666. It commenced, as is well-known, in Pudding Lane,—a curious coincidence, which we have already noticed as having given rise to a supposition among the vulgar, that the fire had been sent expressly from heaven, as a punishment for the prevailing sin of gluttony. At the corner of Cock Lane may be seen the figure of a fat naked boy, with his hands across his stomach, to which the following inscription, now illegible, was formerly attached:—"This

boy is in memory put up of the late Fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666."

In Sea Coal Lane (at the bottom of Break Neck Stairs, which lead out of Green Arbour Court, in the direction of Fleet Market), have, at various times, been discovered considerable remains of massive stone walls, leading to the supposition that here stood some of the important outworks connected with the ancient fortifications. An especial interest attaches itself to Green Arbour Court. Here, in the first floor rooms, at No. 12, resided, in 1758, the gifted and warm-hearted Oliver Goldsmith, and tradition informs us that in this place he composed his "Traveller," and other works. In this miserable abode he was visited by Bishop Percy, the collector of the "Reliques of English Poetry," who was accustomed to relate an interesting account of their interview. He found the poet engaged in writing his "Enquiry into Polite Learning," in a "wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, this was offered to his visitant, Goldsmith was obliged to sit in the window. While they were engaged in conversation, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor little ragged girl, of very decent behaviour, entered, who, dropping a curtsy, said,—'My mama sends her compliments, and begs the favour of your lending her a pot-full of coals.'" In consequence of their threatening to fall from age and dilapidation, the miserable abode of Goldsmith in

Green Arbour Court, as well as the adjoining houses, were, a few years since, razed to the ground, and some buildings connected with a waggon-office now occupy their site. From Green Arbour Court Goldsmith removed, in 1760, to Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. Here he remained about two years, when he hired lodgings in the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, at Islington, where he continued to reside till 1764.

FLEET STREET.

ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH.—PERSONS INTERRED THERE.—SALISBURY COURT.—RICHARDSON THE NOVELIST.—GOUGH SQUARE.—ANEC-
 DOTES OF DR. JOHNSON.—JOHNSON'S COURT AND BOLT COURT.—
 WINE-OFFICE COURT.—ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.—OLD CONDUIT
 IN FLEET STREET.—BANGOR HOUSE.—MITRE COURT.—CRANE
 COURT.—DEVIL TAVERN AND ITS CELEBRATED FREQUENTERS.—
 RESIDENCES OF EMINENT MEN IN FLEET STREET.—CHANCERY
 LANE.—SHIRE LANE.—ANECDOTE OF COLERIDGE.—KIT-CAT CLUB.
 —ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH—ITS OLD DIAL.

DESCENDING Ludgate Hill, we enter Fleet Street, perhaps the most interesting thoroughfare in London. As we wend our way along this famous street—through which the full tide of busy traffic and of human existence is constantly flowing—let us pause for a few moments to gaze on the graceful steeple of St. Bride's Church, which, with the exception of that of Bow Church, is unquestionably the most beautiful in London. St. Bride's, moreover, in addition to its architectural merits, recalls many interesting memories of the past. Here was interred Wynkyn de Worde, the famous printer in the reign of Henry the Seventh. He lived in the immediate neighbourhood, as appears by his "Fruyte of Tymes," printed in 1515, which purports to be issued from his establishment at the "sygne of the

Sonne," in Fleet Street.* At the west end of St. Bride's Church was interred the ill-fated poet, Richard Lovelace; and here, also, rests another bard—whose hopes were once as ambitious—John Ogilby, the translator of Homer. Half hidden by one of the pews, on the south side, is the gravestone of Richardson the novelist; and here also lies buried Sir Richard Baker, author of the "Chronicle of the Kings of England," the circumstances of whose melancholy end we shall presently have occasion to record in our notices of the Fleet Prison.

Nor are Ogilby, Lovelace, and Sir Richard Baker the only unfortunate authors who are interred in St. Bride's Church. Francis Sandford, author of the "Genealogical History," who died in the Fleet in 1693; and Robert Lloyd, the poet, who also died in that prison, in 1764, are buried in St. Bride's Church. Ogilby, Sandford, Richardson, and Lloyd, were buried in the *present* edifice; as were also Thomas Flatman, the poet, who died in 1688, and Dr. Charles Davenant, the celebrated political writer of the reign of Queen Anne. In the churchyard of St. Bride's lie the remains of Dr. Robert Levett, the intimate friend of Dr. Johnson.

It may be worth mentioning that in St. Bride's Church was buried the abandoned Mary Frith, known as Moll Cutpurse, who, from the days of

* The father of Wynkyn de Worde kept the "Falcon Inn," in Fleet Street, from the sign of which it is not improbable that the present Falcon Court, near Chancery Lane, derives its name.

James the First to those of the Commonwealth, carried on the united professions of procuress, fortune-teller, pickpocket, thief, and receiver of stolen goods. Her most famous exploit was robbing General Fairfax upon Hounslow Heath. Butler has immortalized her in his "*Hudibras*."

He Trulla loved, Trulla more bright,
Than burnished armour of her knight ;
A bold virago, stout and tall,
A Joan of France, or *English Mall*.

And Swift alludes to her in his "*Baucis and Philemon*":—

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and *English Mall*.

Moll Cutpurse died of the dropsy in the seventy-fifth year of her age, and was buried in St. Bride's on the 10th of August 1659.

St. Bride's, or rather St. Bridget's Church, is unquestionably of very ancient foundation. It appears to have been originally but a small structure ; but in the year 1480 it was considerably enlarged and beautified by William Venor, a pious warden of the Fleet Prison, who erected a spacious fabric at the west end, consisting of a middle and two side aisles, to which the ancient church served as the choir. The patronage of the living was for centuries vested in the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, till, at the dissolution of the monasteries, on Westminster being elevated into a bishopric, Henry the Eighth granted the preferment to the

new diocesan. On the reinstatement of the abbot and monks of Westminster in the reign of Queen Mary, the patronage was restored to them; but, on the accession of Edward the Sixth, it again changed hands, and was made over to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, by whom it is still enjoyed. The old church was destroyed by the great Fire of London; and, between the years 1701 and 1703, the present noble edifice was erected on its site by Sir Christopher Wren, at an expense of £11,430.

It was in St. Bride's Churchyard that Milton took up his residence after his return from Italy in 1642. Here it was that he superintended the education of his two nephews, John and Edward Philips, as well as that of a few other youths, whose parents had prevailed upon him to take their children under his charge. It was also during the period of his residence in St. Bride's Churchyard, that Milton formed his ill-assorted marriage with his first wife, Mary Powell. "His first wife," says Aubrey, "was brought up and lived where there was a great deal of company, merriment, and dancing; and when she came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's, in St. Bride's Churchyard, she found it very solitary; no company coming to her, and oftentimes hearing his nephews beaten and cry. This life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents at Forest Hill. He sent for her after some time, and I think his servant was evilly treated; but, as for wronging his bed, I never

heard the least suspicions, nor had he of that any jealousy."

On the same side of Fleet Street as St. Bride's Church is Salisbury Court, so called from the London residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, which anciently stood on its site. Here the great Lord Clarendon was residing for a short time after the Restoration. To the literary student the principal interest which attaches itself to Salisbury Court, is from its having been the residence of Richardson, the author of "Pamela," and of "Sir Charles Grandison." His residence was in the centre of the square, where he was visited by the most eminent literary men of the last century; and here it was that this singular compound of vanity and virtue—surrounded by his *coterie* of literary ladies—passed his hours of relaxation in complacently listening to their fulsome adulations—in dwelling incessantly on the merits and the success of his own works,—or in reading aloud to his female admirers the last effusions of his pen. To modern superficial readers—delighting only in rapidity of action and vivacity of description—the delicate touches and intimate knowledge of human nature, as portrayed in the novels of Richardson, are but little compensated for by his procrastinated narratives, and his weary delineations of individual character. To the majority of persons, in fact, the genius of Richardson is associated only with ponderous volumes and still heavier fiction; and yet it would be difficult to convey a just idea of the enthusiasm

with which every volume of Richardson was hailed in his life time, not only by his fellow countrymen, but over the whole of Europe. It may have been, as Mr. D'Israeli observes, that to a Frenchman the style of Richardson was softened by translation; but there is no doubt that the French were among his most ardent admirers. Diderot observed that he had never met with a person who spoke enthusiastically of the writings of Richardson, but that he felt inclined to embrace him; and he added, that, if circumstances were to compel him to part with his library, he would keep back the works of Richardson, with those of Moses, Homer, Euripides and Sophocles. The admiration which Rousseau expresses for the works of Richardson is even more enthusiastic, and is probably more familiar to the reader.

The following extracts from an account of the mode of life of the celebrated novelist, as well as of the kind of society with which he surrounded himself in Salisbury Court, is from the pen of a lady well acquainted with him, whose recollections were published by Mrs. Barbauld, in her edition of Richardson's original correspondence. "My first recollection of Richardson was in the house in the centre of Salisbury Square, or Salisbury Court, as it was then called; and of being admitted as a playful child into his study, where I have often seen Dr. Young and others; and where I was generally caressed, and rewarded with biscuits, or *bonbons*, of some kind or other, and sometimes

with books, for which he, and some more of my friends, kindly encouraged a taste, even at that early age, which has adhered to me all my long life, and continues to be the solace of many a painful hour. I recollect that he used to drop in at my father's, for we lived nearly opposite, late in the evening to supper; when, as he would say, he had worked as long as his eyes and nerves would let him, and was come to relax with a little friendly and domestic chat.

“Most of the ladies who resided much at his house acquired a certain degree of fastidiousness and delicate refinement, which, though amiable in itself, rather disqualified them from appearing in general society to the advantage that might have been expected, and rendered an intercourse with the world uneasy to themselves, giving a peculiar air of shyness and reserve to their whole address; of which habits his own daughters partook, in a degree that has been thought by some a little to obscure those really valuable qualifications and talents they undoubtedly possessed.

“Besides those I have already named, I well remember a Mrs. Donellan, a venerable old lady, with sharp piercing eyes; Miss Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone, &c.; Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury; Sir Thomas Robinson (Lord Grantham), &c., who were frequent visitors at his house in town and country. The ladies I have named were often staying at North End, at the period of his highest glory and reputation; and in their company and

conversation his genius was matured. His benevolence was unbounded, as his manner of diffusing it was delicate and refined." Richardson, with all his excellent qualities, appears to have been entirely spoiled by his female *coterie*, who pampered him with an amount of fulsome flattery, from which most men would have turned with thorough disgust. Dr. Johnson said of him, that he had "little conversation, except about his own works;" and another of his intimate acquaintances, Sir Joshua Reynolds, observed that he was always willing to talk of his writings, and "glad to have them introduced." When Dr. Johnson took Bennet Langton to introduce him to Richardson, he boasted that he had the art of drawing out the novelist into conversation, adding:—"Sir, I can make him *rear*." All that Langton, however, could remember of the interview, which was worth repeating, was the circumstance of Richardson drawing their attention to the fact of his novel, "*Clarissa Harlowe*," having had the honour of being translated into German, of which the German copy lay in the room.

John Dryden, and Thomas Shadwell the dramatic poet, resided at different periods in Salisbury Court. Here also, shortly after the restoration of Charles the Second, were residing the celebrated actors, Thomas Betterton and Joseph Harris. The latter appears to have quitted the stage shortly before the union of the King's and Duke's Servants, in 1682. Betterton appeared on the stage as late as the 25th

of April 1710, when he acted for the last time, in his celebrated part of Melantius, in the "Maid's Tragedy." He died only three days afterwards; having, in order to enable him to appear on the stage, made use of some outward applications to suppress the gout in his feet, which sent the disease to his head.

The Salisbury Court Theatre, so often the scene of Betterton's triumphs, was first established in 1629, in the granary of Salisbury House. In March 1649, it was destroyed by the Puritans, but was rebuilt and re-opened by William Beeston, an actor, in 1660. Here the Duke's company acted till their removal to the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, in the spring of 1662. It was finally destroyed by the great Fire in 1666. This theatre must not be confounded with the Dorset Gardens Theatre, which stood in the immediate neighbourhood, but nearer to the Thames.

In Dorset Court, the great philosopher, John Locke, was residing in 1689, and from hence he dates the dedication to his "Essay on the Human Understanding."

Gough Square, on the north side of Fleet Street, was, for ten years, the residence of Dr. Johnson. Gough Square is a small paved court, or square, consisting of old houses of a lofty size. The entrance to it is by a narrow passage, called Hind Court, on the north side of Fleet Street, opposite to Whitefriars Street. The residence of Dr. Johnson was No. 4 in this square. Here he was living when he published his "Vanity of Human Wishes," in 1749,

which he appears to have written partly in Gough Square, but principally in his occasional visits to Hampstead, where Mrs. Johnson had taken lodgings for the benefit of country-air. In Gough Square he wrote the *Rambler*, and here also he composed a considerable portion of his *Dictionary*. "While the *Dictionary* was going forward," says Boswell, "Johnson lived part of the time in Holborn, part in Gough Square, Fleet Street; and he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their several tasks."

Dr. Johnson was residing in Gough Square at the time when he lost his wife, his beloved "Tetty." "The dreadful shock of separation," says Boswell, "took place in the night; and he immediately despatched a letter to his friend the Reverend Dr. Taylor, which, as Taylor told me, expressed grief in the strongest manner he had ever read; so that it is much to be regretted it has not been preserved. The letter was brought to Dr. Taylor, at his house in the Cloisters, Westminster, about three in the morning; and as it signified an earnest desire to see him, he got up, and went to Johnson as soon as he was dressed, and found him in tears and in extreme agitation. After being a little while together, Johnson requested him to join with him in prayer. He then prayed extempore, as did Dr. Taylor; and thus by means of that piety which was ever his primary object, his troubled mind was, in some degree, soothed and composed."

The ten years passed by Dr. Johnson in Gough Square were perhaps the most melancholy of his life. Hypochondriacism embittered his social hours, and want stared him in the face. During the period that he was composing his great work, the Dictionary, we find him addressing the following melancholy appeal to Richardson, the novelist:—

“Gough Square, 16th March, 1756.

“SIR,—I am obliged to entreat your assistance; I am now under arrest for five pounds, eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations. I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

“Sent six guineas,

“Witness, William Richardson.”

It was probably on this occasion that Dr. Johnson, speaking of Richardson's invariable kindness, observed, “I remember writing to him from a sponging-house; and was so sure of my deliverance through his kindness and liberality, that, before his reply was brought, I knew I could afford to joke with the rascal who had me in custody, and did so, over a pint of adulterated wine, for which, at that instant, I had no money to pay.”

In Gough Square died Hugh Kelly, the dramatic writer, on the 3rd of February 1777, in his thirty-eighth year. Dr. Johnson, who ridiculed the vanity of the "poetical staymaker," in his life-time, wrote a prologue for the benefit of his wife and children when he was no more.

Johnson's Court and Bolt Court, both of them on the north-side of Fleet Street, within a short distance of Fetter Lane, are equally interesting to us from their association with Dr. Johnson. In Johnson's Court, he resided (at No. 7), from 1765 to 1777, and in Bolt Court (at No. 8), from 1777 till the time of his death, which took place here on the 13th of December 1784. Boswell says of Johnson's Court, "On Tuesday, April 27 (1773), Mr. Beauchamp and I called on him in the morning. As we walked up Johnson's Court, I said, 'I have a veneration for this court,' and was glad to find that Beauchamp had the same reverential enthusiasm." At the time when Johnson accompanied Boswell into Scotland, the London residence of the former was in this court. Alluding to this circumstance, and also to a local term by which the Scottish lairds were in the habit of designating themselves, he humourously styled himself "Johnson of that *ilk*."

It has often been supposed that Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, derives its name from the great lexicographer, and Boswell Court, from his biographer, James Boswell. This, however, was not the case. Boswell Court derives its name from having been the site of Boswell House, the residence of a Mr.

Boswell, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The charming Lady Fanshawe and her husband were for some time residents in Boswell Court.

The author of the "Pleasures of Memory" informs us that, when a boy, having an ardent desire to behold and converse with a man whose name was so illustrious in English literature, he determined on introducing himself to the great lexicographer, in the hope that his youth and inexperience might plead his excuse. Accordingly, he proceeded to Bolt Court, and after much hesitation, had actually his hand on the knocker, when his heart failed him, and he went away. The late Mr. D'Israeli used to relate, in conversation, a somewhat similar anecdote. Anxious to obtain the acquaintance and the countenance of so illustrious a name, and smitten with the literary enthusiasm of youth, he enclosed some verses of his own composition to Dr. Johnson, and in a modest appeal, solicited the opinion of the great critic as to their merits. Having waited for some time, without receiving any acknowledgment of his communication, he proceeded to Bolt Court, and laid his hand upon the knocker with the same feelings of shyness and hesitation which had influenced his youthful contemporary, Mr. Rogers. His feelings may be readily imagined, when, on making the necessary inquiries of the servant who opened the door, he was informed that, only a few hours before, the great lexicographer had breathed his last.

These incidents not only throw an additional in-

terest over Bolt Court, but also prove how extraordinary was the reputation enjoyed by Dr. Johnson in his life-time. They were probably far from being solitary instances of similar literary pilgrimages to Bolt Court, or of similar devotion paid by the young and enthusiastic to the greatest literary character of his day. The late Mrs. Rose, to whose reminiscences of Dr. Johnson, Cowper, and Hayley, the author has often listened with delight, supplied Mr. Croker with the following anecdote to illustrate his valuable edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson." "It was near the close of his life, that two young ladies, who were warm admirers of his works, but had never seen himself, went to Bolt Court, and, asking if he was at home, were shown up stairs, where he was writing. He laid down his pen on their entrance, and as they stood before him one of the females repeated a speech of some length, previously prepared for the occasion. It was an enthusiastic effusion, which when the speaker had finished, she panted for her idol's reply. What was her mortification, when all he said was, "*Fiddle-de-dee, my dear!*" The house in Bolt Court, in which Johnson breathed his last, unfortunately no longer exists.

James Fergusson, the eminent mechanist and astronomer, died in Bolt Court, in November 1776; and here resided the political writer, William Cobbett.

Running parallel with Bolt Court, within a short distance of Shoe Lane, is Wine-Office Court, another spot rendered interesting from its connexion with

the genius and the misfortunes of Oliver Goldsmith. He appears to have resided here from 1760 to 1762, during which period he earned a precarious livelihood by writing for the booksellers. It was while he was a resident in Wine-office Court, that Goldsmith formed the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, and here, apparently, the famous scene took place, in which the unfortunate poet, having sent for Johnson to assist him in his difficulties, placed the MS. of the "Vicar of Wakefield" in his hands, as the only hope he had of obtaining pecuniary relief. "I received," said Johnson, "one morning, a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for

having used him so ill." From Wine-office Court, Goldsmith removed to the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, at Islington, where he continued to reside till 1764.

Opposite to Shoe Lane, which runs from Fleet Street into Holborn, stood one of those noble conduits for which the city of London was anciently famous. It appears to have been completed in 1471, and was rebuilt with a larger cistern in 1589. On the occasion of Anne Boleyn proceeding in state from the Tower to her coronation at Westminster, the Conduit, in Fleet Street, presented a striking scene. It was surmounted, we are told, by a tower, having four turrets, on each of which stood a child, representing a Cardinal Virtue. On reaching the conduit, the procession stopped, on which the children in turn addressed the royal bride in an appropriate speech. "In the midst of the tower," says Stow, "was such several solemn instruments, that it seemed to be an heavenly noise, and was much regarded and praised; and besides this, the conduit ran wine, claret and white, all the afternoon; so she, with all her company and the Mayor, rode forth to Temple Bar, which was newly painted and repaired, where stood also diverse singing-men and children, till she came to Westminster Hall, which was richly hanged with cloth of arras." Fleet-street on that day presented a scene which perhaps has been seldom exceeded in magnificence. The procession commenced with twelve gentlemen in the service of the French Ambassa-

dor, clad in coats of blue and yellow velvet, their horses being caparisoned with blue sarcenet, ornamented with white crosses. Next came the Judges in their robes, followed by the Knights of the Bath in "violet gowns, with hoods purfelled with minever." After these followed, according to their several rank, the Abbots, Barons, and Bishops, succeeded by the Earls and Marquises of the realm, attired for the most part in crimson velvet. The Lord Chancellor of England came next, followed by the Archbishop of York, and the Venetian Ambassador, and then the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the French Ambassador. After these came the Lord Mayor of London, in his robes; Garter-king-at-arms, in his herald's attire; and the Marshal and Constable of England, bearing the ensigns of their offices. Next appeared, preceded by her Chancellor, bareheaded, the beautiful Queen, seated in an open litter, drawn by two palfreys; her canopy, which was of cloth of gold, being supported by knights carrying silver staves. She was dressed in a garment of white cloth of tissue, with a mantle of the same furred with ermine; and on her head she wore a circlet of precious stones, from underneath which, her long tresses flowed over her shoulders. After the Queen came her Chamberlain and Master of Horse, followed by several chariots containing her ladies of honour; and lastly the procession closed with a long train of guards and attendants, clad in scarlet dresses. The circumstance of the houses being everywhere covered with

tapestry and rich hangings must have added considerably to the effect of the scene.

In Shoe Lane, on the site of Bangor Court, stood, as early as 1378, the London residence of the Bishops of Bangor. Bishop Dolben, who died in 1633, was the last Bishop of Bangor who resided here. Brayley informs us that a part of the garden, with lime-trees and a rookery, existed in 1759; and indeed as late as the year 1828, a portion of the old mansion still remained.* John Florio, tutor to Henry Prince of Wales, and compiler of the well-known Italian and English Dictionary, was a resident in Shoe Lane: he died in 1625 at Fulham, whither he had flown for safety at the time when the plague was raging in London. In Harp Alley, Shoe Lane, at the shop of one Charles Kerbye, we find Isaac Walton in the habit of purchasing his fish-hooks.

On the south-side of Fleet Street, near Fetter Lane, is Mitre Court, a spot rendered principally interesting from its containing the ancient Mitre Tavern, which is still in existence.

——— Meet me strait

At the Mitre door in Fleet Street,

occurs in a comedy written by Lodovick Barrey, and published in 1611; and in 1640 William Lilly, the astrologer, mentions his dining there

* The Bishops of Peterborough had also their London residence in this neighbourhood, the site of which is pointed out by Peterborough Court, on the north side of Fleet Street. It was destroyed by the Great Fire.

with some chosen associates. We find Pepys frequenting it in the reign of Charles the Second ; and in the reign of William the Third it was the favourite resort of the witty and eccentric physician, Dr. Radcliffe. At the Mitre Tavern, Dr. Johnson was for many years accustomed to pass his social hours. "I had learnt," says Boswell, "that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards I met him near Temple Bar, above one o'clock in the morning, and asked if he would then go to the Mitre. 'Sir,' said he, 'it is too late ; they won't let us in : but I'll go with you another night, with all my heart.' " Subsequently, Boswell had numerous opportunities of enjoying the conversation of the great philosopher at his favourite tavern. A short time afterwards he writes : "Johnson agreed to meet me, in the evening, at the Mitre. I called upon him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the Mitre ; the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson ; the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation ; and the pride arising from my finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind, beyond what I had ever before experienced." At a later period some of the most

agreeable conversations, related by Boswell, took place at their late suppers at the Mitre; at more than one of which Goldsmith is stated to have been present. Mitre Court and Ram Alley formed part of the famous Alsatia.

In March 1733, a remarkable execution took place opposite Mitre Court. The criminal was one Sarah Malcolm, a washerwoman in the Temple, immortalized by Hogarth, who was executed for no fewer than three murders. There is a print of her in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1733. So eager were the public to learn the particulars of her confession, that the manuscript of it is said to have sold for 20*l*.

On the north side of Fleet Street, also near Fetter Lane, is Crane Court, where the Royal Society held their meetings from 1710 to 1782, when they removed to Somerset House. The interesting apartment, in which Sir Isaac Newton so often presided, is still in existence.

In another small court, leading out of Fleet Street, close to the Inner Temple Lane, there exists another ancient tavern, the Rainbow, which has been famous as a place of recreation for at least two centuries. It was one of the first houses established for the sale of coffee in London, and shared the almost universal unpopularity which attached itself to the newly-founded coffee-houses and their frequenters. In 1667 we find it kept by one James à Barke; at which period the proprietor was threatened with an indictment, by the Ward of St. Dunstan's in the

West, "for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice to the neighbourhood." Doubtless the keepers of taverns, and the lovers of Canary, were not a little exasperated against the introducers and advocates of the new drink, which grew to be so fashionable as to interfere seriously with their profits. Howell speaking, in 1659, of the curious and eccentric traveller, Sir Henry Blount, observes—"This coffee drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations. Formerly apprentices, clerks, &c. used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business: now they play the good fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman, Sir James Muddiford, who introduced the practice hereof first in London, deserves much respect of the whole nation." Sir Henry himself appears to have been a constant frequenter of the Rainbow. Aubrey, in his brief memoir of him, observes—"When coffee first came in, he was a great upholder of it, and hath ever since been a constant frequenter of coffee-houses; especially Mr. Farres, at the Rainbow, by Inner Temple Gate; and lately John's coffee-house, in Fuller's Rents." Sir Henry, notwithstanding his sober habits, appears to have delighted in practical jokes, of which the following is recorded by Aubrey as having been practised by him at the Rainbow. Two young gentlemen, who happened to be in his company, having related some anecdotes which bordered closely upon the

marvellous, Sir Henry took upon himself to relate a circumstance even more extraordinary. There was an inn, he said, at St. Alban's (at the same time mentioning the name), the landlord of which, having sacrilegiously converted a freestone coffin into a hog's trough, "the pigs after grew lean, dancing and skipping, and would run up on the tops of the houses like goats. The two young gentlemen that heard Sir Henry, tell this *sham* so gravely, rode the next day to St. Alban's to inquire. Coming there, nobody had heard of any such thing; 'twas altogether false. The next night, as soon as they alighted, they came to the Rainbow, and found Sir Henry; looked learingly on him, and told him they wondered he was not ashamed to tell such stories, &c. 'Why, gentlemen,' said Sir Henry, 'have you been there to make inquiry?' 'Yea,' said they. 'Why truly, gentlemen,' said Sir Henry, 'I heard you tell strange things that I knew to be false. I would not have gone over the threshold of the door to have found you out in a lie.' At which all the company laughed at the two young gentlemen."

But a still more celebrated house of entertainment than either the Mitre or the Rainbow was the Devil Tavern, which stood next door to Child's banking-house, and which derived its name and its sign from the legend of St. Dunstan seizing the evil spirit by the nose with a pair of hot tongs. It is needless to remark that St. Dunstan's Church stands nearly opposite. The Devil Tavern is famous

as having been the favourite resort of Ben Jonson, who presided here, in an apartment called the "Apollo," over the celebrated club, of which he was the founder. Above the door of the "Apollo" were inscribed the following verses of Jonson's own composition, and which remained there as late as 1787:—

Welcome all who lead or follow,
 To the Oracle of Apollo ;
 Here he speaks out of his pottle,
 Or the tripes, his tower bottle ;
 All his answers are divine,
 Truth itself doth flow in wine.
 Hang up all the poor hop drinkers,
 Cries *old Sim, the king of skinkers* ;
 He the half of life abuses,
 That sits watering with the Muses.
 Those dull girls no good can mean us ;
 Wine it is the milk of Venus,
 And the poet's horse accounted :
 Ply it, and you all are mounted.
 'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
 Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker,
 Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
 And at once three senses pleases.
 Welcome all who lead or follow,
 To the Oracle of Apollo.

"Old Sim, the king of Skinkers," alluded to in the foregoing verses, was Simon Wadloe, the landlord of the Devil Tavern in the days of Ben Jonson. As late as the period of the Restoration, the Devil was still kept by one Wadloe, probably a descendant of "Old Sim." Pepys writes on the 22nd April 1661 (alluding to the progress of Charles the Second from the Tower to Whitehall),—"My Lord

Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadloe, the vintner at the Devil in Fleet Street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doubtlets." It was old Simon Wadloe who was the original of the favourite air of Squire Weston, in Tom Jones, "Old Sir Simon the King." On being recently conducted over Messrs. Child's banking-house, it was an unexpected pleasure to the author to find in one of the apartments not only a bust of Apollo, but also a tablet, on which were inscribed, in gilt letters, the celebrated verses we have just quoted, and beneath them—"O rare Ben Jonson!"

Over the chimney-piece of the Apollo were also inscribed, on marble, Jonson's well-known *leges convivales*, which have been thus paraphrased in English:—

1. As the fund of our pleasure let each pay his shot,
Except some chance friend, whom a member brings in.
2. Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop, and the sot,
For such have the plague of good company been.
3. Let the learned and witty, the jovial and gay,
The generous and honest, compose our free state ;
4. And the more to exalt our delight whilst we stay,
Let none be debarred from his choice female mate.
5. Let no scent offensive the chamber infest ;
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest ;
Let the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

8. Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be tied.
10. Let our wines, without mixture or stum, be all fine,
Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle.
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.
12. Let the contests be rather of books than of wine ;
13. Let the company neither be noisy, nor mute ;
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.
15. Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss ;
16. With mirth, wit and dancing, and singing conclude,
To regale every sense, with delight in excess.
17. Let raillery be without malice or heat ;
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take ;
19. Let no poetaster command or entreat
Another extempore verses to make.
20. Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve ;
21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.
22. Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardon'd will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehelly prank.
23. Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banished for ever our assembly divine.
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

These verses are far from conveying any notion of the epigrammatic neatness and elegance of the

original rules, but they afford some idea of the spirit of conviviality and wit which pervaded the club. Jonson observes in one of his memoranda,—the MSS. of which are preserved at Dulwich—“The first speech in my Catiline, spoken to Scylla’s ghost, was writ after I had parted with my friends at the Devil Tavern: I had drank well that night, and had brave notions.”

The next notice which we find of the Devil Tavern is in a curious memoir of Mull Sack, alias John Cottington, a famous highwayman in the days of the Commonwealth. This person, in the garb and character of a man of fashion, appears to have levied contributions on the public as a pick-pocket and highwayman, to a greater extent than perhaps any other individual of his fraternity on record. It is somewhat singular that this individual should not only have had the honour of picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, when Lord Protector, but that he should afterwards have robbed Charles the Second, then living in exile at Cologne, of plate valued at 1500*l*. Another of his feats was his robbing the wife of the Lord General Fairfax at a fashionable chapel on Ludgate Hill. “This lady,” we are told, “used to go to a lecture on a week-day, to Ludgate Church, where one Mr. Jacomb preached, being much followed by the Precisians. Mull Sack observing this,—and that she constantly wore her watch hanging by a chain from her waist,—against the next time she came there, dressed himself like an officer in the army; and having his comrades

attending him like troopers, one of them takes off the pin of a coach-wheel that was going upwards through the gate, by which means it falling off, the passage was obstructed; so that the lady could not alight at the church-door, but was forced to leave her coach without. Mull Sack, taking advantage of this, readily presented himself to her ladyship; and having the impudence to take her from her Gentleman Usher, who attended her alighting, led her by the arm into the church; and by the way, with a pair of keen or sharp scissors for the purpose, cut the chain in two, and got the watch clear away; she not missing it till sermon was done, when she was going to see the time of the day." The visits paid by Mull Sack to the Devil Tavern were in his character of a man of fashion, where he could mix with the best society, whom he probably occasionally relieved of their watches and purses. There is extant a very rare print of him, in which he is represented partly in the garb of a chimney sweep, his original avocation, and partly in the fashionable costume of the period. Underneath are inscribed the following lines:—

I walk the Strand and Westminster, and scorn
To march i' the City, though I bear the horn.
My feather and my yellow band accord
To prove me courtier; my boot, spur, and sword,
My smoking-pipe, scarf, garter, rose on shoe,
Show my brave mind t' affect what gallants do.
I sing, dance, drink, and merrily pass the day,
And, like a chimney, sweep all care away.

Mull Sack was hanged at Smithfield, in April

1659, in his fifty-sixth year, for the murder of one John Bridges, with whose wife he had long been on terms of too great intimacy. After his condemnation, in the hopes of saving his life, he insisted that at the time he had robbed Charles the Second of his plate, he had also carried off some important papers, which would disclose the names of the secret correspondents of the exiled monarch in England. The information, however, which he possessed, was not of sufficient importance to save him from the gallows. His peculiar cognomen is said to have been derived from his extraordinary addiction to mulled sack, a favourite liquor at the period.

The Devil Tavern was the frequent resort of Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic writer and poet-laureate. To him the Devil Tavern was classic ground, for Ben Jonson was professedly his idol. How vastly inferior he was in his writings to his great original, we are all aware ; and yet we have the testimony of his contemporaries that his conversational powers rendered him worthy of being the chosen associate even of Jonson himself. Lord Rochester said of Shadwell, that if he had burnt all he had written, and had printed all he had spoken, his character for wit and humour would have been unsurpassed.

From the days of "Rare Ben Jonson," to those of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the Devil Tavern continued to be the favourite resort of men of letters. Here Killigrew has laid one of his scenes in the "Parson's Wedding ;" here, in the "Apollo," in the last century, the poets-laureate were in the habit of rehears-

ing their birth-day odes; while Pope has thrown over it an additional halo, by more than one allusion to it in his classic verse. Swift, writing to Stella, on the 12th of October, 1710, mentions his dining there at a party given by Dr. Garth, the author of "The Dispensary." "I dined to-day," he writes, "with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated." Here too it was, in 1751, that Dr. Johnson assembled a jovial party to celebrate the production of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's first novel,—*"The Life of Harriot Stuart."* "One evening, at the Ivy Lane Club," says Sir John Hawkins, "Johnson proposed to us the celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child, as he called her book, by a whole night spent in festivity. Upon his mentioning it to me, I told him I had never sat up a whole night in my life; but he continuing to press me, and saying that I should find great delight in it, I, as did all the rest of our company, consented. The place appointed was the Devil Tavern; and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lennox and her husband, and a lady of her acquaintance, still [1785] living, as also the club, and friends to the number of near twenty, assembled. The supper was elegant, and Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves; because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses; and further, he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which,—but not till he had invoked the Muses by

some ceremonies of his own invention,—he encircled her brows. The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled, at different periods, with the refreshments of coffee and tea. About five, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of the company had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before a bill could be had; and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for our departure."

It was at the Devil Tavern, in 1774, that Dr. Kenrick used to read his lectures, under the title of—"The School of Shakespeare." Goldsmith, in his "Retaliation," alludes to these lectures:—

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks;
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I feared for your safety, I feared for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture.

The last notice which we find of the Devil Tavern is connected with an amusing practical joke, played by John second Duke of Montague, on Heidegger, the "Swiss Count" of the "Tatler," celebrated as

the conductor of the fashionable operas and masquerades in the reign of George the Second. A few days previous to one of the latter entertainments, in which the King delighted, and at which he had promised to be present, the Duke invited Heidegger to sup with him at the Devil Tavern, where he plied him with wine till he became perfectly insensible. While in this state, Mrs. Salmon,* a well-known modeller in wax, was introduced to take a cast of his face, which was afterwards painted to the very image of life. The Duke, at the same time, procured a suit of clothes exactly resembling those ordinarily worn by Heidegger; and having provided the services of a person, whose voice and figure closely assimilated with those of the German, he contrived to manufacture an admirable counterfeit of his unfortunate butt. The night of the masquerade arrived, when, immediately on the King and his suite making their appearance, Heidegger gave the signal to the band to strike up the national anthem. But, at the same moment, the counterfeit Heidegger, who had placed himself in an equally conspicuous position, commanded them to play the then offensive Jacobite tune of "Over the Water to Charley." The King, as well as the musicians, ap-

* Mrs. Salmon's wax-works are celebrated in the "Spectator" and "Tatler," and for half a century constituted one of the most popular "sights" in London. A print of the exterior of her establishment in Fleet Street, published by Smith in 1793, is well known to the curious in London antiquities. The house was distinguished by the sign of the "Salmon," "near the Horn Tavern in Fleet Street."

pear to have been in the secret of the joke, for the former laughed immoderately, and the latter zealously obeyed the orders of the fictitious manager. The scene which followed may be more easily imagined than described. Heidegger, in the exuberance of his rage, is said to have exhibited all the gestures of a madman; and while in this state of fury, the Duke of Montague, with every appearance of serious formality, intimated to him that the King was highly and very properly incensed at his countenancing the insolence of the musicians; and recommended him by all means to repair instantly to the royal box, and make the best apology in his power. He had just commenced a warm vindication of his conduct, when he was interrupted by his counterfeit, who, with the same asseverations of innocence, insisted that *he* was the real Heidegger, and that the other was an impudent impostor. The King allowed the joke to continue for some time, till finding that his countryman was suffering real pain from the overwhelming impertinence of his rival, he terminated the joke by ordering the fictitious Heidegger to pull off his mask.

The Devil Tavern was pulled down in 1788, by Messrs. Child, the bankers, and the houses known as Child's Buildings, now occupy the site. In the immediate neighbourhood is Apollo Court, which derives its name from Ben Jonson's famous club.

"Richard Blanchard and Francis Child, at the Marygold in Fleet." Such, in the days of Charles the Second, was the sign and denomination of the

banking-house of Child and Co., the most ancient in London. The author was recently amusing himself in glancing over the private accounts of the "merry monarch," which are still preserved in the interesting apartment forming the interior of the arch-way of Temple-Bar. The perusal of such documents, in such a place, naturally gave rise to some serious thoughts. He could not but reflect that there were preserved the very documents which bore evidence of the profligate expenditure of the most libertine of the Stuarts; while only a few feet above him had been exposed the ghastly heads of those gallant men, who, scarcely sixty years after the death of Charles, had perished on the scaffold for their attachment to his race.

Fleet Street, and more especially that part in the immediate neighbourhood of Temple Bar, is associated with the names of many celebrated men, in addition to those whose names we have already recorded. The eminent lawyer, Bulstrode Whitelock, was born in Fleet Street, in 1605; and, in this street, in June 1664, died Katharine Philips, the "matchless Orinda," to whom Bishop Taylor addressed his "Measures and Offices of Friendship," and on whose early death Cowley composed an elegiac ode. James Shirley, the dramatic poet, was residing in Fleet Street at the time of the great Fire of London; and from the Journal of Sir Symonds d'Ewes we learn that his residence was in Fleet Street, "near" the Inner Temple Gate.

Cowley, Michael Drayton, and Isaac Walton ap-

pear to have resided within a short distance of each other in Fleet Street, close to Chancery Lane. The house in which Cowley was born, and in which he afterwards resided with his mother, was, as Aubrey informs us, "in Fleet Street, London, near the end of Chancery Lane." Here, apparently, it was that the perusal of the "Fairy Queen," which he found lying in the window of his mother's apartment, made him "irrecoverably a poet." "I believe," he says, "I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verses, as have never since left ringing there; for I remember, when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion,) but there was wont to lie Spenser's works. This I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every where (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet."

The residence of Michael Drayton was situated, according to Aubrey, "at the bay-window house next the east end of St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet Street." The site of Isaac Walton's residence, where he carried on the trade of a linen-draper, has also been distinctly pointed out. "He dwelt," says

Sir John Hawkins, "on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow." The shop of Edmund Curl, the bookseller, the sign of which was the "Dial and Bible," stood *against* St. Dunstan's church; as did that of another well-known bookseller, Smethwicke, who describes his shop as "in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleet Street, under the Dial." This locality appears to have been a very favourite one with the publishers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

On the south side of Fleet Street, between the Temple Gates, are some ancient houses, one of which was once occupied by the no less celebrated bookseller, Bernard Lintot. The sign of his shop was the "Cross Keys."

Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press,* and Lintot's rubric post.

Dunciad.

And Gay writes in his "Trivia :"—

O, Lintot, let my labours obvious lie,
Ranged on thy stall for every curious eye ;
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.

Pope's expression of the "rubric post" is said to have reference to the red-lettered title-pages of the books which were exposed for sale on Lintot's stall.

* Alluding to Curl having been recently fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books.

The old houses, to which we have alluded, were probably, at one period, the residence of Royalty; the ceiling of one of the rooms being elaborately ornamented with the Prince of Wales's feather, and the initials P. H.; having reference apparently, to Henry Prince of Wales, son of James the First.

Next door to Lintot's was "Nando's," once a much-frequented coffee-house, and the favourite place of resort of Lord Chancellor Thurloe, when a young man.

In Fleur-de-Luce Court, Fetter Lane, the notorious Elizabeth Brownrigg, practised those fearful cruelties which have rendered her name so infamous. This woman was tried on the 12th of September 1767, for the murder of her apprentice, Mary Clifford, under circumstances of the most heart-rending description. For more than two years the unfortunate girl had been subjected to the most barbarous treatment from the hands of her inhuman mistress. When accidentally discovered by the neighbours, the wretched creature was found concealed in a cupboard, in a dying state, presenting one of the most shocking objects that the imagination can conceive. According to a contemporary narrative,—“Her head was swelled to almost double the natural size, and her neck so much, that she could neither speak nor swallow; her mouth stood open, and the surgeon who examined her, deposed that she was all one wound from her head to her toes; that her shift stuck to her body; that she was in a fever, and the

wounds beginning to mortify from neglect." To another apprentice, Mary Mitchell, the conduct of Brownrigg, was found to have been equally inhuman. She was found guilty on her trial, and was executed two days afterwards, on the 14th of September, amidst the execrations of the assembled multitude.*

Chancery Lane, corrupted from Chancellor Lane, was anciently called New Street. It appears to have been built in the reign of Henry the Third, and, in the reign of Edward the First, is represented to have been so full of ruts and holes, as to be rendered dangerous, if not entirely impassable. In this street, at the house of his maternal grandfather, was born, on the 13th of April 1593, Thomas Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford. It was in Chancery Lane, also, on the wall of the garden of Lincoln's Inn, that Ben Jonson is stated to have worked, in his capacity of a bricklayer, with a trowel in one hand and a Horace in the other.

On the west side of Chancery Lane, about seven doors from Fleet Street, Isaac Walton resided, from 1627 to 1644. In Chancery Lane, also, near Serjeants' Inn, was the residence of Lord Keeper Guildford. "When his lordship lived in this house," says his biographer, Roger North, "before his lady

* "Her house, with the cellar in which she used to confine her starved and tortured victims, and from the grating of which their cries of distress were heard, was one of those on the east side of the lane, looking into the long and narrow alley behind, called "Fleur-de-Luce Court."—"The Town," by Leigh Hunt, vol. i. p. 160.

began to want her health, he was in the height of all the felicity his nature was capable of. He had a seat in St. Dunstan's Church appropriated to him. His house was to his mind, and having, with leave, a door into Serjeants' Inn garden, he passed daily with ease to his chambers dedicated to business and study. His friends he enjoyed at home; but formal visitants and polite ones often found him out at his chambers."

The shop of the famous bookseller, Jacob Tonson, was at the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane, previous to his removal, in 1696 or 1697, to Gray's Inn Gate. Lord Eldon, in the early part of his career, lived in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane. "Here was my first perch;" he said; "how often have I run down to Fleet Market, with sixpence in my hand, to buy sprats for supper!"

In Chancery Lane are situated Serjeants Inn and Clifford's Inn; the former having been the residence of the serjeants-at-law at least as early as the reign of Henry the Fourth, when it was styled Faryndon Inne;* and the latter deriving its name from having been the *inne* or mansion of Robert de Clifford, who fell at the battle of Bannockburn, and whose widow,—Maude, daughter and co-heiress of Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester,—granted it to the students-at-law, in the reign of Edward the Third. Here, also, is situated the Rolls, on the

* See Pearce's "History of the Inns of Court and Chancery," p. 437, &c.

site of a college, or asylum, founded by Henry the Third, for converted Jews. On the expulsion of that persecuted people from England, in the reign of Edward the Third, the candidates for admission into the establishment became so few, that, in 1377, the King conferred it on the first master in Chancery for the time being, as a place for the preservation of the Rolls in Chancery. The Chapel, the work of Inigo Jones, in consequence of the interesting monuments which it contains, is well worthy of inspection. Among these may be mentioned the fine monument of Dr. John Yonge,—said to be the work of Torregiano;—the recumbent effigy of Sir Edward Bruce, created Baron of Kinloss, by James the First; and a handsome monument to the memory of Sir Richard Allington, of Horseheath, in Cambridge-shire. Among other Masters in Chancery, who lie buried here, is Sir John Strange, whose name perhaps may be familiar to the reader by the following well-known quibbling line:—

Here lies an honest lawyer; that is Strange.

Bishop Burnet; Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester; and Bishop Butler, author of the “Analogy of Religion,” were severally preachers at the Rolls Chapel.

One would like to ascertain the identical house in Chancery Lane, on the steps of which the author of “Christabel” and the “Ancient Mariner” sat down in a “reverie of tumultuous feelings,” on the night of his arrival in London, after his sudden

and ill-advised departure from Cambridge. "Walking along Chancery Lane," says Mr. Gilman, "Coleridge noticed a bill posted on the wall, 'Wanted a few smart lads for the 15th, Elliot's Light Dragoons:' he paused a moment, and said to himself, 'Well, I have had all my life a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses; the sooner I can cure myself of these absurd prejudices the better, and I will enlist in this regiment.' Forthwith he went, as directed, to the place of enlistment. On his arrival he was accosted by an old serjeant with a remarkably benevolent countenance, to whom he stated his wish. The old man, looking at him attentively, asked him if he had been in bed? On being answered in the negative, he desired him to take his, made him breakfast, and bade him rest himself awhile,—which he did. This feeling serjeant, finding him refreshed in his body, but still suffering apparently from melancholy, in kind words begged him to be of good cheer, and consider well the step he was about to take; gave him half-a-guinea, which he was to repay at his convenience, with a desire at the same time that he would go to the play, and shake off his melancholy, and not return to him. The first part of the advice Coleridge attended to, but returned after the play to the quarters he had left. At the sight of him, this kind-hearted man burst into tears. 'Then it must be so,' said he. This sudden and unexpected sympathy from an entire stranger, deeply affected Coleridge, and nearly shook his resolution. Still, considering

that the die was cast, and that he could not in honour even to the serjeant, without implicating him retreat, he preserved his secret, and after a short chat they retired to rest. In the morning, the serjeant, not unmindful of his duty to his sovereign, mustered his recruits, and Coleridge, with his new comrades, was marched to Reading. On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment, the General of the district inspected the recruits, and looking hard at Coleridge with a military air, inquired, 'What's your name, sir?' 'Comberbach,' (the name he had assumed.) 'What do you come here for, sir?' as if doubting he had any business there. 'Sir,' said Coleridge, 'for what most other people come, to be made a soldier.' 'Do you think,' said the General, 'you can run a Frenchman through the body?' 'I do not know,' replied Coleridge, 'as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I run away!' 'That will do,' said the General; and Coleridge was turned into the ranks."

Running parallel with Chancery Lane, close to Temple Bar, is Shire or Sheer Lane, so called, according to Stow, because the City of London is here divided from the City of Westminster. In this lane, now a wretched thoroughfare, resided Elias Ashmole, the antiquary. Anthony Wood writes on the 1st of May 1670, — "Dined with Mr. Ashmole, at his house, in Sheer Lane, near Temple Bar, and John Davis, of Kidwelly, was there. After dinner, he conducted A. W. to his lodgings in the Middle Temple, where he

showed him all his rarities, vizt, ancient coins, medals, pictures, old MSS., &c., which took them up near two hours' time."*

In Shire Lane, also, the celebrated "Kit-Cat Club," founded in the reign of James the Second, originally held their meetings. Mutton pies formed a standing dish of the club, and Defoe informs us that it was from their maker, one Christopher Catt, that the Club derived its name.

Immortal made as Kit Kat by his pies.

The "Spectator," however (No. 9), is of opinion, that the Club derived its designation from the pies themselves, which were called "Kit-Cats," and not from the name of the maker. We are inclined to think that this is the true derivation. For instance, in a Tory pasquinade of the period, we find:—

Here did the Assembly's title first arise,
And Kit-Cat wits first sprung from Kit-Cat pies.

And again, in the prologue to Burnaby's comedy, "The Reformed Wife" (1700), we find:—

——— Though the town all delicates afford,
A Kit-Cat is a supper for a lord.

In the reign of Queen Anne, we find the Club consisting of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen, all of whom were zealously attached to Protestant ascendancy and the House of Hanover.

* "Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood," ii 234.

At a later period the Kit-Cat Club held their meetings at the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand; from whence they removed to the house of their secretary, the celebrated Jacob Tonson, at Barn Elms; a house which is rendered the more interesting from having been previously the residence of Cowley the poet. The portraits of the most distinguished members were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of one uniform size, which is still known among artists as the Kit-Cat size. At one period we find the Club holding their summer meetings at "the Upper Flask," on Hampstead Heath.

In connexion with the Kit-Cat Club, Lady Mary Wortley Montague used to relate the following lively anecdote. Her father, Evelyn Duke of Kingston, as a man of fashion and a staunch Whig, was of course a member of the Club. "One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate; alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the Club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cries he; and in the gaiety of the moment, sent orders home to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in

England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another; was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations, they amounted to ecstasy: never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day.*

At a public-house in Shire Lane, called the Trumpet (afterwards the Duke of York), old Isaac Bickerstaff, the "Tatler," is described as meeting his club. The house (No. 86), unfortunately, no longer exists. The "Tatler," himself, is described as residing at "the upper end" of Shire Lane, from whence many of his papers are dated.

We will conclude our memoir of Fleet Street with a brief notice of St. Dunstan's Church. St. Dunstan, to whom this church is dedicated, appears to have been one of those gifted beings, who, had he lived in our own time, would have achieved the highest eminence as a man of learning and science, but whose accomplishments, in the dark age in which he flourished, led to his being regarded, and even persecuted, as a magician. He was born at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, of noble parentage, about the year 925. As a sculptor, a chemist, a painter, a musician, and a "worker in iron and

* "Lady Mary W. Montague's Works," i. 5., edition by Lord Wharncliffe.

brass," he appears to have far outstripped his contemporaries. Endowed with these accomplishments, he proceeded to the court of King Athelstan, in hopes of attaining to the highest honours in the state. His genius, however, proved his bane; for it being represented to the King that among other sorceries, his harp played of its own accord, without the touch of mortal fingers, he was driven from the court, and compelled to return to Glastonbury.

St. Dunstan's harp, fast by the wall,
Upon a pin did hang a',
The harp itself, with ly and all,
Untouched by hand did twang a'.

Doubtless this was no more than the Æolian harp, which has been supposed to be an invention of modern times. On his return to his native place, St. Dunstan became a Benedictine monk in the Abbey of Glastonbury, of which he subsequently rose to be Abbot. It was while employed in his cell at this place, engaged in forging iron trinkets, that the devil is said to have appeared to him in the shape of a beautiful woman; St. Dunstan, however, fortunately recognizing the foul fiend, seized him by the nose with his red-hot tongs, and made him utter such terrific shrieks as to be heard by the whole neighbourhood. After the death of Athelstan, he was recalled to court by King Edmund, and in the reign of King Eldred, rose successively to be Bishop of Worcester and London, and Archbishop of Canterbury. He died

at the latter place, in 987, and was buried under the high altar of the cathedral.

St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, appears to have been of very ancient foundation; but we discover no direct mention of it, till 1237, in which year the abbot and convent of Westminster transferred it to King Henry the Third, "towards the maintenance of the house called the Rolls, for the reception of converted Jews." The old building narrowly escaped being destroyed by the great Fire of 1666. Having become greatly dilapidated, an Act of Parliament was obtained, in June 1829, authorizing its removal; and between this date and July 1833, the present church was built, after designs of the late John Shaw.

The old edifice appears to have contained the remains of a greater number of Lord Mayors, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, than perhaps any other church in London. The great Lord Strafford, and Bulstrode Whitelocke, the author of the well-known "Memoirs," were baptized in this church; and in 1620 Dr. Donne was appointed to the vicarage.

Many of our readers will doubtless recollect the whimsical appearance presented by the dial of St. Dunstan's clock, as it projected into Fleet Street. In an alcove above it stood two figures of savages, of the size of life, each with a knotted club in his right hand, with which they struck the hours and quarters on two bells, suspended between them. We are told that it was "a whimsical conceit, calculated only for the amusement of countrymen and chil-

dren." So in fact it was; and yet, among our childish recollections, not the least vivid was the pleasure which we derived from watching the savage figures striking the hours with their clubs, on the quaint dial-piece of St. Dunstan's Church.*

When labour and when dulness, club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand ;
Beating alternately, in measured time,
The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme :
Exact and regular the sounds will be,
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

COWPER. *Table Talk.*

The late Marquis of Hertford used to mention, that (when a boy on his way to and from school), he never failed to prevail on the servant who accompanied him, to stop opposite St. Dunstan's Church, for the purpose of watching the performances of these grotesque automaton. So great, indeed, was the delight which he took in them, that he determined, should it ever lie in his power, to obtain possession of them. Nearly half a century afterwards, on the demolition of the old church, he had, singularly enough, the opportunity of gratifying his childhood's fancy ; and accordingly they were purchased by him, and set up in his villa in the Regent's Park.

* " We added, too, to the number of fools, and stood a little, making our ears do penance to please our eyes, with the conceited notions of their (the puppets') heads and hands, which moved to and fro with as much deliberate stiffness as the two wooden horologists at St. Dunstan's, when they strike the quarters."—NED WARD'S *London Spy*, Part v.

The Fire of London was arrested within three doors of St. Dunstan's church, on one side of Fleet Street; and, on the other side, within a short distance from the Inner Temple Gate.

The statue of Queen Elizabeth, a conspicuous object on the exterior of St. Dunstan's Church, anciently ornamented the front of old Lud-Gate.

THE FLEET PRISON.

THE FLEET USED AS A STATE PRISON AT AN EARLY DATE.—PERSONS INCARCERATED THERE : BISHOPS GARDINER AND HOOPER, — DR. DONNE, — MARTIN KEYS,—PRYNNE,—LILBURNE,—JAMES, HOWEL,—LORDS SURREY AND FALKLAND,—SIR RICHARD BAKER, —OLDYS,—WYCHERLEY,—SANDFORD. — TYRANNY AND TORTURES PRACTISED IN THE PRISON. — GENERAL OGLETHORPE. — PRISON BURNT AT THE GREAT FIRE. — FLEET MARRIAGES.—KEITH, THE NOTORIOUS FLEET PARSON.

COULD the walls of the old Fleet Prison have spoken, what fearful tales of vice, misery, and misfortune might they not have unfolded ! At the time when the author commenced this brief memoir of it, the hand of destruction was at work, and that interesting pile, with its host of melancholy and historical associations, was passing away for ever. Only a short time before its demolition he wandered through its dingy apartments and narrow corridors, nor will he readily forget the striking contrast presented by their utter stillness and desolation, compared with the scenes of reckless riot and crowded wretchedness of which they had so recently been the scene.

The Fleet,—*prisona de la Fleet*,—was used as a state prison at least as early as the twelfth century. In the first year of the reign of Richard the First we find him conferring the custody of it on Osbert,

brother to Longchamp, Chancellor of England, and on his heirs for ever; and, again, in the third year of the following reign we find King John installing the Archbishop of Wells in the care and custody of the Fleet Prison. From this time till it was burned by the followers of Wat Tyler, in 1381, we discover but very slight records connected with its history. Indeed, till the period of the Reformation, our chroniclers are singularly silent both in regard to the prisoners who were incarcerated in its dungeons, and the many distressing scenes which must necessarily have taken place within its walls.

During the reign of Queen Mary, and afterwards during that of her sister Elizabeth, the Fleet Prison appears to have been constantly filled with conscientious sufferers in the cause of religion, many of whom, in the former reign, suffered martyrdom in the flames.

Hither was committed, shortly after the accession of Edward the Sixth, the learned but unfeeling Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who was doomed to experience within its walls, and subsequently in the dungeons of the Tower, those rigors which he had formerly so unrelentingly practised against the unfortunate Protestants. Hither, also, was committed, on the 1st of September 1547, the infamous Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy to the young King. Neither of these unworthy prelates appear to have been long

inmates of the Fleet. Gardiner was removed to the Tower, and Bonner, after suffering an imprisonment of six weeks, obtained the freedom which he so little deserved.

But the most illustrious prisoner about this period was Bishop Hooper, who has left us a very interesting account of his sufferings in the Fleet, as preserved by Fox in his "Book of Martyrs."—"On the 1st of September 1553," he writes, "I was committed unto the Fleet from Richmond, to have the liberty of the prison; and within five days after I paid for my liberty five pounds sterling to the warden for fees, who immediately upon the payment thereof complained unto Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and so I was committed to close prison one quarter of a year, in the lower chamber of the Fleet, and used very extremely. Then, by the means of a good gentlewoman, I had liberty to come down to dinner and supper; not suffered to speak with any of my friends, but, as soon as dinner and supper were done, to repair to my chamber again. Notwithstanding, while I came down thus to dinner and supper, the warden and his wife picked quarrels with me, and complained untruly of me to their great friend, the Bishop of Winchester. After one quarter of a year, and somewhat more, Babington, the warden, and his wife, fell out with me for the wicked mass; and thereupon the warden resorted to the Bishop of Winchester, and obtained to put me into the ward, where I have continued a long time, having nothing appointed to

me for my bed but a little pad of straw, and a rotten covering, with a tick and a few feathers therein, the chamber being vile and stinking, until by God's means good people sent me bedding to lie in. Of the one side of which prison is the sink and filth of the house, and on the other side the town ditch, so that the stench of the house hath infected me with sundry diseases. During which time I have been sick, and the doors, hasps, and chains being all closed, and made fast upon me, I have mourned, called, and cried for help; but the warden, when he hath known me many times ready to die, and when the poor men of the wards have called to help me, hath commanded the doors to be kept fast, and charged that none of his men should come at me, saying, 'Let him alone, it were a good riddance of him.' And amongst many other times, he did thus the 18th of October 1553, as many are witness. I paid always like a baron to the said warden, as well in fees as for my board, which was twenty shillings a week, besides my man's table, until I was wrongfully deprived of my bishoprick, and since that time I have paid him as the best gentleman doth in his house; yet hath he used me worse, and more vilely than the veriest slave that ever came to the hall commons. The said warden hath also imprisoned my man, William Downton, and stripped him out of his clothes to search for letters, and could find none, but only a little remembrance of good people's names that gave me their alms to relieve me in prison: and to undo

them also, the warden delivered the same bill unto the said Stephen Gardiner, God's enemy and mine. I have suffered imprisonment almost eighteen months; my goods, living, friends, and comfort taken from me; the Queen owing me by just account eighty pounds or more: she hath put me in prison, and giveth nothing to find me; neither is there any suffered to come at me, whereby I might have relief. I am with a wicked man and woman, so that I see no remedy (saving God's help), but I shall be cast away in prison before I come to judgment. But I commit my just cause to God, whose will be done, whether it be life or death." This exemplary prelate remained a prisoner in the Fleet till his removal to Gloucester, the principal town of his diocese, where he suffered martyrdom by being burnt in a slow fire, on the 9th of February 1554--5.

The pious poet and divine, Dr. Donne, was for some time a prisoner in the Fleet. The circumstances connected with his incarceration almost verge on the romantic. After having accompanied the Earl of Essex in his expeditions against Cadiz and the Azores, and after travelling for some time in Italy and Spain, he obtained the appointment of Secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, in whose family he lived contentedly for five years. At the table of his patron he constantly met a beautiful girl, the daughter of Sir George More,—Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower,—and niece to Lady Ellesmere, who had brought her up under her own roof. Between this young lady and

the Secretary there sprung up a mutual attachment, of which Sir George More having obtained some suspicion, he removed his daughter in all haste to his own house at Lothesley, in the county of Surrey. The lovers, however, had solemnly plighted their troth; they found means to correspond with each other; and an intimate friend of Donne, the Rev. Samuel Brooke, who had been his fellow-student at Cambridge, was prevailed upon to unite them in a secret marriage.

The virtues and talents of Donne had endeared him to Henry Percy, the "stout old Earl of Northumberland"—himself eminent as a philosopher and a mathematician. Their secret was confided to the old lord. Time had not yet hardened him against a sympathy for the temptations of youth: he conceived a deep interest in the lovers, and undertook the task of breaking the intelligence to, and softening the anger of, Sir George More. The latter, however, was inexorable; and Lady Ellesmere being no less incensed, she insisted upon the Chancellor at once dismissing Donne from his post of Secretary. It was not without great reluctance that Lord Ellesmere yielded to his wife's entreaties. "I part," he said, "with a friend, and with such a secretary as is fitter to serve a King than a subject." Sir George's anger was not satisfied till he had obtained the committal of his son-in-law to the Fleet Prison. Fortunately Donne obtained his release after a short durance, when, by the kindness and friendship of Sir Francis Wooley, he was enabled

to support his wife and young children, till the dawn of brighter days.

A still more romantic clandestine marriage, which led to the incarceration of one of the lovers in the Fleet, had occurred only a few years previously. The heroine of the tale was the Lady Mary Grey, youngest daughter of Henry Duke of Suffolk. She was fourth in descent from Elizabeth Woodville, the beautiful consort of Edward the Fourth; and great-grand-daughter of Henry the Seventh, by the marriage of her grand-father, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, to Mary Queen Dowager of France, daughter of King Henry. She was consequently first cousin to Queen Elizabeth. Before she had reached the age of womanhood, the Lady Mary had experienced more of misery than usually falls to the lot of humanity. As a child she had stood before the altar, at Durham House in the Strand, when her sister, Lady Jane Grey, had given her hand to Lord Guildford Dudley. Within less than two years, that sister and that brother-in-law died by the hands of the executioner; and eleven days afterwards her father perished by the same fate. She could hardly have attained her fifteenth year, when she suffered a fresh misfortune by the death of her mother. She had no brother, and her only surviving sister, Lady Katherine, had been four years a prisoner in the Tower, whither she had been committed by Queen Elizabeth for uniting herself to Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, and where she died four years after the death of her

mother. Finding herself alone in the world,—moreover, exposed to numberless perils, more especially from the jealousy of Elizabeth, who hated her for her affinity to the throne,—the Lady Mary was induced to give her hand secretly to a private gentleman, Martin Keys, Serjeant-porter to the Queen. Keys was immediately arrested, and sent for a short time to the Fleet. His young wife survived his release but a short time. She died on the 20th of April 1578, and was buried near her mother in Westminster Abbey.

Henry the Seventh had two daughters. From the Princess Margaret is descended the present blood-royal of England; from the Princess Mary, the present Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, who is also the representative of the ducal houses of Grey and Brandon. It is remarkable that the house of Chandos should owe their existence and their honours to a bribe by which their ancestor, Lord Hertford, obtained admission to his wife's apartments in the Tower. The result of their brief interview was the birth of a child. Elizabeth was in the highest degree exasperated, and such strict precautions were adopted for the future that they never met again. Lord Hertford was even heartlessly refused admittance to his wife when she was on her death-bed.

The Fleet prison is intimately associated with the misfortunes and mutilation of the acrimonious Puritan, William Prynne. In consequence of his libel on Henrietta Maria, in his famous "Histrio

Mastix," he was committed to the Fleet, and from its walls he was led forth to undergo the barbarities inflicted upon him. He was condemned by the Star Chamber to pay a fine of 5000*l.*, to stand in the pillory, to be branded on both his cheeks, to have his nose mutilated, and to lose both his ears ; all of which atrocities were actually carried into effect. He was also sentenced to be imprisoned for life. Prynne endured his misfortunes with extraordinary constancy and courage. Sir Symonds d'Ewes, who paid the unfortunate man a visit in his prison shortly after his mutilation, informs us that he found in him "the rare effects of an upright heart and a good conscience, by his serenity of spirit and cheerful patience."

Another eminent Puritan who was imprisoned in the Fleet, in the seventeenth century, was the sturdy clothier, John Lilburne, who subsequently wielded his sword with no less intrepidity at the battles of Edge Hill, Brentford, and Marston Moor, than he had formerly exercised his pen in his furious attacks on the Bishops and the Church of England. In consequence of the publication of his seditious works, the "Merry Liturgy" and "News from Ipswich," he was committed to the Fleet prison, where he remained till he was summoned to appear before the Star Chamber. He was there sentenced to pay a fine of 500*l.*, to be imprisoned for a certain period, to stand in the pillory, and to be whipped at the cart's tail. "To the end," proceeds the sentence, "that others may be the more deterred

from daring to offend in the like manner hereafter, the Court hath further ordered and decreed that the said John Lilburne shall be whipped through the street from the prison of the Fleet unto the pillory, to be erected at such time, and in such place as this court shall hold fit; and he shall be set in the said pillory, and from thence returned to the Fleet."

In accordance with the sentence of the Star Chamber, the unbending republican was whipped "smartly" from the Fleet prison to New Palace Yard; where he was exposed on a pillory set up between the entrance to Westminster Hall and the Star Chamber. The intrepidity with which he endured his painful and degrading punishment led to his being regarded by his admirers in the light of a martyr. "Whilst he was whipped at the cart," says Rushworth, "and stood in the pillory, he uttered many bold speeches against the tyranny of Bishops, &c., and when his head was in the hole of the pillory, he scattered sundry copies of pamphlets (said to be seditious), and tossed them among the people, taking them out of his pocket." This bold and contumacious conduct having reached the ears of the Star Chamber, which was sitting at the time, they instantly issued an order that he should be gagged while undergoing the remainder of his punishment, and that, on his return to the Fleet, his hands and feet should be loaded with irons, and that he should be placed among the meanest and most degraded prisoners.

The circumstance which led to Lilburne's release from the close and painful restraint to which he was subjected, was somewhat remarkable. "Having," says Rushworth, "for some time endured close imprisonment, lying with double irons on his feet and hands, and laid in the inner wards of the prison, there happened a fire in the prison of the Fleet, near to the place where he was prisoner, which gave a jealousy that Lilburne, in his fury and anguish, was desperate, and had set the Fleet prison on fire, not regarding himself to be burnt with it. Whereupon, the inhabitants without the Fleet (the street then not being five or six yards over from the prison door), and the prisoners, all cried,—'Release Lilburne, or we shall all be burnt!' and thereupon they ran headlong, and made the Warden remove him out of his hold, and the fire was quenched, and he remained a prisoner in a place where he had some more air." Lilburne was finally released from the Fleet at the commencement of the Long Parliament, on the 3rd of November 1640; and subsequently the sum of 2,000*l.* was voted for him out of the estates of the royalists.

After perusing these and similar instances of bigotry and brutality on the part of the advisers of Charles the First, can we wonder that, when the Puritans obtained the mastery, they should in their turn have wreaked vengeance on their oppressors? If retribution was ever made manifest in human affairs, it certainly overtook that haughty

conclave, whose mildest sentences amounted to mutilation, impoverishment, the pillory, and the gaol. They were a remarkable and a fated party, who assembled round the council-table of Charles the First, in the memorable Star Chamber at Whitehall. Besides the unfortunate monarch, there sat the stately Buckingham,—the chivalrous Duke of Hamilton,—the severe Strafford,—the bigot Laud,—the melancholy Falkland,—and the gay and graceful Lord Holland,—one and all of them amiable and conscientious in the relations of private life, but bigoted from education and circumstance, and tyrannical from a false policy. In the midst of their haughty councils, their high resolves, and cruel verdicts,—secure apparently in their pride of place,—how little could they have foreseen the wretched fate which awaited them. There was not one of them, indeed, whose fate was not a violent and a bloody one. Charles,—Hamilton,—Strafford,—Laud,—and Holland, perished severally on the scaffold; Buckingham fell by the hand of an assassin; and Falkland on the battle-field.

It was not long after the release of Lilburne, that the Fleet opened its gates to receive more than one of the devoted adherents of the House of Stuart.

The arbiters of others' fate
Were suppliants for their own.

Among these was James Howell, the author of the delightful Letters which bear his name. The circumstances of his arrest are related by himself in

a letter dated, "the Fleet, November 20th, 1643 :"—"There rushed into my chamber five armed men, with swords, pistols, and bills, who told me they had a warrant from the Parliament for me. I desired to see their warrant; they denied it. I desired to see the date of it; they denied it. I desired to see my name in the warrant; they denied all. At last one of them pulled a greasy paper out of his pocket, and showed me only three or four names subscribed, and no more. So they rushed presently into my closet, and seized on all my papers and letters, and anything that was manuscript; and many printed books they took also, and hurled all into a great trunk, which they carried away with them. I had taken a little physic that morning, and with very much ado they suffered me to stay in my chamber, with two guards upon me, till the evening. Such was my hard hap," adds Howell, "that I was committed to the Fleet, where I am now under close restraint; and, as far as I see, I must lie at dead anchor in this fleet a long time, unless some gentle gale blow thence to launch me out. God's will be done, and mend the times, and make up these ruptures which threaten so much calamity." Howell appears to have borne his misfortune with becoming philosophy. Nine months after his committal, he writes to Sir Bevis Thelwall,— "If you would know what cordial I use against it [melancholy], in this my sad condition, I will tell you. I pore sometimes on a book, and so I make the dead my companion; and

that is one of my chiefest solaces. If the humour work upon me stronger, I rouse my spirits, and raise them up towards Heaven, my future country; and one may be on his journey thither, though shut up in prison, and happily go a straighter way than if he were abroad. I consider that my soul, while she is cooped within these walls of flesh, is but in a perpetual kind of prison; and now my body corresponds with her in the same condition. My body is the prison of the one, and these brick walls the prison of the other." Howell remained a prisoner in the Fleet till some time after the death of Charles the First, in 1649. During his imprisonment, he employed himself in composing many of his celebrated Letters, and in other literary labours.

Several persons, whose names are illustrious in the literature of our country, have at different times been prisoners in the Fleet. Among these may be mentioned the "darling of the Muses," Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who, about the year 1542, when in the zenith of his fame as a poet and a soldier, was at two different times committed to this prison. On the first occasion it was on account of a private quarrel: on the second, for eating flesh in Lent, and for breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones from his cross-bow; the latter, as Mr. Campbell observes,—“a strange misdemeanour indeed, for a hero and a man of letters.” His own excuse was that he acted from *religious motives*. “He perceived,” he said, “that

the citizens were sinking into papacy and corrupt manners, and he was desirous, by an unexpected chastisement, to demonstrate to them that Divine retribution was about to overtake them." Lord Surrey describes the Fleet as "a noisome place, with a pestilent atmosphere."

Another individual, scarcely less distinguished in the paths of literature,—whose youthful indiscretions led to his being immured within the walls of the Fleet,—was Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, the future statesman, moralist, and hero. Aubrey writes,—“My Lord, in his youth, was very wild, and also mischievous, as being apt to stab and do bloody mischiefs; but it was not long before he took up to be serious, and then grew to be an extraordinary hard student.” It was for one of his juvenile misdemeanours that he was committed to the Fleet. There is extant a moving petition addressed to the King, by his father Henry Lord Falkland, in which he prays for the pardon of his offending son. Shortly after his release from the Fleet, he set out from England on his travels, accompanied by a suitable tutor; and from this time we hear nothing more of the profligacy or extravagance of the high-spirited and high-minded Lord Falkland.

In the Fleet prison expired one of our most indefatigable students, Sir Richard Baker, now principally remembered for his “Chronicle of the Kings of England.” His career was a chequered and a very unhappy one. Industrious, even-minded,

and of a religious disposition, he found himself, in middle-age, not only in easy but in affluent circumstances, being in possession of the manor of Middle-Aston, in Oxfordshire ; and, in 1620, we find him High Sheriff of that county. His wife was Margaret, daughter of Sir George Mainwaring, of Ightfield, in Shropshire. Unfortunately the student was induced to involve himself in the pecuniary embarrassments of his wife's family, and thus rendered himself responsible for their debts. The consequence was that he was reduced to poverty, was arrested, and immured in the Fleet Prison. Here he composed several works, among which was a memoir of his own life, which memoir was unfortunately destroyed by his son-in-law. At length, "after a life full of troubles and cares," he expired in the Fleet on the 18th of February 1645, and the next day was buried in the south aisle of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street.

William Oldys, the author of "The British Librarian," was for some time an inmate of the Fleet Prison. The society, which he here met with, was so congenial to his tastes and convivial habits, that to the close of his life he continued to pass his evenings at a tavern within the *rules*, which was frequented by his former associates. A short time after his release from the Fleet he published his "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," which so delighted the Duke of Norfolk, that he conferred upon him the appointment of Norroy King-at-arms. His love of the bottle, added probably

to his incessant literary labours, is said to have shortened his life. He died in 1761. Among his MSS. was found the following ingenious anagram, which may probably be new to the reader:—

In word and WILL I AM a friend to you,
And one friend OLD IS worth a hundred new.

In the Fleet Prison languished for seven years William Wycherly, the dramatist—he who had so often shared the social hours of the “Merry Monarch” and his witty courtiers, and who had been honoured in his sick chamber with a visit from his sovereign,—he on whom the imperious Duchess of Cleveland had bestowed her favours, and whom the beautiful Countess of Drogheda had selected to be her partner for life. At length, by the kindness of James the Second, he obtained his release. James happened to attend the theatre when the *Plain Dealer* was being performed. The play recalled to his mind its gifted author, and he made some inquiries respecting him. Being informed that he was a prisoner in the Fleet, he gave orders for the payment of his debts, and settled on him a pension of two hundred a year.

In the Fleet Prison died, in 1693, Francis Sandford, the author of the “Genealogical History;” and here also expired, in 1764, Robert Lloyd, the poet,—the friend and schoolfellow of Churchill. The Fleet Prison is doubtless associated with the misfortunes of many more of the sons of genius. Pope speaks ironically of it as the “haunt of the Muses:”—

— Others timely to the neighbouring Fleet,
Haunt of the Muses, made their safe retreat.

Noorthouck, who published his "History of London" in 1773, thus describes the Fleet Prison:—"The body of this prison is a lofty brick building, of considerable length, with galleries in every story, which reach from one end of the house to the other; on the sides of which galleries are rooms for the prisoners. All sorts of provisions are brought into this prison every day, and cried as in the public streets. A public coffee-house, with an eating-house, are kept in it; and all sorts of games and diversions are carried on in a large open area, enclosed with a high wall. This is properly the prison belonging to the Common Pleas: the keeper is called Warden of the Fleet, which is a place of very great benefit, as well as trust. Prisoners for debt in any part of England may be removed by *habeas corpus* to the Fleet; and enjoy the rules, or liberty to walk abroad, and to keep a house within the liberties of this prison, provided he can find security to the Warden for his forth-coming. The *rules* comprehend all Ludgate Hill, from the Ditch to the Old Bailey on the north side of the Hill, and to Cock Alley on the south side of the Hill; both sides of the Old Bailey, from Ludgate Hill eastward to Fleet Lane; all Fleet Lane, and the east side of the ditch or market, from Fleet Lane to Ludgate Hill."

As late as the year 1739, the Fleet prison continued to be the scene of the most frightful

atrocities exercised by those who had authority over its unfortunate inmates. The person, to whose active humanity was owing the exposure and mitigation of this fearful grievance, was General Oglethorpe, the fellow-soldier of Prince Eugene in his campaigns against the Turks, and the friend of Pope and Dr. Johnson.

— Driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.

General Oglethorpe, whose philanthropic exertions in founding the colony of Georgia had already obtained immortality for him in the verse of Pope, happened to pay a visit to a friend of the name of Castell,—an architect and author of a translation of Vitruvius,—who was a prisoner in the Fleet. From the lips of this person he learned the system of cruelty and oppression which was practised by the Warden and his myrmidons; and accordingly, from his place in the House of Commons, he moved for, and obtained, the appointment of a Committee, to investigate the state of the prisons throughout the kingdom; he himself being appointed its chairman. The first gaol which they visited was the Fleet. The names of the Warden and Deputy-warden were John Huggins and Thomas Bainbridge, persons apparently of respectable birth and education. The most infamous extortions; cruel and arbitrary punishments; notorious breaches of trust; cases in which debtors had been permitted to escape; others in which they had been unlawfully loaded with irons and thrust into dungeons, were

clearly brought home to these persons by the Committee.

One of the most striking features in this affair, was the contempt with which the Committee, in the first instance, appear to have been treated by the functionaries of the prison. Their first visit was paid on the 27th of February 1729, when, among other prisoners whom they examined, was Sir William Rich, a baronet, whom they found immured in one of the dungeons, loaded with irons. He was instantly set at liberty by order of the Committee, but no sooner had they quitted the prison, than Bainbridge, the Deputy-warden, sent him back to his miserable quarters. But a still more remarkable instance was that of Castell, the friend of the Chairman, General Oglethorpe. Being unable to meet an extortionate demand which had been made on him, in the shape of a fee, he was ordered to be removed from his apartment, which was in an airy part of the prison, to a quarter in which the small-pox was frightfully raging. Having a nervous horror of this distemper, he entreated, in a passion of grief, that he might be allowed to remain in his present apartments, insisting that, in the event of his removal, he was satisfied that he should catch the distemper and die. His words proved prophetic. He was removed, was locked up in his miserable apartment, sickened, and died.

The tyranny and tortures, indeed, practised in the Fleet Prison scarcely more than a century ago, almost exceed belief. The case of an unfortunate

Portuguese, Jacob Mendez Solas,—or rather the sufferings which he endured at the hands of the inhuman Bainbridge,—are especially dwelt upon by the Committee; in the words of whose report we will relate his story. “The said Bainbridge one day called him into the gate-house of the prison, called the Lodge, where he caused him to be seized, fettered, and carried to Corbell’s, the sponging-house, and there kept for upwards of a week. When brought back into the prison, Bainbridge caused him to be turned into the dungeon, called the Strong Room, on the master’s side. This place is a vault like those in which the dead are interred, and wherein the bodies of persons dying in the same prison are usually deposited, till the coroner’s inquest is passed upon them. It has no chimney or fire-place, nor any light but what comes over the door, or through a hole of about eight inches square. It is neither paved nor boarded, and the rough bricks appear both on the sides and top, being neither wainscoted nor plastered. What adds to the dampness and stench of the place is, its being built over the common sewer, and adjoining to the sink and dunghill, where all the filth of the prison is cast. In this miserable place, the poor wretch was kept by Bainbridge, manacled and shackled, for near two months.” We have the authority of the Committee, that after the release of Solas from his dungeon, when the probability of Bainbridge returning as Warden of the Fleet was incidentally mentioned to him, he fainted

away, and the blood started out of his nose and mouth.

In this case, as in that of a Captain John McPhedris, the only offence appears to have been an inability to meet the extortionate demands, in the shape of fees, which were made by the authorities of the Fleet. The case of McPhedris was even more cruel than that of Solas. Having been dragged from the apartment of another prisoner, in which he had taken refuge, he was thrust, in spite of his entreaties, into one of the dungeons of the prison. In vain did he implore to be carried before a magistrate, insisting that if he had committed any offence, he was willing to be judged and punished by the laws. To his complaints that his fetters were too small for him, and caused him intolerable torture, Bainbridge coolly replied that they had been selected with that express intention; and when the unfortunate man remonstrated that torture was forbidden by the laws of England;—"Never mind," he said; "I will do it first, and answer for it afterwards." We are informed that the dungeon into which he was thrown was without a bed; and that his legs became so severely lacerated by the irons, that symptoms of mortification actually presented themselves. When, at the expiration of three weeks, he was liberated from his miserable dungeon, he was not only incurably lame, but, according to the report of the Committee, his eye-sight was so much injured, that he was in danger of losing it altogether.

Another instance of the exercise of unlawful and despotic power was reported by the Committee in the case of one Thomas Hogg. This person had on a former occasion been a prisoner in the Fleet for about three years. He had, however, been regularly discharged, and some time afterwards was passing by the Fleet, when he paused to bestow a small sum in charity on the prisoners at the grating. This simple act of kindness appears to have given extraordinary offence to the authorities of the prison. Hogg was immediately seized by one of the turnkeys, named Barnes, and, by order of Bainbridge, was forcibly detained as a prisoner. When the Committee visited the Fleet, this person had actually continued in confinement upwards of nine months, without any ostensible cause or legal authority whatever.

We must remember that these extraordinary facts are derived, not from the common hearsay or gossip of the period, but from a grave official report presented to the House of Commons by their own Committee. The House was unanimous in their opinion as to the steps which ought to be adopted. It was voted that the charges of extortion and breach of trust had been clearly brought home to the officers of the prison; and, moreover, that they had barbarously, cruelly, and illegally ill-treated those committed to their charge, in gross violation and contempt of the laws of the land. Huggins, the late Warden, and Bainbridge, the Deputy Warden, were committed close prisoners to Newgate, toge-

ther with four of the turnkeys,—Barnes, Pindar, Everett, and King,—against all of whom the Attorney-General received orders to commence a prosecution. Of the guilt of these inhuman wretches there cannot exist a doubt; and yet, although the death of more than one unfortunate man had been clearly brought home to them, such was the state of the laws that they escaped the punishment which they so richly merited. Twenty years after his acquittal, Bainbridge is said to have cut his throat.

Hogarth has immortalized the cruelties of Bainbridge by his pencil; and they are also alluded to by Thomson in a well-known passage in his “Winter:”—

And here can I forget the generous band,
Who, touched with human woe, redressive searched
Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol,
Unpitied and unheard where misery moans?
Where sickness pines, where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice?
While in the land of liberty,—the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom,—little tyrants raged;
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth,
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed,
E'en robbed them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chained,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,
At pleasure marked him with inglorious stripes,
And crushed out lives by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toiled or bled.
O great design, if executed well,
With patient care and wisdom—tempered zeal!
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;

Drag forth the legal monsters into light ;
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod ;
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

In the great Fire of London the Fleet Prison was burned to the ground. Having been rebuilt, it was again destroyed by fire during the Gordon Riots, in 1780; when, having been gained possession of by the infuriated rabble, the prisoners were set at liberty and the building committed to the flames. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, whom curiosity induced to visit the principal scenes of outrage and devastation, has left us an interesting account of the awful picture presented by this part of London, on the last and most eventful night of the riots. "Finding it impracticable," he says, "to force our way down Holborn Hill, and hearing that the Fleet Prison had been set on fire, we penetrated through a number of narrow lanes, behind St. Andrew's Church, and presently found ourselves in the middle of Fleet Market. Here the same destruction raged, but in a different stage of its progress. Mr. Langdale's two houses were already at the height of their demolition. The Fleet Prison, on the contrary, was only beginning to blaze, and the sparks, or flaming particles, that filled the air, fell so thick upon us on every side, as to render unsafe its immediate vicinity. Meanwhile, we began to hear the platoons discharged on the other side of the river, towards St. George's Fields; and were informed that a considerable number of the rioters had

been killed on Blackfriars Bridge, which was occupied by the troops. On approaching it, we beheld the King's Bench Prison completely enveloped in flames. It exhibited a sublime sight, and we might be said there to stand in a central point, from whence London offered on every side, before as well as behind us, the picture of a city sacked and abandoned to a ferocious enemy. The shouts of the populace, the cries of women, the crackling of the fires, the blaze reflected in the stream of the Thames, and the irregular firing which was kept up, both in St. George's Fields as well as towards the quarter of the Mansion House and the Bank,—all these sounds or images combined, left scarcely anything for the imagination to supply; presenting to the view every recollection which the classic descriptions of Troy or of Rome, in the page of Virgil or of Tacitus, have impressed on the mind in youth, but which I so little expected to see exemplified in the capital of Great Britain."

One of the most singular features connected with the old Fleet Prison, was the celebration of the "Fleet marriages," which continued, for many years, to be performed by a set of profligate clergymen, who, being already prisoners for debt, stood little in awe of the fine of £100, which the law inflicted on those who solemnized clandestine marriages. "In walking along the street in my youth," says Pen-
nant, "on the side next to this prison, I have often been tempted by the question, *Sir, will you please to*

walk in and be married? Along this most lawless space was hung the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with *Marriages performed within* written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop, a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco." This account is corroborated by the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1745, where a correspondent laments the number of ruinous marriages which then daily took place in the Fleet, and which he represents as being performed by "a set of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, that wear black cloaks, and pretend to be clerks and registers to the Fleet, plying about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some peddling alehouse or brandy-shop to be married, and, even on Sundays, stopping them as they go to church." Evidence was produced before Parliament, that between the 19th of October 1704, and the 12th of February 1705, no fewer than 2,954 marriages had been solemnized in the Fleet, without either licence or the publications of banns. In many cases, in consideration of the payment of a small sum of money, the entry of the marriage was either altogether omitted in the Fleet registers, or the names were merely denoted by particular marks.

The vast amount of human misery occasioned by these easy and hasty marriages, as well as the number of romantic incidents connected with the

celebration of many of them, may be readily imagined. In Knight's "London"* may be found a full and interesting account of this nefarious traffic, as well as some very curious extracts from the marriage-registers of the Fleet, of which the following are specimens:—

"Nov. 21, 1742. Akerman, Richard, turner, of Christ Church, Bat^r, to Lydia Collet; brought by Mrs. Crooks. N.B. They behaved very vilely, and attempted to run away with Mrs. Crooks' gold ring."

"1744. Aug. 20. John Newsam, labourer, of St. James, West^r, and Ann Laycock, do. wid^r and wid^w. They ran away with the Scertifycate, and left a pint of wine to pay for: they are a vile sort of people, and I will remember them of their vile usage."

"1st Oct. 1747.—John Ferren, gent. sen., of St. Andrew's, Holborn, b^r., and Deborah Nolan, ditto sp^r. The supposed John Ferren was discovered, after the ceremony was over, to be in person a woman."

"26th June 1744.—Nathaniel Gilbert, gent., of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and Mary Lupton, —, at Oddy's. N.B. There were five or six in company: one amongst them seemed to me by his dress and behaviour to be an Irishman. He pretended to be some grand officer in the army. He, y^e said Irish gent., told me, before I saw the woman that was to be married, y^t it was a poor girl going to

* Vol. iv. p. 49, &c.

be married to a common soldier ; but when I came to marry them, I found myself imposed upon ; and, having a mistrust of some Irish roguery, I took upon me to ask what the gentleman's name was, his age, &c., and likewise the lady's name and age. Answer was made me, — ‘ what was that to me?—d—n me ! if I did not immediately marry them, he would use me ill. In short, apprehending it to be a conspiracy, I found myself obliged to marry them *in terrorem*. N.B. *Some material part was omitted.*”

Many cases appear to have occurred in which at least one of the parties married by proxy ; others, where marriages were most iniquitously ante-dated, and several cases where certificates were given without the ceremony having been performed at all.

“ November 5th, 1742, was married Benjamin Richards, of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, b^r, and Judith Lance, do. spin., at the Bull and Garter, and gave g., &c., for an *ante-date* to March the 11th in the same year, which Lilley complied with, and put 'em in his book accordingly, *there being a vacancy in the book suitable to the time.*”

The following are instances of secrecy having been attained by the omission of the surnames of the persons united in marriage :—

“ Sept. y^e 11th, 1745.—Edw^d —, and Eliza-beth —, were married, and would not let me know their names ; the man said he was a weaver, and lived in Bandy-leg Walk, in the Borough.”

“March y^e 4th, 1740.—William ——, and Sarah ——, he, dressed in a gold waistcoat, like an officer, she, a beautiful young lady, with two fine diamond rings, and a black high crown hat, and very well dressed,—at Boyce’s.”

On one occasion, in 1719, we find a young lady, of the name of Ann Leigh,—possessed of an income of two hundred a-year, besides 6000*l.* in ready money,—not only inveigled away from her friends, and forcibly married in the Fleet Chapel, but also in other respects treated with so much brutality, that her life was placed in danger. But a still more remarkable instance of abduction is related in Knight’s “London,” on the authority of a correspondent to the “Grub Street Journal,” in September 1732. A lady, it appears, “had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the old play-house in Drury Lane; but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the city. One dressed like a gentleman helped her into it, and jumped in after her. ‘Madam,’ said he, ‘this coach was called for me, but since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company: I am going into the city, and will set you down wherever you please.’ The lady begged to be excused; but he bade the coachman to drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went and returned with his pretended sister, who

asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow, in a black coat and black wig, appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time; the Doctor was just a-going.'—'The Doctor!' said she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a madhouse, 'what has the Doctor to do with me?'—'To marry you to that gentleman: the Doctor has waited for you three hours, and *will be paid by you*, or that gentleman, before you go.'—'That gentleman,' said she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married, or, if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage for that night. The lady, finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well, she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, 'which,' said she, 'was my mother's gift on her death-bed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring;' by which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black Doctor and his tawny crew." The conspirators, satisfied with the booty they had obtained, allowed her to depart; and it may be readily conceived that the lady never returned to redeem her pledge.

Among the most notorious of the Fleet parsons

was the well-known Alexander Keith, who, about the year 1730, opened a chapel in May Fair, for the performance of clandestine marriages.* Having been excommunicated in 1742, and committed to the Fleet Prison, he opened a small chapel within its walls, which appears to have proved a scarcely less profitable speculation to him, than his former one in the more fashionable locality of May Fair. At length, however, his discreditable vocation was brought to a close; the Marriage Act, which came into operation on the 25th of March 1753, effectually putting a stop to one of the most infamous abuses which has ever been allowed to disgrace civilization. The credit of introducing the bill is due to Lord Bath; but, according to Horace Walpole, he had "drawn it up so ill, that the Chancellor (Lord Hardwicke), was forced to draw up a new one; and then grew so fond of his own creature that he crammed it down the throats of both Houses, though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it."† The Marriage Act was doubtless a bitter pill for Keith to swallow, and accordingly he entered his protest against it in an amusing publication, entitled, "Observations on the Act for Preventing Clandestine Marriages," by the Rev. Mr. Keith, D.D., with his portrait prefixed. Walpole, in a letter to George Montagu, records a *bon-mot* of this disreputable individual, which is worth repeating. "D—n the Bishops!" he said,

* See First Series, vol. i. p. 55, &c.

† Letter to the Hon. H. S. Conway, 24th May 1753.

“ so they intend to hinder my marrying ! well, let them ; but I ’ll be revenged ; I ’ll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G— I ’ll under-bury them all.”

As the day approached, on which the Marriage Act was to become the law of the land, it is remarkable how many individuals of the lower orders hastened to take advantage of the intervening period, in order to unite themselves by an economical, if not holy matrimony. The last day, the 24th of March, appears to have been a peculiarly busy one ; no fewer than two hundred and seventeen couple having been united during the twenty-four hours, of whom an hundred couple were married by Keith. This person, it may be remarked, died in the Fleet Prison in 1758.

It was in the Fleet that the libertine and improvident poet, Charles Churchill, formed his juvenile and imprudent marriage. According to Southey, in his “ *Life of Cowper*,” the marriage took place in the interval between his leaving Westminster School and his graduating at Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE TEMPLE.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.—THE ORIGIN, HABITS, DUTIES, AND HISTORY OF THE ORDER.—TEMPLE CHURCH.—EFFIGIES THERE.—TEMPLE GARDENS.—THE WHITE AND RED ROSE.—INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE HALLS.—TEMPLE LAWYERS.—INNER TEMPLE GATE AND LANE.—DRS. GOLDSMITH AND JOHNSON'S ROOMS.—KING'S BENCH WALK.—EMINENT RESIDENTS IN THE TEMPLE.

PASSING from the Strand, under Temple Bar, on the right hand are the entrances into the Temple. Quitting the noise and bustle of the crowded streets, we suddenly find ourselves wandering among its silent courts, or moralizing in its secluded garden ; recalling the days of Chivalry and the Crusades, of Saladin and Cœur de Lion, when the ground on which we stand was peopled with the white robe and the red cross, the romantic garb of the great religious and military Order of the Knights Templars.

Those brickly towers
The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers :
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
'Till they decayed through pride.

SPENCER'S *Prothalamion*.

This famous Order was first established in England by Hugo de Payens, in 1118, shortly after the first Crusaders had rescued the Holy

City from the Infidels. The lives and properties of the numerous pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, were at this period constantly exposed to the attacks of the merciless bands of robbers who scoured the plains of Palestine; and it was principally for the purpose of protecting their pious Christian brethren from wrong and robbery on the road, that the Order was originally founded. It soon increased both in numbers and reputation, and in the reign of King Stephen a branch of the Order established itself in England. Their first lodge, called the "Old Temple," was in Holborn, nearly on the site of the present Southampton Buildings. In 1184, they removed to the "New Temple," on the banks of the Thames, where they remained till the suppression of their Order in 1310.

The habits and dress of the Knights Templars were originally as simple as the duties which they were called upon to perform. Their dress was a white robe, to which was afterwards added the famous red cross on the left shoulder. Honoured throughout Christendom for their piety, humility, and heroic actions, they styled themselves the Fellow Soldiers of Jesus Christ, subsisting entirely on alms, and in their humility deeming one horse sufficient to carry two knights. This striking evidence of their original lowliness they still continued to commemorate on the seal of their Order, even in the days of their proudest magnificence.

The principal duties which were enjoined to the

Knights Templars were chastity, self-denial, and obedience to their Superior. Previous to their admission into the Order, they were required to take a solemn oath that they were neither married nor betrothed; that they were free from debt and of sound constitutions; that they would be strictly obedient to the Master of their lodge, and the Grand Master at Jerusalem; that they would solemnly observe the rules of the Order; that they would lead a life of chastity; that their whole energies should be devoted to the conquest of the Holy Land; and that they would never permit a Christian to be despoiled of his heritage. To kiss a woman,—even though a mother or a sister,—was strictly forbidden.

By degrees, as the fame of these military monks increased, they relaxed the strictness of their original code of regulations. Instead of the single horse which was originally considered sufficient for two knights, each Templar was allowed three, with the addition of an esquire, who was usually a youth of noble birth, only too proud of such distinguished servitude. Moreover, though still required to practise in private their habits of self-denial, and to inure themselves to hardships and danger, they were permitted to wear the most splendid suits of armour; their horses, which were of the purest blood, corresponding with them in the richness of their caparisons.

Before a century and a half had elapsed, the treasures and domains of the Knights Templars

had increased to a regal magnificence. Gold had poured in to them from the superstition of the pious, and the favour of Princes. The numerous powerful nobles, who joined their Order, threw their wealth into the common stock ; and at one time they could boast the possession of no fewer than nine thousand manors. That the moral character of the Knights Templars was in some degree changed by these vast accessions of wealth and power, and that there were individual instances amongst them of arrogance, licentiousness, and broken vows, there can be little question ; but that the whole Order had swerved from its ancient character for piety, chastity, and self-denial, and much more that they were guilty of the monstrous crimes with which their enemies charged them, may be safely denied. Their great crime, indeed, was their wealth, which successive sovereigns had regarded with covetous eyes ; and to this, far more than to their crimes, we are to attribute the ruin of their Order, and their own memorable and cruel fate.

The first formidable blow which was struck at the Knights Templars was by Philip the Fair, King of France, in 1307, only sixteen years after their heroic defence of St. Jean d'Acre. To the cruelties to which these chivalrous warriors were subjected, it would be difficult to find a parallel even in the blood-stained chronicles of France. Philip, having determined to possess himself of their wealth, issued a manifesto, in which,—after

accusing them of the most atrocious offences,—he issued an order for the simultaneous seizure of their persons: at the same time committing them to the tender mercies of an infamous inquisition, which was empowered to put them to the torture in order to extort a confession of their guilt. As many as fifty-four of these heroic men,—preferring the rack and the stake to existence purchased at the expense of their Order,—suffered in the flames at Paris at the same time. Of the one hundred and forty knights, who were first put to the torture, no fewer than thirty-six, asserting their innocence to the last, perished under the agonies of the rack. Some, indeed, while undergoing tortures too terrible for human nature to endure, faintly admitted the guilt of their Order; but, of these, not a few subsequently retracted the confession which pain had wrung from them, and passed forth cheerfully from the dungeon to the flames.

The fate of the Grand Master, James de Molay, the last individual who filled that exalted post, was the most striking. He too, in a moment of weakness, had pleaded guilty to the charges brought against his order and himself, and consequently had been allowed to survive for a time the majority of his gallant companions in arms. His confession, however, availed him nothing, and his fate was delayed merely to allow Philip to produce him as a crowning triumph to his ruthless policy. After a protracted imprisonment, he was led forth from his dungeon to a scaffold which had been erected in

front of the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, whither the citizens crowded, expecting to hear him denounce his departed brotherhood, by renewing his admission of their guilt. To their astonishment, however, on advancing to the edge of the scaffold, he boldly revoked his confession, addressing them in a speech of nervous eloquence, which is said to have made an extraordinary impression on the assembled multitude. "It is right," he said, "in this terrible hour, and in the last moments of my life, that I should denounce the iniquity of falsehood, and make the truth triumph. I declare, therefore, in the face of heaven and earth, though I speak it to my eternal shame, that I have committed the greatest of crimes, the acknowledging of those offences which have been so foully charged on my Order. I made the contrary declaration only to suspend the excessive pains of torture. I know the punishments which have been inflicted on those Knights who have had the courage to revoke a similar confession; but not even the dreadful death which awaits me, is able to make me confirm one lie by another. The existence offered me upon such terms I abandon without regret." The same evening, a charcoal fire was lighted in front of Notre Dame, at which the last Grand Master of the Knights Templars was slowly and mercilessly burnt to death. In his dying agony, he solemnly cited King Philip, and Pope Clement the Fifth, who had connived at the destruction of his Order, to appear before the Divine Tribunal within a

specified time. As they both expired within the period predicted, it was not unnatural, in a superstitious age, that the common people, who were not without commiseration for the sufferings of the Knights Templars, should have been induced to regard them as martyrs in the cause of religion and truth.

The fate which was impending over their brethren in England was scarcely a less melancholy one. There, the reigning monarch, Edward the Second, was easily induced to follow the example set him by the French King; and accordingly, on the 8th of January 1310, an edict was issued for the simultaneous seizure of the property, and the arrest of the persons of the Knights Templars, in all parts of England. A few, indeed, escaped to the dreary regions of Ireland, and others found shelter in the fastnesses of Scotland and Wales; but the majority were less fortunate, and no less than two hundred and twenty-nine knights were thrown into prison. To what extent torture was put into practice, in order to extort confessions from them, is not known. It is certain, however, that when they were brought before the inquisition,—which sat in the churches of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate,—one and all of them denied with impressive solemnity the existence of those monstrous crimes, with which their Order was so confidently charged. All proceedings against them were finally stopped in 1312, in consequence of the Order being formally abolished by the Pope. At its dissolution, the

Temple was conferred by Edward the Second on Aylmer de Valence, second Earl of Pembroke, the fellow-soldier of Edward the First in the Scottish wars, and whose tomb, of exquisite workmanship, is still one of the most admired ornaments of Westminster Abbey. Shortly after the death of this powerful baron, the Temple was granted to the Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who, in the reign of Edward the Third, leased it to the students of the Common Law, in whose possession it has ever since remained. The winged-horse, the emblem of the Knights Templars, and the lamb, the occasional emblems of the Knights of St. John, still remain among the many striking decorations of the Temple Church.

Passing under a semicircular arched Norman door-way, the deep recess of which is elaborately ornamented with pillars, foliated capitals, and other sculptured ornaments of great beauty, — we find ourselves in that master-piece of art, the Temple Church, rich with a thousand historical associations. Here it was—clad in their mantles of white decorated with the red-cross—that the chivalrous Crusaders offered up their devotions and performed their penances. Their very seats, supporting the graceful marble pillars, still exist, and, beneath us rest their mouldering remains.

The Temple Church is divided into two distinct edifices. The more ancient is that into which we first enter, which is of a round or circular form,

having been built by the Knights in 1185, after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The other portion, used as the Choir, is of a square form, and was not completed till 1240. Exhibited in the same view, they form a whole, which is not only almost unexampled for interest and beauty, but which is unique as exhibiting to us, almost at a glance, the gradual advance from the old Norman to the exquisite pointed style of architecture; the church having been commenced when the former style, and completed when the latter style, were in their highest states of perfection. To enter into a particular description of the Temple Church;—to dwell on the rich harmony of its colouring, and the beauty and delicacy of its architectural details—pleasing as might be the task—is not within the province of this work. We must therefore content ourselves with pointing out the principal features of interest, for which the church is in other respects conspicuous.

Perhaps the objects in the Temple Church, which excite the most general attention, are the recumbent monumental effigies of the Knights Templars, which lie, in two corresponding groups, on each side of the central avenue. Not only are they beautiful as works of art;—not only do they carry us back in imagination to the romantic period of the Crusades;—but they are also of great value as affording us the best specimens which we possess of military costume in England, from the

reign of King Stephen to that of Henry the Third. That they are represented in the same garb which they severally wore in their life-times, there can be no question. Such of the figures, as are represented with their legs crossed, are supposed to be those of Knights who had either served against the Infidels in the Holy Land, or had made pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre. This characteristic, however, when observed in other churches, is far from invariably being intended to denote either a pilgrim or a crusader.

Of the group on the south side, the first figure is said to represent that turbulent Baron, Geoffrey de Magnaville, created Earl of Essex in 1148. Having been forced into rebellion by the injustice of his sovereign, King Stephen, he was induced to commit all kind of excesses, which led to his being excommunicated by the Church. He was mortally wounded in an attack on Burwell Castle, in Cambridgeshire, and, in his last moments, was abandoned by all but the Templars, who, finding him penitent, dressed him in their habit, and admitted him into their Order. Having died under the ban of the Church, they were unable to bury him in consecrated ground, and therefore adopted the singular expedient of placing his body in a leaden coffin, and suspending it from a tree in the Temple Garden. Here it remained till absolution had been obtained from the Pope, when the Templars interred him in the portico before the western door of the Temple Church. The next

figure is supposed to be that of the great Protector, William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1219. The third, which is a figure of considerable grace and beauty, has been thought to represent Lord de Ros, who, youthful as he appears, was one of the most formidable Barons who extorted the Magna Charta from King John. The fourth figure in the group is said to be that of William Marshall, who succeeded as second Earl of Pembroke, and who died in 1230. In a corresponding position is a stone coffin of a ridged shape. It is supposed to have contained the remains of William Plantagenet, fifth son of Henry the Third, who died in 1256, and is known to have been buried in the Temple Church.*

Of the identity of the group of figures on the north side little or nothing has been ascertained. One of them, indeed, is said to represent Gilbert Marshall, another son of the Protector, and afterwards Earl of Pembroke, who took the vows as a Knight Templar, and who, when on the eve of his departure for the Holy Land, was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse at a Tournament at Ware, in 1241. The figure in question has certainly a general resemblance to that of his brother, Earl William, but there seems to be no

* We have given to these interesting effigies the names which our antiquaries have delighted to confer on them ; yet, after all, it is to be feared that the identity of one and all of them is little more than problematical.

reason for presuming it to be the effigy of Earl Gilbert.*

A striking feature in the Temple Church is the small and gloomy penitentiary cell, in which such of the Knights as had infringed the rules of the Order were condemned to solitary imprisonment. It measures only four feet and a half in length, by two and a half in breadth, and is so arranged that the unhappy prisoner, through a small aperture, could listen to, and join in the services of the Church. Within this confined dungeon it was that Walter de Bacheler, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was chained with fetters till death put an end to his sufferings, when his body was brought forth at dawn of day, and interred in the court between the Church and the Hall.

Not only was fasting and imprisonment inflicted on the lordly Templars, but there were even occasions on which they were compelled to submit to the degradation of being publicly scourged on the shoulders in the Church. One Knight in particular, of the name of Valaincourt,—who had formerly renounced the Order, but subsequently sought re-

* Those who remember the former mutilated state of the effigies of the Knights Templars, will be ready to do justice to the talent and the ingenuity of the artist who has restored to us, in their pristine beauty, these unique specimens of ancient art. These remarks also apply to the general renovation of the Temple Church, which reflects no less credit on the artists employed in it, than on the liberality of the Society which so munificently defrayed the cost of the undertaking, amounting to £70,000.

admission into it in order to satisfy an accusing conscience,—was condemned, during a whole year, to fast four days in the week on bread and water, to eat on the ground with the dogs, and to be scourged every Sunday in the Church, in the face of the assembled congregation.

With the exception of the monumental effigies of the Knights Templars, the Temple Church contains but few sepulchral memorials to which any interest attaches itself. The exceptions are,—the monuments of the celebrated John Selden, who died in 1654, and whose funeral sermon was preached in the Temple Church by Archbishop Usher;—of another famous lawyer, Edmund Plowden, Treasurer of the Society in the reign of Elizabeth;—of James Howell, the author of the charming “Letters,” who died in 1666;—and, in the vestry-room, a bust of Lord Thurlow, who was interred in the vaults of the church. Here also was buried the celebrated physician, Dr. Mead, but, we believe, without any monument to his memory.

In the burial-ground, to the east of the choir, outside the building, rest the remains of Oliver Goldsmith. There is no stone to mark the identical spot where he lies; but a tablet has recently been placed on the north side of the choir, which records the fact of his having been buried in the immediate vicinity.

Formerly, in the Temple Church, was to be seen a black marble grave-stone, to the memory of one John White, who died in 1644, whose father,

Henry White, was a Bencher, and Member of the House of Commons. We transcribe the inscription merely for the sake of its quaintness :—

Here lies a John, a burning, shining Light,
Whose name, life, actions, were alike all White.

In ancient times it was the custom of the serjeants-at-law to stand under the different pillars of St. Paul's Cathedral, giving counsel to their clients. The same custom was prevalent at a still later period in the circular church of the Temple, each lawyer having his particular post. In the "Alchemist" of Ben Jonson we find,—

Here's one from Captain Face, sir,
Desires you meet him in the Temple Church
Some half hour hence.

And, again, in the same play :—

I have walked the Round
'Till now, and no such thing.

Butler also, in his "Hudibras," has an allusion to *the Round* :—

Retain all sorts of witnesses
That ply i' the Temples under trees,
Or walk the Round with Knights-o'-th'-Posts,
About the cross-legged knights their hosts ;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn ;
Where vouchers, forgers, common bail,
And affidavit-men ne'er fail,
T' expose for sale all sorts of oaths.

The Temple Garden, with its charming view of the Thames, forms a pleasant oasis in the vast city

of London. It has gradually, indeed, been curtailed by modern buildings of its just proportions, and, moreover, it has lost somewhat of its solemnity by having been forsaken by the old rooks, whose forefathers were transplanted hither by Sir Edward Northey from his seat near Epsom, in the reign of Queen Anne. Goldsmith, who delighted to watch their movements from the windows of his chambers, has celebrated them in his "Animated Nature." Still, whether we seek the Temple Garden for the sake of its secluded situation, or to indulge in its historical associations,—whether we people it with the warlike forms and picturesque garbs of the Knights Templars, or whether we call to mind the many celebrated lawyers who, from the days of Edward the Third to our own time, have sauntered and ruminated in its retired walks,—it is alike a spot which we always visit with pleasure and quit with regret. Probably, to many persons, it is to its connexion with the magic pages of Shakespeare that the Temple Garden owes its chief interest. When the fatal feud broke out between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, which subsequently deluged the country with its noblest blood, it was in the Temple Garden, according to Shakespeare, that the famous meeting took place between Richard Plantagenet and the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick, during which a trifling incident led to the adoption of the distinctive badges of the White and Red Rose. Their dispute had commenced in the hall of the Temple, which—fearing, probably,

that their conversation would be overheard — they quitted for the silence and seclusion of the Garden:—

Suffolk. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

Richard Plantagenet, observing the cautious silence of his friends, exclaims,—

Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts ;
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Somerset. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Warwick. I love no colours ; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suffolk. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset ;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

At the breaking-up of the meeting, Warwick foretells the misery and bloodshed of which it is destined to be the forerunner:—

Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose :
And here I prophecy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the Red Rose and the White,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

First Part of Henry VI. act. ii. scene 4.

The Temple is divided into two separate Inns of Court,—the one distinguished as the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, and the other as the

Honourable Society of the Middle Temple,—having each of them their separate Hall, but the Church being common to the members of both.

The hall of the Inner Temple, which is supposed to stand on the site of the refectory of the Knights Templars, is comparatively of small size, and can boast but little architectural merit. A portion of it, however, is said to be as ancient as the reign of Edward the Third. Here, on the 15th of August 1661, Charles the Second and his brother, the Duke of York, were entertained at a magnificent banquet by the benchers and barristers of the Inner Temple; and here the last *Revel*, given by an Inn of Court, took place on the 2nd of February 1733, on the occasion of Lord Chancellor Talbot being elevated to the Woolsack.

Far superior, both in beauty and interest, is the magnificent Hall of the Middle Temple, with its venerable timber roof, its emblazoned armorial bearings, its stained glass, its elaborate carvings, and its portraits of successive sovereigns. It was rebuilt between the years 1562 and 1572, during the treasurership of Plowden. There are few buildings in London which recall so vividly to our imaginations the manners and customs of a past age. Here have sat at the social board, and possibly at the very tables which we see ranged before us, most of our celebrated lawyers from the reign of Edward the Sixth to the present time; here (in the lifetime of the immortal Shakespeare, and probably in his very presence) was acted by the lawyers his

beautiful play of "Twelfth Night;" here—in the days of the Lord of Misrule, of the yule-wood, and the boar's-head—were held the jovial festivities, and the riotous revellings and Christmassings of the olden time;—here, among other "merry disports," the fox and the cat were hunted round the hall by a pack of yelling hounds;—here, centuries ago, resounded the merry catch and the jolly chorus;—and here, amidst shouts of laughter, the Master of the Revels, followed by sedate Benchers and frolic Students, led the dance round the sea-coal fire.

Full oft within the spacious halls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him.*

From the days of Queen Elizabeth, till the civil troubles dispersed the refined Court of Charles the First, we find the Templars not only frequently representing plays and masques before the sovereign at Whitehall, but also constantly taking a part in the court pageants, whether a marriage, a coronation, or a royal progress on the Thames. Generally speaking, the Templars of the olden time were distinguished as much for their gallantry and accomplishments as for their legal lore; many of

* "It deserves to be mentioned, in illustration of the revels at Christmas, which used to be held in the halls of the Inns of Court, that in taking up the floor of the Middle Temple Hall, about the year 1764, near one hundred pair of dice were found, which had dropped, on different occasions, through the chinks or joints of the boards: the dice were very small, at least one-third less than those now in use."—Cunningham's "London," *Art. Middle Temple*.

them being closely allied to the noblest families of the land, and it being indispensably necessary that every member should be a gentleman by birth. The cost, indeed, of education, averaging no less than twenty marks a year, was of itself sufficient to render the society tolerably exclusive. Sir John Ferne, who was himself a student of the Inner Temple, observes in his "Glory of Generosity,"—"Nobleness of blood, joined with virtue, counteth the person as most meet to the enterprising of any public service. And for that cause it was not for nought that our ancient governors in this land did, with especial foresight and wisdom, provide that none should be admitted into the Inns of Court,—being seminaries sending forth men apt to the government of justice,—except he were a gentleman of blood. And that this may seem a truth, I myself have seen a calendar of all those which were together in the Society of one of the same Houses, about the last year of King Henry the Fifth, with the names of their house and family, and marshaled by their names; and I assure you the self-same monument doth both approve them to be gentlemen of perfect descent, and also the number of them much less than it now is, being at that time in one house scarcely threescore." Fortescue, another old writer, affords similar evidence of the exclusiveness of the Inns of Court in former days. Speaking of the initiation of a student, he says,—“If he has a servant with him, his charge is then the greater; so that, by reason of this great expense, the sons of *gentlemen*

only do study the law in these Inns; the vulgar sort of people not being able to undergo so great a charge, and merchants are seldom willing to lessen their traffic thereby." * The Templars, in former days appear to have been a quarrelsome body. So frequent, indeed, did hostile encounters take place among them in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that an order was issued prohibiting any member of the Society to enter the dining-hall with any other weapon "than a dagger or knife."

In ancient times, the lawyers of the Temple,—probably from their connexion with the aristocracy, and the character which they assumed as fine gentlemen,—appear to have been particularly obnoxious to the lower orders. During the rebellion of Wat Tyler, one of the first acts of the mob was to burst open the gates of the Temple, burning and destroying every parchment and record on which they could lay their hands. These lawless acts were afterwards repeated with increased violence, during the rebellion of Jack Cade, and have been immortalized by Shakespeare :—

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.†

On this latter occasion the gates were again forced open, and, not only were the valuable libraries of the Society completely destroyed, but numbers of the innocent Benchers and Students were slaughtered by the infuriated mob.

* "De laudibus legum Angliæ."

† Second Part of King Henry VI. act iv. scenes 2 and 7.

To the Middle Temple Gate the following well-known anecdote attaches a peculiar interest. About the year 1501, when, Cardinal Wolsey, the son of an Ipswich butcher, was merely parson of Lymington,—without power and apparently without friends,—he had been placed in the stocks by Sir Amias Powlet, then a Justice of the Peace, for being drunk and disorderly. Many years afterwards, when Wolsey was in the zenith of his power, he called to mind the indignity to which he had been subjected by the country justice, and accordingly summoning Sir Amias to London, he commanded him not to quit it until further orders. For five or six years the knight resided in apartments over the gate-way. He subsequently rebuilt it at his own expense, and, to gratify the pride of Wolsey, ornamented it with the Cardinal's cap and armorial bearings. This gateway was destroyed by the great Fire of 1666, and in 1684 the present gate was erected by Sir Christopher Wren. The conflagration swept so far westward as to destroy a portion of the buildings of the Temple, but fortunately it spared the stately hall of the Middle Temple, and the still more ancient and interesting church of the Knights Templars. The Inner Temple Gate was erected in 1607.

Let us now turn from the ancient history of the Temple, to recall the names of more than one individual, celebrated in the literary annals of his country, who has lived and laboured within its venerable Courts.

On the 19th of November 1594, we find Sir Julius Cæsar addressing a letter to Sir William More, from the Inner Temple; and, in Middle Temple Lane, in 1678, was residing Elias Ashmole the antiquary. Anthony Wood mentions that Ashmole's chambers were burnt down in that year, on which occasion his valuable collection of books, coins, and medals, perished in the flames.

In 1683, Thomas Southerne, the dramatic poet, was residing in the Middle Temple, and here he composed his "Disappointment, or, Mother in Fashion," which was acted at the Theatre Royal in 1684. The gay and handsome dramatist, William Wycherley, was at one period a resident in the Inner Temple; here dwelt another celebrated dramatic writer, Nicholas Rowe; and here also resided, in early life, William Cowper, the poet.

In Paper Buildings, looking towards the garden, were the chambers of the learned John Selden, which were burnt down in the great Fire. In Elm Court, Lord Keeper Guildford first commenced practice; and in this court the great Lord Somers had chambers. The chambers of John Evelyn, the author of *Sylva*, were in Essex Court; Lord Thurlow's were in Fig Tree Court; and those of Sir William Jones in Lamb's Buildings.

With the genius and misfortunes of Oliver Goldsmith, the Temple is especially identified. His first residence was in No. 2, Garden Court. The apartments no longer exist, but Nos. 3 and 4 still remain to point out the site of the spot which was

once occupied by the poet. From Garden Court, Goldsmith removed to King's Bench Walk, and lastly from thence to No. 2, Brick Court, Inner Temple, where his rooms were on the second floor, on the right-hand side of the staircase. In these apartments he breathed his last, on the 4th of April 1774. In the rooms beneath him lived Sir William Blackstone.

The apartments of Dr. Johnson, in the Temple, were on the first floor in No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, and are associated with more than one anecdote related by his biographer, Boswell. Not the least amusing is the account of the visit which was paid him by the well-known *belle-esprit*, Madame de Boufflers, in 1763, as related by Topham Beauclerk to Boswell. "When Madame de Boufflers was first in England," said Beauclerk, "she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the stair-case in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple Gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers,

seized her hand, and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a dusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt, and the knees of his breeches, hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

Many of our readers, probably, in passing by Dr. Johnson's rooms in Inner Temple Lane, have paused to call to mind the curious scene described by Boswell, when the great philosopher was aroused at night by Beauclerk and Bennet Langton—both of them thirty years younger than himself—and persuaded to join them in a street frolic. "One night," says Boswell, "when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good-humour agreed to their proposal; — 'What is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.' He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the green-grocers and fruiterers were

beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them, but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *bishop*, which Johnson had always liked: while, in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the lines,—

Short, O short then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again ! *

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day; but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for ‘leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea’d* girls.’ Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smartly,—‘I heard of your frolic t’other night. You’ll be in the Chronicle.’ Upon which Johnson afterwards observed,—‘He durst not do such a thing; his *wife* would not let him!’ ” Dr. Johnson appears to have resided in the Temple from about the year 1760 to 1765. According to Murphy, this period of his

* Short, very short, be then thy reign,
For I’m in haste to laugh and drink again.

LORD LANSDOWN’S *Drinking Song to Sleep.*

life was passed by him in "poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature."

It was in the Temple that Boswell paid his first visit to Dr. Johnson, of which he has given us so graphic a description. "He received me," says Boswell, "very courteously; but it must be confessed, that his apartment and furniture, and morning-dress were sufficiently uncouth." At this period, his frequent place of resort was the neighbouring Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street. Boswell himself was at one period a resident "at the bottom of Inner Temple Lane;" and at No. 4 in this lane Charles Lamb had chambers on the third floor.

In addition to Oliver Goldsmith, another distinguished resident in King's Bench Walk was the once gay and gallant William Murray, afterwards Lord Chief Justice and Earl of Mansfield. The apartments which he occupied were at No. 5, to which circumstance Pope refers in his imitation of Horace's beautiful ode, "*Intermissa, Venus, diu, &c.*":*—

Mother too fierce of dear desires!

Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires:
To *number five* direct your doves,

There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart

With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal the injured to defend,

To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend;
He with a hundred arts refined.

* Lib. iv. ode 1.

Pope, in another imitation of Horace,* also eulogizes him :—

Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honoured, at the House of Lords.

a couplet which was thus wickedly parodied at the time :—

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the *King's Bench Walks*.

In the reign of Queen Anne, John Dixon, a pupil of Sir Peter Lely, and once eminent as a painter in miniature and crayons, was residing in King's Bench Walk. Here also resided Anstey, the witty author of the "New Bath Guide," but the rooms which he inhabited are no longer in existence. Anstey, in the "Pleader's Guide," thus alludes to the localities of the Temple :—

Fig-tree, or fountain-side, or learned shade
Of King's Bench Walk, by pleadings vocal made—
Thrice hallowed shades ! where slip-shod benchers muse,
Attorneys haunt, and special pleaders cruize.

Samuel Lysons, the author of "Magna Britannia," had chambers at No. 6, King's Bench Walk.

Besides the many eminent men whom we have mentioned as having resided in the Temple, it remains to record the names of some others, who were members of one or other of the Inns of Court, and who, if they were not actual residents within its walls, must frequently have wandered along its classic courts and shady groves. Of the Inner

* "Imitations of Horace," book i. ep. 6.

Temple, the following may be mentioned as among the most eminent members :—

The great lawyer, Sir Thomas Littleton ; died in 1481.

The accomplished Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton ; died in 1591.

Thomas Lord Buckhurst, the poet and successor to Lord Burleigh as Lord High Treasurer ; died in 1608.

Francis Beaumont, the dramatic writer ; died in 1615.

Sir Edward Coke ; died in 1634.

William Browne, author of “ Britannia’s Pastorals ;” died circ. 1645.

John Selden ; died in 1654.

The infamous Judge Jefferies ; died in 1689.

Henry Fielding, the great novelist, entered himself as a student of the Inner Temple at the age of thirty ; died in 1754.

The list of illustrious men who were students of the Middle Temple is more numerous :—

Sir Edward Montague, Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, who drew up the will of Edward VI., settling the Crown on Lady Jane Grey ; died in 1556.

The learned lawyer, Sir James Dyer ; died in 1581.

Edmund Plowden, author of the famous “ Commentaries ;” died in 1584.

The poet and courtier, Sir Thomas Overbury ; poisoned in the Tower in 1613.

Sir Walter Raleigh : he was residing in chambers in the Temple in 1576 ; beheaded in 1618.

Sir John Davies, the poet, and author of the “ Reports :” he was expelled from the Middle Temple for having beaten in the hall Mr. Richard Martin, himself a poet, and afterwards Recorder of London : Sir John was afterwards readmitted a member, and died in 1626.

John Marston, the dramatic poet ; died circ. 1633.

John Ford, the dramatic poet ; died circ. 1639.

Sir Simonds d’Ewes ; died in 1650.

Henry Ireton, the republican general ; died in 1651.

The great Lord Clarendon ; died in 1674.

Bulstrode Whitelocke, the author of the "Memorials;" died in 1676.

Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic poet ; died in 1692.

John Evelyn ; died in 1706.

William Wycherley, the dramatic poet ; died in 1715.

The great Lord Somers ; died in 1716.

William Congreve, the dramatic writer ; died in 1729.

Thomas Southerne, the dramatic writer ; died in 1746.

Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke ; died in 1764.

Arthur Onslow, the Speaker ; died in 1768.

Sir William Blackstone ; died in 1780.

Edmund Burke ; died in 1797.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan ; died in 1816.

William Scott, Lord Stowell ; died in 1836.

John Scott, Lord Eldon ; died in 1838.

Thomas Moore, the poet.

Gower and Chaucer, the fathers of English poetry, are presumed to have been members of the Temple; but in neither case, we believe, has the fact been substantiated.

THE STRAND.

BAD STATE OF THE ROADS BETWEEN THE CITY AND PALACE THROUGH THE STRAND.—STRAND FORMED INTO A REGULAR STREET.—TEMPLE BAR.—PALSgrave PLACE.—BUTCHER ROW.—DEVEREUX COURT AND ESSEX STREET.—STRAND LANE.—CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES.—CLEMENT'S, NEW, AND LYON'S INNS.—ARUNDEL, NORFOLK, AND HOWARD STREETS.—ST. MARY-LE-STRAND.—MAYPOLE IN THE STRAND.—EXETER 'CHANGE.—SOUTHAMPTON STREET.—NEW EXCHANGE, STRAND.—THE ADELPHI.—GARRICK'S DEATH.—PETER THE GREAT.—HUNGERFORD MARKET.

IN the days when our Saxon monarchs held their court at Westminster, the Strand constituted, as it does at present, the principal land thoroughfare between the Palace and Abbey of Westminster and the City of London. And yet, as late as the year 1315, we find complaints of the road being rendered almost impassable from its deep ruts and holes; while the foot-passengers were scarcely less inconvenienced by the brambles and bushes which interrupted their progress. We must remember that at this period the Strand was merely a suburban highway; the only buildings between Westminster and London being the small village of Charing; the great palace of the Savoy, which had recently been built; the old Church of St. Mary-le-Strand; and perhaps here and there to the north a

scattered farm-house or cottage. On the south side, the Thames was to be seen gliding silently between its shady banks; and on the north rose the high and well-wooded grounds of Hampstead and Highgate.

At the period of which we are speaking, and indeed till a much later date, no fewer than three small streams, having their source in the high-grounds to the north of London, crossed the Strand in their way to the Thames. They were spanned by as many bridges; the remains of one of which, consisting of a single stone arch about eleven feet in length, was discovered in 1802, during the construction of a new sewer a little to the eastward of St. Clement's Church. The two others were severally known as Strand Bridge and Ivy Bridge. The former stood at the end of Newcastle Street; the latter near Salisbury Street; the site of both bridges being pointed out by Strand Lane and Ivy Lane, which formed anciently the channels through which the two rivulets flowed to the Thames.

By degrees the gradual erection of new buildings altered the aspect of the Strand; but it was not till 1532 that it was formed into a regular street, when an act was passed for paving the "streetway between Charing Cross and Strand Cross," at the expense of the owners of the land. Within eleven years from this period, there was almost a continuous row of houses on the north side of the Strand, extending from Temple Bar to the church of St. Mary-

le-Strand. The south, or river side, was occupied principally by Somerset House, the Savoy Palace, Durham House, York House, and St. Mary's Hospital, the site of the present Northumberland House.

There were, however, a few other mansions in the Strand, which, with their fair gardens extending to the river, were occupied entirely by the dignitaries of the Church. "Anciently," says Selden, "the noblemen lay within the City for safety and security; but the Bishops' houses were by the water side, because they were held sacred persons whom nobody would hurt." There were in fact, at one period, no fewer than nine Bishops who had "inns," or palaces, on the south side of the Strand. Three of these (those of the Bishops of Llandaff, Chester, and Worcester) were demolished by the Protector Somerset, to make room for his new palace. The remainder also, as we shall presently show, by degrees fell into the hands of the lay nobility, and changed their names accordingly. Many of the water-entrances to these stately mansions,—such as Hungerford Stairs, York Stairs, Salisbury Stairs, Surrey Stairs, Arundel Stairs, and Essex Stairs,—still retain their ancient names and use. But we shall presently have to dwell more fully on this subject in speaking of the houses of the nobility in the Strand, as they existed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First.

We will now stroll from Temple Bar to Charing

Cross, pointing out the different objects of interest, and recalling historical associations, as we pass along.

Temple Bar derives its name from a bar or chain which anciently formed the line of demarcation which separated the Cities of London and Westminster. At a later period, according to Strype, "there was a house of timber erected across the street, with a narrow gateway, and an entry on the south side of it under the house." In 1670, a few years after the destruction of this clumsy edifice, the present gateway was erected by Sir Christopher Wren. The statues on the east side are those of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First; those on the west side, of Charles the First and Charles the Second.

It was through Temple Bar, after the battle of Poitiers, that Edward the Black Prince made his triumphal entry into Westminster, with his illustrious prisoner, John, King of France, riding by his side. And through it also, after his great victory at Agincourt, in 1415, Henry the Fifth rode in triumph to his palace at Westminster; the Lord Mayor and Aldermen attending him,—“appareled,” says Hall, “in grained scarlet; the commoners in beautiful murrey, well mounted and gorgeously horsed with rich collars and great chains.” Through Temple Bar Edward the Fourth led his beautiful bride, Elizabeth Woodville, to her coronation at Westminster; and here also, on her way to her coronation, Elizabeth of York, the interesting young

queen of Henry the Seventh, was greeted by “singing children; some arrayed like angels, and others like virgins, who sang sweet songs as her grace passed by.” Katherine of Aragon, and her beautiful rival Anne Boleyn, when severally on their way to be crowned at Westminster, were alike received with extraordinary rejoicings and pageantry at Temple Bar. Hall, speaking of the latter occasion, observes—“Then came the Queen in a litter of white cloth of gold, not covered nor veiled, which was led by two palfreys clad in white damask down to the ground, head and all, led by her footmen. So she, with all her company and the Mayor, rode forth to Temple Bar, which was newly painted and repaired, where stood also divers singing men and children, till she came to Westminster Hall, which was richly hanged with cloth of arras and new glazed; and in the midst of the Hall she was taken out of her litter.” Twenty-five years afterwards we find her daughter, Queen Elizabeth, welcomed by the citizens at Temple Bar, with similar pageantry and rejoicings to those which had greeted her ill-fated mother.

On the occasions when the sovereign pays a visit to the City, there still exists the ancient custom of closing the gates of Temple Bar, when admission is formally demanded by the flourish of trumpets, and announcement made by the heralds that the sovereign is without. The gates are then opened, and the Lord Mayor delivers up the guardian sword of the City, which the sovereign immediately re-

turns. When Oliver Cromwell and the Parliament dined in state in the City, on the 7th of June 1649, we find this ceremony performed in the same manner as towards the ancient kings of the realm.

For some years after the rebellion of 1745, the heads of more than one of the unfortunate sufferers in the cause of the House of Stuart were to be seen affixed to poles on the top of Temple Bar. Walpole writes to George Montagu, 16th August 1746:—"I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look." As late as the year 1772 there were still two heads to be seen on Temple Bar, one of which is mentioned as having fallen down on the 1st of April in that year. "I remember once," said Dr. Johnson, "being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner I said to him, from Ovid—

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.

When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered me—

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

It is, perhaps, needless to remark that Goldsmith's sly remark had reference to the Jacobite prejudices which it is well known that Johnson entertained.

Ben Jonson at one period of his life lived close to Temple Bar. "Long since, in King James's

time," says Aubrey, "I have heard my uncle Danvers say, who knew him, that he lived *without Temple Bar*, at a comb-maker's shop, about the Elephant and Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under which you pass as you go out of the church-yard into the old palace, where he died." "Temple Bar without" included the houses between Essex Street and the Bar. In 1740 we find William Shenstone, the poet, dating his letters from a Mr. Wintle's, a perfumer, near Temple Bar.

On the south side of the Strand, close to Temple Bar, is Palsgrave Place; apparently so called from the Palsgrave, Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine, who was married at Whitehall, on the 14th of February 1613, to the interesting Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James the First. Close to the Palsgrave Head Tavern stood, in the days of the Commonwealth, the once famous Haycock's Ordinary; "much frequented," says Aubrey, "by Parliament-men and gallants." In the year 1650, we discover the celebrated engraver, William Faithorne, setting up a shop under the name and sign of the Ship, "next to the Drake, opposite the Palgrave's Head Tavern, without Temple Bar."

On the opposite side of the street, facing St. Clement's Church, stood Butcher Row, which derives its name from a market for butchers' meat which was anciently held here. The site is now principally occupied by Pickett Place, so called from Alderman Pickett, to whose exertions we owe

the removal of the miserable hovels of which Butcher Row principally consisted. In 1790, we find Butcher Row spoken of as composed of "those wretched fabrics overhanging their foundations, the receptacles of dirt in every corner of their projecting stories, the bane of ancient London; where the plague, with all its attendant horrors, frowned destruction on the miserable inhabitants, reserving its forces for the attacks of each returning summer." Among the houses which were pulled down in Butcher Row was the residence of M. de Beaumont, the French Ambassador in the reign of James the First, subsequently divided in several tenements. It was in this house that the celebrated Duke de Sully passed a night in 1603, previous to his taking up his abode in Arundel House, which had been prepared for him. The old mansion bore the date "1581," and at the time of its demolition, in 1813, was still conspicuous from the roses, crowns, and fleurs-de-lis which decorated its exterior.

It was on quitting a house of entertainment in Butcher Row, known as the "Bear and Harrow," that the improvident dramatic poet, Nathaniel Lee, met with the accident which caused his death. According to Oldys, in his MS. notes to *Langbaine*—"He was returning one night from the Bear and Harrow, in Butcher Row, through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, overladen with wine, when he fell down on the ground, as some say,—according to others, on a bulk,—and was killed or stifled in the snow." In Butcher Row was another house of

entertainment, "Clifton's Eating House," which was occasionally the resort of Dr. Johnson. "Happening to dine," says Boswell, "at Clifton's Eating House, in Butcher Row, I was surprised to see Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London is well known to many to be peculiarly unsocial, as there is no ordinary or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. 'Why, Sir,' says Johnson, 'it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. The matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue.' What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions, upon which Johnson rose and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying—'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity unworthy of a man of genius.'" At the end of Newcastle Street, "at

the corner-house over against Strand Bridge," lived, in the reign of Charles the Second, the astrologer, William Lilly. He had formerly been a menial in the house of which he was afterwards the master.

Devereux Court and Essex Street, close to Temple Bar, derive their names from the mansion of the ill-fated Thomas Devereux, Earl of Essex, which stood upon its site. In Devereux Court, was the well-known "Grecian" Coffee House, one of the oldest in London, and to which there are frequent allusions in the "Spectator" and "Tatler." It derives its name apparently from one Constantine, a Greek, who, in the early part of the reign of Charles the Second, obtained a licence to sell coffee, chocolate, and tea, then newly imported into this country. The "Grecian" has recently been converted into sets of chambers, but on its front may still be seen a bust of the Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary General, said to be the work of Gabriel Cibber, with the inscription,—“This is Devereux Court, 1676.” The "Grecian" was a favourite place of resort of Oliver Goldsmith.

Dr. King, in his "Anecdotes of his own Time," relates the following anecdote in connexion with the "Grecian" Coffee House. "A trifling incident," he says, "has sometimes been the occasion of the greatest quarrels, and such as have ended fatally. I remember two gentlemen, who were constant companions, disputing one evening at the Grecian Coffee House, concerning the accent of a Greek word. The dispute was carried to such a

length that the two friends thought proper to determine it with their swords. For this purpose they stept out into Devereux Court, where one of them (whose name, if I rightly remember, was Fitzgerald) was run through the body and died on the spot." "Tom's Coffee House," in Devereux Court, was a favourite place of resort of Akenside, the poet, and of Dr. Birch, the industrious biographer and antiquary.

It was in Essex Street, at the house of a staunch Jacobite, Lady Primrose, that Prince Charles Edward was concealed during the secret visit which he paid to London, in 1750. "In September, 1750," says Dr. King, "I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to (the Pretender). If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends, who were in exile, had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and, therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place whence he came." It was in Lady Primrose's hospitable mansion, in Essex-street, that the interesting Flora Macdonald had previously found an

asylum, when released from confinement by the Act of Grace, in 1747. At the south end of Essex Street may be seen two large pillars, with Corinthian capitals, apparently a portion of the old water-entrance to Essex House.

At the close of life,—“in order to ensure himself society in the evening during three days in the week,” we find Dr. Johnson instituting a club at the Essex Head, in Essex Street (now No. 40), kept by one Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Johnson’s friend, Mr. Thrale. To Sir Joshua Reynolds he writes, on the 4th of December, 1783, “It is inconvenient for me to come out. I should else have waited on you with an account of a little evening club which we are establishing in Essex Street in the Strand, and of which you are desired to be one. It will be held at the ‘Essex Head,’ now kept by an old servant of Thrale’s. The company is numerous, and, as you will see by the list, miscellaneous. The terms are lax and the expenses light. Mr. Barry was adopted by Dr. Brocklesby, who joined with me in forming the plan. We meet thrice a week, and he who misses forfeits twopence. If you are willing to become a member, draw a line under your name. Return the list. We meet the first time on Monday, at eight.” Sir Joshua declined to become a member of the club, doubtless from an unwillingness to be drawn too closely into contact with Barry, the painter, whose behaviour towards himself in particular, and whose general violence of temper and absurdities of conduct,

readily account for Sir Joshua's separating himself from the society of many of his most esteemed friends. The Essex Head Club, however, comprised the names of many eminent men among its members, of whom Boswell has given us a list in his charming pages. "I believe," he writes, "there are few societies where there is better conversation or more decorum. Several of us resolved to continue it after our great founder was removed by death. Other members were added; and now, about eight years since that loss, we go on happily."

Parallel with Essex Street, is Strand Lane, which Stow speaks of as "a lane or way down to the landing-place on the bank of Thames." In the "Spectator" there is an interesting notice of the landing here of boats laden with apricots and melons, for the supply of Covent Garden. At No. 5, Strand Lane, may be seen one of the most interesting relics of antiquity existing in London — a Roman bath — as perfect almost as when, two thousand years ago, the Roman bathed in its clear and refreshing waters. The bath is about thirteen feet long and six broad. It still retains its pavement of Roman brick; and even a portion of the flight of steps leading into the bath still remains. The pure water, with which it is constantly fed, is said to flow from the neighbouring spring, or holy-well, from which Holywell Street derives its name. It is well worthy of a visit.

Close by stands the church of St. Clement Danes, dedicated to St. Clement, a pupil of St. Peter the

Apostle. The additional appellation of *Danes* has been variously accounted for. According to some writers, it is derived from a frightful massacre of the Danes which is said to have taken place on this spot. According to others, when that people were driven out of England, in 886, those who had married English women were allowed to remain, and, accordingly, having formed themselves into a colony near this spot, the site of the present church became their burial-place. The body of the present church was erected in 1684, by Edward Pierce, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren; the steeple, the work of Gibbs, not having been added till many years afterwards. The advowson of this rectory was anciently held by the Knights Templars, but at present, we believe, is vested in the Marquis of Exeter. During the insurrection of the Earl of Essex, a piece of artillery was placed on the tower of St. Clement's Church for the purpose of commanding Essex House.

In the vestry-room is preserved a painting by Kent, to which a rather curious story is attached. This painting originally formed the altar-piece of the church; till, in 1725, a rumour having got abroad that it contained portraits of the Chevalier St. George, commonly called the Old Pretender, and his children, the circumstance created so great an outcry, that Bishop Gibson found it necessary to order its removal. For some time it continued to be exhibited at the neighbouring Crown and Anchor Tavern. At length, after some years,

the prejudice wore away, and it was restored to the church; but not even then was it thought expedient to replace it in its former prominent position.

St. Clement's Church appears to have been the place of worship principally frequented by Dr. Johnson during his long residence in this neighbourhood. His pew was in the north gallery, near the pulpit. Boswell, speaking of the year 1773, writes,—“On the 9th of April, being Good Friday, I breakfasted with him on tea and cross-buns; *Doctor* Levett, as Frank called him, making tea. He carried me with him to the church of St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat; and his behaviour was, as I had imagined to myself, solemnly devout. I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany:—‘In the hour of death, and at the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us!’ We went to church both in the morning and evening. In the interval between the services we did not dine; but he read in the Greek Testament, and I turned over several of his books.”

The chiming of St. Clement's bells has been celebrated by Shakespeare;* and it is remarkable that this is one of the few churches in London where the chimes are still regularly rung. The unfortunate poet, Nathaniel Lee, was buried in this church, as was also another dramatic poet, equally gifted and imprudent, Thomas Otway.† William

* Second part of “King Henry the Fourth,” act iii. sc. 2.

† “At length,” says Anthony Wood, “after he had lived about

Mountfort, the actor, who was, assassinated in Howard Street, in 1692, and Thomas Rymer, who compiled the "Fœdera," are also buried here.

In the parish of St. Clement Danes (apparently in Butcher Row), died, on the 19th of February 1718, a remarkable literary character, Peter Anthony Motteux. He was born and educated at Rouen, in Normandy, but having been driven to England in consequence of the persecution which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, he commenced business as a merchant in Leadenhall Street, and subsequently, owing to his knowledge of languages, obtained a lucrative situation in the Post-Office. Such was the perfect mastery which he acquired of the English tongue, that he not only wrote several songs, prologues, and epilogues, but what was still more extraordinary, was the author of no fewer than seventeen dramatic pieces, many of which were highly popular in their day. His death took place at one of those disreputable houses, for which St. Clement's parish seems to have been famous from the time of Henry the Fourth, when the students of Clement's Inn "knew where the bona-robas were." There was some suspicion that he had been mur-

thirty-three years in this vain and transitory world, he made his last exit in a house on Tower Hill called the Bull (as I have heard), on the 14th of April, in sixteen hundred eighty and five; whereupon his body was conveyed to the church of St. Clement Danes, within the liberty of Westminster, and was buried in a vault there." *Athensæ Oxonienses*, vol. ii. p. 782. See also *ante*, vol. i. p. 3.

dered, but, according to other accounts, he met with his death by trying an experiment, the particulars of which do not admit of their being repeated.

In consequence of the ancient custom of erecting churches due east and west, the back part of St. Clement's Church is thrust most awkwardly into the street; thus, instead of admitting of the continuation of one grand thoroughfare, having a narrow and inconvenient street branching on each side of it. This grievance has, in a great degree, been remedied in modern times, but till the end of the last century, the narrowness of the street, the dangerous manner in which it was overhung by ancient and tottering tenements, as well as the constant stoppages of carts and carriages, continued to be loudly and bitterly complained of. Gay writes in his "Trivia :"—

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand ;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread ;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face ;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware !
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the colliers' steeds
Drag the black load ; another cart succeeds ;
Team follows team, crowds heaped on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grows clear.

Pepys writes on the 25th of June 1665—"The plague increases mightily ; I this day, seeing a house at a bitt-maker's, over against St. Clement's Church,

in the open street, shut up, which is a sad sight." It was in a house "behind St. Clement's," that Catesby, Percy, Guy Fawkes, and the other conspirators engaged in the detestable Gunpowder Plot, administered to each other the oath of secrecy, after which, we are told, they received the sacrament in the adjoining room.

Close to St. Clement's Church, is Clement's Inn, which is said to stand nearly on the site of an ancient hostelry or inn, erected in the reign of King Ethelred for the accommodation of the pilgrims who visited St. Clement's Well. Besides its reputation for sanctity, St. Clement's Well was supposed to be peculiarly efficacious in the cure of cutaneous and other disorders. It is now covered with a pump, but its waters are still as clear and refreshing as they were in the days of King Ethelred.

Clement's Inn, is an inn of Chancery belonging to the Inner Temple. It consists of three courts, in the middle one of which is a small but neat hall, built in 1715, and containing, among other pictures, a good portrait of Sir Matthew Hale. In the centre of the garden is a statue of a kneeling African supporting a sun-dial, presented to the society by one of the Holles, Earls of Clare, whose family anciently resided in the immediate neighbourhood, and who gave the name to Clare Market. To this statue some unknown hand is said to have affixed a paper, containing the following satirical verses :—

In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear ;
For thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.

From cannibals thou fled'st in vain ;
Lawyers less quarter give ;
The first won't eat you till you 're slain,
The last will do 't alive.

There is no evidence of Clement's Inn having been a court of law previous to 1486,* unless we accept the authority of Shakespeare, who makes Justice Shallow a member of the society as early as the reign of Henry the Fourth. "I was once of Clement's Inn," says the Justice, "where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet." Wincseslaus Hollar, the engraver, lived close to the back entrance to Clement's Inn.

Adjoining Clement's Inn is New Inn, an appendage to the Middle Temple. "This house," says Dugdale, "having been formerly a common hostelry, or inn for travellers, and from the sign of the Blessed Virgin, called 'Our Lady Inn,' became first an hostel for students of the law ; as the tradition is,—upon the removal of the students of the law

* "In 2 Henry VII. 1486, Sir John Cantlowe, knight, in consideration of xl. marks fine, and 4*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* yearly rent, demised the house to William and John Eylot, in trust, it is presumed, for the students of the law. About 20 Henry VIII., Cantlowe's interest therein passed to William Holles, knight, and Lord Mayor of London, and ancestor of the noble family of Newcastle, one of whom, John, Earl of Clare, whose residence was on the site of the present Clare Market, demised it to the principal and fellows of Clement's Inn."—PEARCE'S *History of the Inns of Court*, p. 262.

from an old inn of Chancery, called ‘St. George’s Inn,’ situate near Seacoal Lane, a little south from St. Sepulchre’s Church, without Newgate, and was procured from Sir John Fineux, Knight, some time Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, for the rent of 6*l.* per annum, by the name of ‘New Inn.’” Sir Thomas More was for some time a student of this Inn, previous to his being admitted to Lincoln’s Inn.

Within a short distance, is Lyon’s Inn, belonging to the Inner Temple. We find it an inn of Chancery as early as the reign of Henry the Fifth; previously to which period it is said to have been a common inn for travellers, with the sign of the “Lion.” Sir Edward Coke was for some time reader at this ancient inn.

Arundel Street, Norfolk Street, Surrey Street, and Howard Street, situated on the south side of the Strand, derive their names from having been built on the site of Arundel House, the residence of the Earls of Arundel, afterwards Dukes of Norfolk. In one of the two houses overlooking the Strand, between Arundel Street and Norfolk Street, lived Bishop Burnet, and next door to him resided his friend Sir Thomas Lyttleton, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of William the Third. Burnet’s residence continued in the possession of his family till the middle of the last century, at which period it was occupied by a bookseller of the same name, who was collaterally descended from the Bishop.

In Arundel Street, Thomas Rymer, the compiler of the "Fœdera," died in 1713. John Anstis, the antiquary and herald, was also residing here in 1716.

Norfolk Street has many interesting associations. At the south-west corner lived William Penn, the legislator of Pennsylvania, and in the same house afterwards resided the indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Birch. In Norfolk Street also lived for many years, William Shippen, the celebrated Tory leader in the House of Commons in the reigns of George the First and George the Second. Such was his reputation for strict integrity, in public as well as in private life, that he obtained the name of "the English Cato." Pope says of him,—

I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As honest Shippen, or downright Montaigne.

And Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in his "Election of a Poet Laureate," writes,—

To Shippen Apollo was cold with respect ;
But said, in a greater assembly he shined,
As places are things he had ever declined.

Shippen's House, in Norfolk Street, was long the rendezvous of all the talent, rank, and wit of the age in which he lived. He was a staunch and avowed adherent of the House of Stuart, and is well known to have been sent to the Tower for an insulting remark which he made on George the First, in the House of Commons. "The only infelicity," he said, "of his Majesty's reign, is his ignorance of our language and constitution." Of his great antagonist,

Sir Robert Walpole, he said,—“Robin and I are two honest men ; he is for King George, and I for King James.” A compliment paid by Walpole to Shippen was still more flattering :—“I will not say,” he remarked, “who was corrupted, but I will say who was not corruptible : that man was Shippen.”

In Norfolk Street, near the water-side, Peter the Great was lodged on his first arrival in England, in 1698. At No. 42, also, in this street, resided Coleridge, the poet, previous to his removal to the friendly mansion of Mr. Gilman, at Highgate. Sir Roger de Coverley is mentioned in the “Spectator” as lodging in Norfolk Street.

In Howard Street, which intersects Norfolk Street and Surrey Street, lived the charming actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle ; and close to her resided, at one period, her friend and lover, William Congreve. Her contemporary, Colley Cibber, has drawn a charming picture of her in his Apology for his Life. “Her youth and lively aspect,” he says, “threw out such a glow of health and cheerfulness, that on the stage few spectators, that were not past it, could behold her without desire. It was even a fashion among the gay and young to have a taste, or *tendre*, for Mrs. Bracegirdle. She inspired the best authors to write for her ; and two of them, when they gave her a lover in the play, seemed palpably to plead their own passion, and make their private court to her in fictitious characters.” The two authors here alluded to were Congreve and Rowe, both of whom are said to have been enamoured of her. Congreve’s admi-

ration is well known; but if Rowe was really her lover, he certainly showed his affection in a singular manner. In some bantering verses which he composed on her, he encourages Lord Scarsdale not to be ashamed to marry her, notwithstanding her father was only an inn-keeper at Northampton.

Do not, most fragrant earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle, the brown;
But publicly espouse the dame,
And say, confound the town.

On the night of the 9th December 1692, Howard Street and Norfolk Street were the scenes of a distressing tragedy, of which Mrs. Bracegirdle was the innocent cause. A Captain Richard Hill, a man of depraved habits and headstrong passions, had fallen violently in love with her; but his addresses not only having been received with coldness but with disdain, he determined by foul means, if not by fair, to gain possession of her person. Accordingly, having obtained the assistance of his friend, Lord Mohun, a man even more notoriously profligate than himself, they proceeded to Drury Lane, with the intention of carrying off the beautiful actress as she quitted the theatre. From some cause she was not acting on this particular night; but Lord Mohun and Hill, learning that she was gone to supper at the house of Mr. Page, in Prince's Street, Drury Lane, proceeded thither with some ruffians, said to be soldiers, whose services they had hired for the occasion. After lurking

about the house for some time, the door at length opened, and Mrs. Bracegirdle made her appearance, accompanied by her mother and brother; their host at the same time attending them with a light. She was immediately seized hold of by Hill, who endeavoured, with the assistance of his myrmidons, to force her into a coach which they had in readiness, in which Lord Mohun was seated with a loaded pistol in each hand. Her own violent struggles, however,—the resistance made by her mother, who flung her arms round her daughter's waist and passionately clung to her,—as well as the active opposition offered by the master of the house, succeeded in keeping the ruffians at bay, till the arrival of timely assistance, when the subordinate actors in the affair hurried off in different directions. Every particular of this strange narrative throws a curious light on the manners of the time, and especially on the defenceless state of the streets of London after night-fall. Mrs. Bracegirdle was conducted by her friends to her house in Howard Street; and it might have been expected that, for that night at least, the discomfited ruffians would have ceased from any other attempt at violence and outrage. On the contrary, Captain Hill and Lord Mohun persisted in attending the object of their persecution to Howard Street; and under the impudent pretence of apologising for their misconduct, attempted to force their way into the house. Failing in their object of obtaining admittance, it appears that they sent for wine from the Horseshoe Tavern, in Drury Lane,

which they drank in the open street, parading up and down before Mrs. Bracegirdle's house, with drawn swords in their hands, to the great terror of its inmates.

The motive for this additional outrage was afterwards explained by the evidence given at Lord Mohun's trial. Hill it appears, on his addresses being rejected by Mrs. Bracegirdle, had conceived the impression that his discomfiture was owing to her affections having been fixed on a successful rival. The person on whom his suspicions fell was William Mountfort, the actor; and this apparently from no better reason than that this admirable personifier of human nature was in the habit of acting the lover to Mrs. Bracegirdle's heroines; Hill imagining that the passionate declarations of love which Mountfort addressed to her on the stage, represented the true feelings of his own heart. Accordingly, on the night in question, frustrated in his designs of obtaining possession of Mrs. Bracegirdle's person, and probably disordered by the wine he had drunk, he openly expressed his determination of wreaking his revenge on Mountfort, whose house was situated within a few yards from that of Mrs. Bracegirdle. With great consideration, she sent messengers in search of Mountfort, to warn him of the danger which awaited him; but unfortunately, he was from home at the time, and his frightened wife knew not in what quarter he was likely to be met with.

It may readily be wondered at that such scenes

as these should have been allowed to take place in the streets of London without any interruption on the part of the police. The assistance of the watch, it appears, was called in; but either unwilling to interfere with the amusements of a peer of the realm, or overawed by the drawn swords of the rioters, they acted a very strange part on the occasion. Lord Mohun was appealed to by them, to sheathe his sword, which he readily complied with; on which the same request was made to Captain Hill, who replied that he was unable to do so, having lost the scabbard. The watch then entreated them to go peaceably home; after which—ostensibly for the purpose of making inquiries respecting them at the tavern where the wine had been purchased—they took their own departure. By this time, the unfortunate Mountfort had made his appearance in the street. He was at first addressed in a friendly manner by Lord Mohun, till happening to turn the conversation to the late attempt made to carry off Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mountfort expressed his regret that his lordship should have been induced to assist such a “pitiful fellow” as Captain Hill, in so infamous an outrage. Immediately, Hill struck him a violent blow on the head with his left hand, which was as speedily followed by his running him through the body with the sword which he held in the other. Mountford died of his wounds the next day, exculpating Lord Mohun of having offered him any violence, but declaring, with his latest breath, that he was first struck, and afterwards stabbed

by Hill, before he had time to draw his own sword, and to put himself in an attitude of defence. Hill contrived to escape from justice, nor has his subsequent fate been ascertained. Lord Mohun was tried by his peers, but from want of sufficient evidence, was acquitted. It is needless to remind the reader that a few years afterwards he fell in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton, in Hyde Park. He was the last male descendant of that powerful Norman family, of whom the founder, Sir William de Mohun, had been the companion-in-arms of William the Conqueror, and who, at the Battle of Hastings, numbered no fewer than forty-seven knights in his retinue. The house in which the unfortunate Mountfort lived was on the east side of Norfolk Street, two doors from the south-west corner of Howard Street.

We have already mentioned that Congreve, the poet, lived at one period in Howard Street. From hence he removed to Surrey Street, where his solitude was often cheered by the society of four of the most beautiful women of their day,—Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Oldfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough. To the last, though afflicted with gout and blindness, he appears to have affected that character for gallantry and successful intrigue which he had successfully achieved in his more youthful days. Every one remembers the charming compliment paid to his social qualities by Lady Mary Wortley Montague:—

And when the long hours of the public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last ;
May every fond pleasure that moment endear,
Be banished afar both discretion and fear ;
Forgetting, or scorning, the airs of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud ;
Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

It was probably in Surrey Street, that Congreve received his well-known visit from Voltaire, when the latter was so much disgusted at Congreve's foppery, in expressing his preference to the reputation of being a man of fashion to literary fame. "If you had been so unfortunate," said Voltaire, "as to have been a mere gentleman, I should never have taken the trouble of coming to see you." Congreve breathed his last in Surrey Street, on the 19th of January 1729.

At one of the corner houses of Surrey Street lived Edward Pierce, eminent as a sculptor in the reign of Charles the Second. Of his works, however, little is now known, but that he carved the four dragons on the monument, and a rich vase at Hampton Court. He died at his house in Surrey Street, in 1698, and was buried in the neighbouring chapel of St. Mary-le-Savoy. George Sale, the eminent Oriental scholar, and translator of the Koran, also died in Surrey Street, in 1736.

Nearly at the end of Surrey Street, is the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, built by James Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's Church in the Fields, between the years 1714 and 1717. The old church,

which was pulled down by the Protector Somerset to make room for his new palace, stood on the south side of the Strand, on the site of the east end of the present Somerset House. The modern church, which is one of much pretension, has had many admirers, and still more detractors. Its chief defects are its profuse and confused ornaments, and the steeple being too lofty for the size of the building. The façade and tower have much merit. The interior of the church is striking, and the pulpit beautifully carved.

On the occasion of the proclamation of peace in 1802, a serious accident occurred at this church. As the heralds were passing, a person on the roof of the church happened to press heavily against one of the large stone urns with which it is ornamented. The urn suddenly gave way, and was precipitated among the dense mass of spectators below, of whom three were taken up dead. Those who witnessed its descent raised a cry of horror, and such was the confusion, that several persons were seriously injured. So great was the weight of the ornament, and the force of the fall, that it buried itself more than a foot deep in the ground. The person, who was the cause of the accident, fortunately at the moment preserved his equilibrium, and escaped unhurt; but such was the effect on his nervous system, that immediately afterwards he fell down in a swoon, and remained for some time insensible.

Close to St. Mary's Church, apparently between

the end of Drury Lane, and the east end of Somerset House, stood anciently a stone cross; "whereof," says Stow, "I read that in the year 1294, and divers other times, the justices itinerant sat without London." On the site of the present church, rose anciently the famous Maypole.

Amidst the area wide, they took their stand,
Where the tall Maypole once o'erlooked the Strand;
But now, as Anne and piety ordain,
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane.

Dunciad.

In 1644 the Parliament decreed that "all and singular Maypoles be taken down," and accordingly the Maypole in the Strand shared the fate of its brethren. Among the minor features which displayed the satisfaction of the people of England at the restoration of Charles the Second, was the extraordinary delight and ceremony with which they restored their favourite Maypoles. The famous one in the Strand was re-erected in the midst of a vast concourse of people, whose joyous countenances and hearty acclamations displayed the delight with which they hailed their emancipation from the gloomy rule of the Puritans. Streamers waved, drums beat, and trumpets sounded; while the morrice-dancers, "finely decked with purple scarfs, in their half shirts," danced round and round it with their ancient music of tabor and pipe. Old Aubrey, speaking of the restoration of the Maypoles, observes—"At the Strand, near Drury Lane, was set up the most prodigious one for height that

was ever seen: they were fain, I remember, to have the assistance of the sea-man's art to elevate it: that which remains (being broken with a high wind, I think about 1672) is but two parts of three of the whole height from the ground, besides what is in the earth." The Maypole in the Strand is said to have been restored at the expense of John Clarges, blacksmith, the father of the notorious Anne Clarges, the mistress and afterwards the wife of George Monk, the great Duke of Albemarle. It was taken down in 1717, and presented by the parish to Sir Isaac Newton, who caused it to be erected in Wanstead Park, where it was converted to the honourable purpose of supporting the largest telescope then known.

The open space in which the Maypole stood is said to have been the first stand for hackney-coaches established in London. Mr. Garrard writes to the Earl of Strafford, in 1634:—"I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though never so trivial. Here is one Captain Bailly; he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this City, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same places and perform their journeys at the same rate: so that sometimes there

is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are had everywhere, as watermen are to be had by the water-side. Everybody is much pleased with it: for whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

In 1677 a mysterious duel was fought under the Maypole in the Strand, in which one of the combatants was killed. This person was a Mr. Robert Percival, the second son of Sir John Percival, baronet. He is described as a youth of extraordinary abilities; but unfortunately preferring a life of pleasure to more sober pursuits, he indulged in excesses which brought him to an early and violent end. By the time he was twenty years of age he is said to have fought no fewer than nineteen duels. His body was discovered under the Maypole with a deep wound under his left breast; his sword, which was drawn and bloody, lying beside him. The name of his antagonist was never ascertained. Near his body, indeed, was found a hat, with a bunch of flowers in it, which was supposed to belong to the celebrated Beau Fielding; but there was no evidence to bring it home to him. A little before his tragical end, Percival is said to have seen his own spectre, "bloody and ghastly," which so affected him that he fell into a swoon. "Upon his recovery," says Granger, "he went immediately to Sir Robert Southwell, his uncle, to whom he related the particulars of this ghostly appearance which were recorded, word for word, by the late

Lord Egmont, as he received them from the mouth of Sir Robert, who communicated them to him a little before his death."

In the Strand, opposite to Somerset House, died Dr. William King, the friend of Swift, and the author of several satirical and humorous poems which are not yet forgotten. He died on the 25th of December 1712, in great distress, occasioned by a career of indolence, intemperance, and a love of pleasure. At the bar of the Somerset Coffee House, at the east corner of the entrance to King's College, the letters of Junius were occasionally left.

"Over against" Catherine Street, now No. 141, at the sign of the Shakespeare's Head, Jacob Tonson at one period carried on his business as a bookseller. It was afterwards successively occupied by Millar and Cadell, the two most eminent publishers of the last century.

On the north side of the Strand, Exeter Hall points out nearly the site of old Exeter 'Change, famous in our time for its exhibition of wild beasts and its bazaar. It is described in the last century as containing "two walks below stairs, and as many above; with shops on each side for sempsters, milliners, hosiers, &c., the builders judging it would come in great request." It was in Exeter 'Change that the remains of Gay, the poet, rested on their way from the residence of the Duke of Queensberry, in Burlington Gardens, where he died, to his last home in Westminster Abbey. "His body," we are told, "was brought by the company

of upholders from the Duke of Queensberry's to Exeter 'Change in the Strand; whence, after lying in very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning coaches and six horses, to Westminster Abbey, at eight o'clock in the evening." The pall-bearers were the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Cornbury, the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dormer, Mr. Gore, and Pope. Exeter 'Change was built in the latter part of the reign of Charles the Second, on the site of part of the residence of the great Lord Burleigh, and was taken down in 1829, to make room for modern improvements.

Nearly opposite are Beaufort Buildings, so called from having been built on the site of Worcester House, the residence of the Dukes of Beaufort. At the corner-house, now occupied by Messrs. Ackerman, lived Lillie, the perfumer, commemorated in the "Tatler" and "Spectator." In Beaufort Buildings also lived at one period the illustrious novelist, Henry Fielding. We sincerely regret that we cannot point out the identical residence of the greatest writer of prose fiction of any age.

In Southampton Street, nearly opposite to Cecil Street, Congreve once resided. Here the beautiful actress, Mrs. Oldfield, was living in 1712;* and

* "All the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate, both real and personal, that I shall be possessed of, or any ways entitled unto, at the time of my decease, I do give, devise, and bequeath the same unto Mrs. Anne Oldfield, now living in New Southampton Street, in the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and to her son

at No. 27, Garrick was residing immediately before he removed to the Adelphi.

On the south side of the Strand are Salisbury Street and Cecil Street, running parallel with each other, erected on the site of Cecil House, built by Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury. In Cecil Street, and afterwards in Salisbury Street, lived the mountebank and astrologer, John Partridge. After his death we find an advertisement setting forth that "Dr. Partridge's night-drops, night-pills, &c., and other medicines of his own preparing, continue to be sold as before by his widow, at the Blue Ball, in Salisbury Street, near the Strand." At the end of Salisbury Street are Salisbury Stairs, the water entrance to Cecil House. At the commencement of the present century Dr. Wollaston was residing at No. 18, Cecil Street.

To the west of Salisbury Street is Durham Street, occupying the site of the ancient London residence of the Bishops of Durham. Here, on the site of its stables, was erected, in 1608, the New Exchange, rendered classic ground by Dryden, Wycherley, and Etherege. It was opened with great ceremony; James the First and the royal family being present. It consisted of a large area both below and above, called the Upper and Lower Walk, in which were rows of shops or stalls, commonly called Arthur Maynwarding, otherwise called Arthur Oldfield, to be equally divided between them the said Anne and Arthur."—*Last Will of Arthur Maynwarding, Esq.*, "Memoirs of Mrs. Oldfield," p. 79.

chiefly occupied by milliners and sempstresses. Like the Royal Exchange, it long continued to be the resort of the fashionable, the idle, and the gay. The Lower Walk was not only a fashionable promenade, but also a favourite place of assignation in the days of Charles the Second. At the New Exchange, Pepys mentions his purchasing sarcenet petticoats, with "black broad lace round the bottom and before," for his pretty wife; and here the "Spectator" ridicules the young fop of the day, who cannot buy a pair of gloves, but he is straining for some ingenious ribaldry to say to the young woman who helps them on." In the reign of Queen Anne, when country gentlemen brought their wives and daughters to London, they were in the habit of taking lodgings for them in the immediate vicinity of the New Exchange, as being the centre of the world of fashion.

A tragical affair occurred here in 1654. A Mr. Gerard, having met with some affront in the public promenade from Don Pantaleon de Saa, a Knight of Malta, and brother to the Portuguese Ambassador, he resented it in such insulting terms that the Portuguese determined on a deadly revenge. Accordingly, the next day he repaired to the Exchange with some hired bravoës, who, mistaking another gentleman for Mr. Gerard, stabbed him to death, while walking with his sister on one side of him and his mistress on the other. The assassins, including Don Pantaleon, were tried, found guilty, and executed. In the

mean time, it had so happened that Mr. Gerard had been arrested for his share in a conspiracy to assassinate Oliver Cromwell and to seize on the Tower of London. He, too, was tried and found guilty; and by a singular coincidence (or, as Lord Clarendon styles it, "a very exemplary piece of justice"), Gerard and Pantaleon suffered on the same scaffold. Gerard set his antagonist an example of intrepidity which the other was slow in following. "Don Pantaleon," says Clarendon, "was brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill as soon as Mr. Gerard was executed, where he lost his head with less grace than his antagonist had done."

A strange and romantic story, in connexion with the New Exchange, is related both by Pennant and Walpole. "Above stairs," says the former, "sat, in the character of a milliner, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife to Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland, under James the Second. A female, suspected to have been his duchess, after his death supported herself for a few days (till she was known and otherwise provided for), by the little trade of this place, and had delicacy enough to wish not to be detected: she sat in a white mask, and a white dress, and was known by the name of the *White Milliner*." This was the beautiful coquette, Frances Jennings, whose frolics and whose charms are painted in such lively colours in the pages of De Grammont, and to whom both Charles the Second and his brother, the Duke of York, made dishonourable

love. That the story of her being reduced to seek a precarious subsistence as a milliner, in the New Exchange, is not only apocryphal but untrue, we firmly believe. We have evidence that after the death of the Duke her husband, she retired to, and resided on, the Continent. It is known, too, that she enjoyed a small pension from the French court, as well as a jointure on some Irish property; and, though we learn from the letters of her brother-in-law, the great Duke of Marlborough, that the latter was very irregularly paid, yet, under all the circumstances, and also with the claims which she had on the generosity of the exiled monarch, it is scarcely possible to believe that one of such high connexions was ever reduced to absolute want. Moreover, the Duke of Marlborough, notwithstanding his notorious penuriousness, would scarcely have allowed his sister-in-law to descend to so degraded a position. It has been said, indeed, that she lived upon bad terms with her sister, the haughty Duchess; but the recent publication of some of the Duke of Marlborough's private letters, go far to disprove the fact. At the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne, the New Exchange had ceased to be the resort of the fashionable world; and in 1737 it was razed to the ground.

Opposite to Durham Yard, adjoining No. 418, in the Strand, may be seen a small passage, which still bears the name of New Exchange Court. It leads into an obscure area, in which is a public house of venerable appearance, bearing the name of the "Old

Thatched House." An inscription informs us that this was once the dairy of Nell Gwynn.

In Durham Yard resided Mother Beaulie, a notorious procuress in the days of Charles the Second. Her house is said to have been frequented by Maurice Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, when he came to England with Crequi, in 1677, to treat concerning the marriage of the Dauphin of France, with the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of York.*

Dr. Johnson, in a letter dated 31st March 1741, incidentally mentions that he had recently "removed to the "Black Boy," in the Strand, over against Durham Yard."

A great portion of the site of old Durham Palace, is now occupied by the range of buildings known as the Adelphi. They were erected by two brothers (from whence the word Adelphi, or ΑΔΕΛΦΟΙ), of the names of Robert and John Adam; from whom Robert Street, John Street and Adam Street, derive their names. In the centre house of the Adelphi Terrace, overlooking the Thames (No. 5), lived and died David Garrick, whose death, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "eclipsed the gaiety of nations." One of the most interesting of Hannah More's letters, is that in which she describes her visit to her friend Mrs. Garrick, immediately after the death of the great actor. She had been summoned to London at the express desire of the disconsolate widow, in hopes of being able to administer comfort to her in her

* See "Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood," vol. ii. 266.

great affliction. "She was prepared for meeting me:" writes Hannah More; "she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes; at last she whispered,—‘I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.’ She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure, ‘The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is His will that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for He gives astonishing strength to my body and *grace* to my heart!—neither do I deserve; but I am thankful for both.’ She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God’s will. She told me they had just returned from Althorpe, Lord Spencer’s, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday he was in good spirits and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr. Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon, who was sent for to blister and bleed him, made light of his illness, assuring Mrs. Garrick that

he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning she desired to be called if there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said, ‘Oh! dear,’ and yielded up his spirit without a groan, and in his perfect senses, I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday,” adds Hannah More, “where I found food for meditation, till the mind bursts with thinking. His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi; but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and besides, it is so quiet that he will never be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday.” During the time that preparations were making for the funeral, Mrs. Garrick remained at the house of a friend, but, immediately after the ceremony she returned to the Adelphi. “On Wednesday night,” says Hannah More, “we came to the Adelphi,—to this house! She bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed in which he had died that day fortnight! She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her, the next day, how she went through it? she told me Very well; that

she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure."

It was not till upwards of two years after her husband's death, that Mrs. Garrick again opened her house in the Adelphi to that intellectual circle with which the great actor had delighted to surround himself. Boswell, speaking of the 20th of April 1701, observes,—“Mrs. Garrick had this day, for the first time since his death, a select party of his friends to dine with her. The company was, Miss Hannah More, who lived with her, and whom she called her chaplain; Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, Dr. Johnson, and myself. We found ourselves very elegantly entertained at her house in the Adelphi, where I have passed many a pleasing hour with him ‘who gladdened life.’ She looked well, talked of her husband with complacency; and while she cast her eyes on his portrait which hung over the chimney-piece, said, that ‘death was now the most agreeable object to her.’ The very semblance of David Garrick was cheering.” Boswell informs us, that after quitting the house, Johnson and he remained a short time by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames. “I said to him, with some emotion, that I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us, Beauclerk and Garrick. ‘Ay, Sir,’ said he, tenderly, ‘and two such friends as cannot be supplied.’”

Garrick expired on the 20th of January 1779, in

the back room of the first floor. Forty-three years afterwards, in October 1822, his venerable widow, the once beautiful and celebrated Violette, quietly breathed her last while seated in her arm-chair, in the front drawing-room of the same house.

In John Street, Adelphi, is the Society of Arts, established on the 22d March 1754. "The great room of the society," we are told, "was for several years the place where many persons chose to try, or to display, their oratorical abilities. Dr. Goldsmith, I remember, made an attempt at a speech, but was obliged to sit down in confusion. I once heard Dr. Johnson speak there, upon a subject relative to mechanics, with a propriety, perspicuity, and energy which excited general admiration."* Here are to be seen the six famous pictures by James Barry, which alone render it well worthy of a visit.

To the west of the Adelphi are York Buildings, which derive their name from the palace of the Archbishops of York, which anciently occupied their site. These buildings consist chiefly of George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, and Buckingham Street, so called from the last inhabitant of this princely palace, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. As Pennant observes, "*Even the particle of is not forgotten, being preserved in Of-alley.*" At the end of Buckingham Street still stands the beautiful gateway or water-entrance to York House, the work of Inigo Jones.

The house in York Buildings, occupied by Peter

* Kippis, Biog. Brit. vol. vi. p. 266.

the Great, during his visit to London, in 1698, is said to have been the one in the east corner of Buckingham Street, overlooking the Thames. It has been since rebuilt. William the Third was unremitting in his attentions to his illustrious visitor, and more than once paid a social visit to the Czar, at his apartments, in York Buildings. During one of those interviews, there occurred an incident, which, in a more stately and polished court, would have been strangely subversive of courtly decorum. "The King," says Lord Dartmouth, "made the Czar a visit, in which an odd incident happened—the Czar had a favourite monkey which sat upon the back of his chair: as soon as the King was sat down, the monkey jumped upon him in some wrath, which discomposed the whole ceremonial, and most part of the time was afterwards spent in apologies for the monkey's misbehaviour."*

It was not improbably in the crowded thoroughfare of the Strand, that the following still more amusing adventure occurred to the Czar. He was one day, we are told, walking in one of the streets of London, with the Marquis of Carmarthen, who had been selected to be his *cicerone*, when a porter, bearing a heavy weight upon his back, pushed against him with so much violence, as to overturn him in the kennel. In the highest degree irritated, the Czar, immediately that he recovered his legs, made a rush at the offender, with the

* Burnet's "History of his Own Time," vol. iv. p. 406, note by Lord Dartmouth.

intention of striking him. Lord Carmarthen, however, apprehending that in a pugilistic encounter, the porter would, in all probability, have the advantage, interfered with so much promptitude as to prevent further hostilities. Turning angrily to the porter—"Do not you know," said the Marquis, "that this is the Czar?" The man's countenance lighted up with an impudent grin:—"Czar!" he said, "we are all *Czars* here."

The large building, at the south-west corner of Buckingham Street, was once the residence of Samuel Pepys, who took up his abode here in 1684. This house has also been inhabited by Etty, the Royal Academician, and Stanfield, the landscape painter.

In the latter part of the reign of Charles the Second, Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset,—

The best good man, with the worst-natured muse,

was residing in Buckingham Street; and in this street, near the water-side, a still more celebrated man, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was residing in 1708. John Henderson, the actor died in Buckingham Street, in 1785.

In Villiers Street, the virtuous and high-minded John Evelyn, was, at one period residing. He writes, "On the 17th of November 1683, I took a house in Villiers Street, York Buildings, for the winter, having many important concerns to dispatch, and for the education of my daughters." Sir Richard Steele was residing in this street, in 1721.

Close to Villiers Street, is Hungerford Market, which stands on the site of the town mansion of the Hungerfords, of Fairleigh, in Somersetshire; adjoining which is Craven Street. At No. 7, in this street, the great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, lived for some time; and at No. 27, James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," breathed his last, on the 24th December 1839. The following pleasing trifle, composed by him during his residence in this street, is perhaps familiar to most of our readers:—

In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal-barges are moored at its base;
Fly, Honesty, fly! seek some safer retreat,
For there 's *craft* in the river and *craft* in the street.

This epigram drew from Sir George Rose the following retort. They are said to have been written extempore at a dinner party:—

Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys and barges?—'od rot 'em!
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom.

The house adjoining Northumberland House, on the Strand side, was long the official residence of the Secretary of State. Here resided Sir Harry Vane, the elder, at the time when he held that appointment under Charles the First; and here lived Sir Edward Nicholas, when Secretary of State to Charles the Second.

In Hartshorne Lane, now Northumberland Street, the parents of Ben Jonson were residing at the

time when the future dramatist attended "a private school," in the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. "Though I cannot," says Fuller, "with all my industrious inquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorne Lane, near Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband." At the south end of Northumberland Street, on the site of what is now Wood's Coal Wharf, stood the residence of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, whose position as an opulent timber merchant led to his appointment to the magistracy and to his untimely fate.

RESIDENCES OF THE OLD NOBILITY IN
THE STRAND.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.—STORY OF ITS FOUNDER.—HUNGERFORD HOUSE.—YORK HOUSE.—ITS MAGNIFICENCE WHEN POSSESSED BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.—DURHAM HOUSE.—SALISBURY AND WORCESTER HOUSES. — SAVOY PALACE. — ITS HISTORY. — SAVOY CHAPEL. — D'OYLEY'S WAREHOUSE. — ARUNDEL HOUSE. — ESSEX HOUSE.—HISTORY OF THE EARLS OF ESSEX.

NORTHUMBERLAND House stands on the site of a chapel, or hospital, founded in the reign of Richard the Third, by William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, by whom it was dedicated to St. Mary Rouncivall, and constituted by him an appendage to the priory of Roncesvalles, in Navarre. It was suppressed by Henry the Fifth among the alien priories, but was afterwards restored by Edward the Fourth. Shortly after the dissolution of the monastic houses, the ground on which it stood was granted by Edward the Sixth to Sir Thomas Cawarden.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the property passed into the hands of the notorious Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton,—second son of the gifted and ill-fated Earl of Surrey,—who erected a mansion on the spot, about the year 1605, after the designs, it is said, of Bernard Jansen and Gerard Christmas, two well-known architects in the reign of James the First. It is not improbable, however, that the

Earl had himself a share in designing the edifice, inasmuch as Lloyd informs us that he was the principal architect of his other princely mansion, Audley End.

The story of the founder of Northumberland House is a somewhat singular one. He himself used to relate, that when a mere infant it was predicted to his father, by an Italian astrologer, that in middle life his son would be so reduced as to be in want of a meal, but that in old age his wealth would be abundant. At the time that the prediction was made, there certainly appeared but very little probability that a scion of the powerful House of Howard would ever be in want. Nevertheless the prediction was fulfilled. In consequence of the attainder and execution of his grandfather, the Duke of Norfolk, and the consequent forfeiture of his estate, his family became so impoverished, that, to use the words of his biographer, the Earl was often fain "to dine with Duke Humphrey." It was observed of him by one of his adulators, that "he was the most learned amongst the noble, and the most noble amongst the learned." Every other account of him, however, which has been bequeathed to us by his contemporaries, describes him as a dangerous and insidious man, constantly on the watch to make dupes of his fellow-creatures, and versed in all the arts of "cunning flatteries," of dissimulation and intrigue. It is not improbable, indeed, that in Northumberland House were hatched those dark designs (half

of which are still veiled in mystery), which led to the divorce of his abandoned niece, the Countess of Essex, from her youthful lord, and to the subsequent frightful murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. That Northampton, notwithstanding he had attained to his seventieth year, was deeply and darkly implicated in these infamous intrigues, there cannot be a doubt. Sir Jervis Elways, in his dying moments on the scaffold, passionately accused him of having “drawn him into the villany which brought him to that shameful end.” And yet the old Earl died calmly in his bed,—apparently without the least compunction of conscience. His death took place at Northampton House, as Northumberland House was then styled, on the 15th of June 1614, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. There is extant a curious letter, addressed by him in his last moments to his companion in crime, the Earl of Somerset, written in the full consciousness that his days were numbered. Not only, however, do we find no reference in it to the fearful crime in which they had apparently been joint actors, but the letter is creditable to him as exhibiting a kindly interest in the faithful followers whom he was compelled to leave unprovided for behind him. After preferring a few requests in their behalf,—“Assurance,” he says, “from your Lordship, that you will effect those final requests, shall send my spirit out of this transitory tabernacle with as much comfort and content as the bird flies to the mountain.” And he concludes;—“Fare-

well, noble lord ; and the last farewell in the last letter that ever I look to write to any man. I presume confidently on your favour in these poor suits, and will be, both living and dying, your affectionate friend and servant, *H. Northampton.*"

None are all evil ; quickening round the heart,
Some softer feeling will not quite depart.

On the death of the Earl of Northampton, Northumberland House passed into the possession of his nephew, Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, whose profligate political intrigues, in the reign of James the First, are but too well known. From this period it became known as Suffolk House, and apparently gave the name to the present Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. It continued to be the London residence of the Earls of Suffolk, till the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Theophilus, the second Earl, with Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, when it passed, as a part of the portion of the bride, into the hands of the Percys, and thenceforward became known as Northumberland House.

Evelyn, in his "Diary," mentions a visit which he paid to Northumberland House, in June 1658. Under its roof, too, it was, that two years afterwards General Monk carried on those famous intrigues which led to the restoration of the House of Stuart.

Horace Walpole, in his delightful letters, has bequeathed us more than one interesting account of visits which he paid to Northumberland House. From hence he describes himself sallying forth with

a merry party to visit the famous ghost in Cock Lane; and on another occasion he gives us a graphic description of an unlucky dinner to which he had the misfortune of being invited at this princely mansion. To the Earl of Hertford he writes on the 7th of April 1765,—“Now for my disaster: you will laugh at it, though it was woful to me. I was to dine at Northumberland House, and went a little after four. There I found the Countess, Lady Betty Mekinsy, Lady Strafford; my Lady Finlater, who was never out of Scotland before, a tall lad of fifteen, her son; Lord Drogheda and Mr. Worseley. At five arrived Mr. Mitchell, who said the Lords had begun to read the Poor Bill, which would take at least two hours, and perhaps would debate it afterwards. We concluded dinner would be called for, it not being very precedented for ladies to wait for gentlemen:—no such thing. Six o'clock came,—seven o'clock came,—our coaches came,—well! we sent them away, and excuses were we were engaged. Still the Countess's heart did not relent, nor uttered a syllable of apology. We wore out the wind and the weather, the opera and the play, Mrs. Cornely's and Almack's, and every topic that would do in a formal circle. We hinted, represented,—in vain. The clock struck eight: my lady, at last, said she would go and order dinner; but it was a good half-hour before it appeared. We then sat down to a table for fourteen covers; but instead of substantials, there was nothing but a profusion of plates striped red, green, and yellow,

gilt plate, blacks, and uniforms! My Lady Finlater, who had never seen those embroidered dinners, nor dined after three, was famished. The first course stayed as long as possible, in hopes of the Lords; so did the second. The dessert at last arrived, and the middle dish was actually set on when Lord Finlater and Mr. Mackay arrived. Would you believe it?—the desert was remanded, and the whole first course brought back again! Stay, I have not done:—just as this second first course had done its duty, Lord Northumberland, Lord Strafford, and Mekinsy came in, and the whole began a third time! Then the second course and the dessert! I thought we should have dropped from our chairs with fatigue and fumes! When the clock struck eleven, we were asked to return to the drawing-room and drink tea and coffee, but I said I was engaged to supper, and came home to bed. My dear lord, think of four hours and a half in a circle of mixed company, and three great dinners, one after another, without interruption;—no, it exceeded our day at Lord Archer's!"

Northumberland House consisted originally of only three sides of a quadrangle. It was about the middle of the seventeenth century that Algernon the tenth Earl, disliking the noise of the street, erected the south, or river front. Of the original edifice but little now remains.

Close to Northumberland House stood Hungerford House, which, as we have already mentioned, was the residence of the Hungerfords of Fair-

leigh Castle, in Somersetshire. Its last occupant was Sir Edward Hungerford, created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles the Second, in whose life-time it was taken down and converted into tenements and a market. Over the old market was a large apartment, called "the French Church," which was afterwards used as the parish school-room of St. Martin's in the Fields.

Perhaps the most interesting of the magnificent mansions in the Strand was York House, originally the *inn*, or London Residence of the Bishops of Norwich, and during their occupancy known as Norwich House. From the See of Norwich it passed by exchange, into the hands of the monks of St. Bennet Holme, in Norfolk; and in 1535, became the property of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the husband of Mary, daughter of Henry the Seventh, and widow of Louis the Twelfth of France. After the death of Henry the second and last Duke, Suffolk Place, as it was then styled, passed into the hands of the crown, and, in the reign of Queen Mary, was granted to the Archbishops of York, who, from the time that Henry the Eighth had deprived them of their palace at Whitehall, had possessed no fixed residence in London.

For many years we find York House, the residence of the Keepers of the Great Seal, to whom it was probably leased by the Archbishops of York. Here Sir Nicholas Bacon resided during the time he was Lord Keeper, and under its roof his successor, and here he died in 1597; Lord Chancellor

Egerton breathed his last in 1616--17. Here the great Lord Bacon first saw the light; and on his succeeding Egerton, as Lord Chancellor, he again took up his abode in the home of his boyhood. His manner of living at York House appears to have been splendid in the extreme, more especially during the period he was left Regent of the kingdom during the progress of James the First into Scotland. "The aviary in York House," says Aubrey, "was built by his lordship and cost 300*l*. Every meal, according to the season of the year, he had his table strewed with sweet herbs and flowers, which he said did refresh his spirits and memory. When he was at his house at Gorham-bury, St. Albans seemed as if the court had been there, so nobly did he live. His servants had liveries with his crest; his watermen were more employed by gentlemen than even the King's." Immediately before his disgrace, Lord Bacon celebrated, at York House, the anniversary of his sixtieth year; an event which Ben Jonson commemorated in the following verses:—

Hail, happy Genius of this ancient pile !
How comes it all things so about thee smile ?
The fire, the wine, the men ? and in the midst
Thou stand'st, as if some mystery thou didst !
Pardon I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray ;
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
Since Bacon, and thy lord, was born, and here ;
Son to the grave wise Keeper of the Seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.

What then his father was, that since is he
Now with a little more to the degree—
England's High Chancellor, the destined heir
In his soft cradle to his father's chair,
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool—
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own,
Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may sing
In raising him, the wisdom of my king.

Aubrey relates the following anecdote in connexion with Lord Bacon's residence at York House:—"His lordship being in York House garden, looking on fishers as they were throwing their net, asked them what they would take for their draught: they answered so much: his lordship would offer them no more but so much. They drew up their net, and in it were only two or three little fishes. His lordship then told them, it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied, they thought to have had a better draught: but said his lordship, 'Hope is a good breakfast, but an ill supper.'" In vain the Duke of Lennox attempted to persuade Lord Bacon to part with York House. "For this you will pardon me," he said, "York House is the house where my father died, and where I first breathed; and there will I yield my last breath, if so please God and the King." It was in York House, in May 1621, that Lord Bacon,—a disgraced courtier and cringing penitent,—delivered up the Great Seal to the Committee of Peers, who had been sent to demand it from him. "It was the King's favour," he said,

“that gave me this; and it is through my own fault that he has taken it away.” When the instrument was subsequently delivered to James the First, he muttered some words denoting the difficulty he should find in selecting a successor. “As to my lawyers,” he said, “they are all knaves.”

Shortly after the disgrace of Lord Bacon (1624), James the First obtained York House in exchange for certain lands, and conferred it on his favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. who had previously leased it of Archbishop Matthew. Under the Duke’s auspices, and with his exquisite taste, York House became perhaps the most magnificent private mansion in Europe. The internal decorations are described as gorgeous in the extreme, while his collection of pictures was unrivalled, except by that of his royal master, Charles the First. As regards the famous entertainments which he gave in York House, it would be difficult to do justice either to the refined taste or the unparalleled splendour by which they were characterized. “They combined,” says Mr. D’Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, “all the picture of ballet-dances with the voice of music, the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier.” The Marshal de Bassompierre, in his account of his Embassy to England in 1626, has left us more than one interesting notice of his visits to York House, and of his surprise at its extraordinary magnificence. He himself was an admirable

judge in such matters, for not only had he visited every court in Europe, but his taste in furniture and decoration was considered faultless. He had nearly ruined himself in fitting up his famous mansion at Chaillot; and, moreover, the compliments which he pays to Buckingham's refined taste are the more valuable, inasmuch as, being a Frenchman, he was likely to look upon English taste and display with a prejudiced eye. On the 8th of October, the day after his arrival in London, he writes:—"The ambassador Contarini, of Venice, came to visit me; and towards night I went to see the Duke of Buckingham at his residence called York House, which is extremely fine, and more richly fitted up than any other I saw." Again, on Sunday, the 15th of November, he writes, — "The Danish ambassador came to visit me; after which I went to the King at Whitehall, who placed me in his barge, and took me to the Duke's at York House, who gave him the most magnificent entertainment I ever saw in my life. The King supped at one table with the Queen and me, which was served by a complete *ballet* [attendants in fancy costume], at each course, with sundry representations, changes of scenery, tables, and music. The Duke waited on the King at table, the Earl of Carlisle on the Queen, and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper the King and we were led into another room, where the assembly was, and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnifi-

cent ballet, in which the Duke danced. And afterwards we set to and danced country-dances till four in the morning; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments,* where there were five different collations."

This would appear to have been the identical entertainment, the description of which the late Mr. D'Israeli extracted from the Sloane MSS., and published in his *Curiosities of Literature*:—"Last Sunday at night, the Duke's Grace entertained their Majesties and the French ambassador at York House with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French King and the two Queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so like to the life that the Queen's Majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the King and Queen, together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six

* "The ground on which this palace stood, shelves down from the Strand, where the great entrance was, to the river. The principal floor and state rooms were probably on the level with the entrance on the Strand side, but must have been a story above the ground, on the river side; and this story was probably the vaulted apartments which Bassompierre mentions. It seems odd that he should think the *vaulting* a peculiarity worth mentioning: as the ground floors of the Tuileries and the Louvre, in which he passed most of his life, were vaulted; but vaulted *domestic* apartments were probably, then, as now, extremely rare; and the singular and magnificent effect produced by vaulted rooms, furnished for the purposes of common life, must have struck a person of Bassompierre's taste."—BASSOMPIERRE'S *Embassy to England*, p. 96, note by Mr. Croker.

thousand pounds." Bassompierre writes on the following morning (the 16th):—"The King, who had slept at York House, sent for me to hear the Queen's music. Afterwards, he ordered a ball; after which there was a play, and he retired with the Queen his wife to Whitehall."

After his assassination by Felton, in August 1628, the body of the Duke of Buckingham was brought from Portsmouth to York House, where it lay in state in those gorgeous apartments, which had been the scene of his domestic happiness and splendid hospitality. Hither, too, was conveyed the body of his posthumous son, the young and gallant Lord Francis Villiers, who having hurried from the University of Cambridge to join the standard of the Earl of Holland, in 1648, was killed in an encounter with the troops of the Parliament, about two miles from Kingston-on-Thames. He had only recently attained to his nineteenth year. Having had his horse killed under him, he made his way to an oak tree, near the highway. There, placing his back against the tree, and disdaining, or, as it has been asserted, refusing quarter, he defended himself to the last with surprising gallantry,—“till,” says his biographer and contemporary, Fairfax, “with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain: the oak tree is his monument, and has the first two letters of his name, F. V., cut in it to this day.”—“A few days before his death,” adds Fairfax, “he ordered his steward, Mr. John May, to bring him in a list of his debts, and so charged

his estate with them that the Parliament, who seized on the estate, paid his debts." His contemporaries describe him as pre-eminently handsome, even more strikingly so than his elder brother. We have met with more than one single folio sheet, printed at the period, in which, in indifferent verse, is lamented the untimely death of the "beautiful Francis Villiers."

In consequence of his having on two different occasions appeared in arms against the Commonwealth, George Villiers, the second and witty Duke of Buckingham, was deprived of his vast estates. For some time, almost his only means of subsistence was from the sale of the magnificent gallery of pictures which his father had collected at York House. These, a faithful old retainer of his family, one John Traylman, had contrived to secure and to forward to his young master at Antwerp. A considerable portion of his property fell to the share of the Parliamentary general, Lord Fairfax; the rents of which, according to Heath, amounted to no less than 4,000*l.* a-year. Eager to regain possession of his birth-right, the young Duke, then proscribed and in exile, conceived the project of marrying the only daughter of Lord Fairfax. Accordingly, warmed by the romance and the daring of six and twenty, he paid a secret visit to England, and, by some means or other, contrived not only to elude the spies of Cromwell, but to obtain an introduction to the young lady. It still, however, remained to obtain the consent of the Puritan General; but

Fairfax had inherent in him many of the prejudices of the aristocracy of which he was by birth a member : moreover, he was descended, as was also Buckingham, by the female line from the Rutland family, and it seemed, therefore, not unlikely that he might feel gratified at the prospect of aggrandizing his family by so brilliant an alliance. Among other property of the Duke of Buckingham which had been assigned to him was York House in the Strand, in which mansion, we are told, every chamber was "adorned with the arms of the Villiers and Manners' families, lions and peacocks." All these circumstances combined had, probably, their effect on the mind of Fairfax, for he appears to have listened eagerly to the Duke's proposals. Probably, he calculated, too, that in the event of the Republic being firmly established, he would possess sufficient influence to extend protection to his son-in-law ; or, in the event of the restoration of the monarchy, that his son-in-law would be able to protect him. As to the young lady, we are told she could not resist the Duke's charms, "being the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe ever saw." It is needless to remark that they were eventually married ; and consequently Buckingham once more became, if not the possessor of, at least the heir to, York House.

In November 1655, Evelyn mentions his paying a visit to York House and its once beautiful gardens, which he found "much ruined through neglect." The magnificent taste of the princely Buckingham

was, however, still discernible in its neglected chambers and desolate saloons. Pepys writes still later, on the 6th June 1663,—“To York House
* * * * That which pleased me best, was the remains of the noble soul of the late Duke of Buckingham appearing in his house in every place, in the door-cases and the windows.” York House was at this period occupied by the Russian Ambassador. In 1662, we find the body of the pious and upright Brian Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, lying in state at York House. He had been tutor to Charles the Second, who visited him in his last moments, and on his knees requested and received the blessing of the dying prelate.

After the restoration of Charles the Second, York House was doubtless frequently the scene of the frolics and orgies of the wild and witty Duke. His idle fancies, projects, and follies, are well known :

Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

Dryden might have mentioned, among the number, his passion for building, which the Duke called his “folly,” to which we probably owe the demolition of York House, in 1672, and the erection on its site of the streets which still retain the names and titles of the last Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

The regular London residence of the Duke of

Buckingham appears to have been Wallingford House, the site of the present Admiralty, where his father's remains rested, on their way to Westminster Abbey, and where he himself first saw the light. We find him residing in Wallingford House as late as 1683.

To the east of York House stood Durham House, on the site of the buildings now known as the Adelphi. According to some writers it was built in the reign of Edward the First by Anthony de Beck, Bishop of Durham and Patriarch of Jerusalem; according to others, by Thomas Hatfelde, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward the Third. It long continued to be the London residence of the bishops of that See.

Many interesting events are associated with Durham House. Henry the Fifth, when Prince of Wales, passed more than one night under its roof; and here, in 1540, after a magnificent tournament held at Westminster, we find the challengers entertaining Henry the Eighth and his Queen, Anne of Cleves, with a sumptuous banquet. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, we find it the temporary residence of the King's uncle, the turbulent Thomas, Lord Seymour, of Sudley, Lord High Admiral of England, who, with the view of coining sufficient money to carry on his ambitious projects, established here the Royal Mint, under the direction of his agent, Sir William Sharrington. From having been the residence of the Lord Admiral, Durham House passed into the hands of a man no less

turbulent and ambitious, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. Here it was, in May 1553, that he solemnized, with great magnificence, the nuptials of his beautiful and accomplished niece, Lady Jane Grey, with his son, Lord Guildford Dudley; and from hence, when Edward the Sixth was approaching his end, he proceeded to the sick chamber of the young monarch, at Greenwich, where, by his plausible arguments, he prevailed upon him to deprive his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, of the Succession, and to bequeath his crown to the Lady Jane.

Gentle and retiring,—averse to the glitter of royalty and the bustle of a court,—the Lady Jane was enjoying herself amongst her books and her flowers at Sion House, near Brentford, when she was waited upon by her father, the Duke of Suffolk, and her father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, who made her the splendid offer of a crown. It is needless to remark, that it was only after repeated remonstrances, and with the greatest reluctance, that she was induced to accept it. From Sion House they led her, an unwilling victim decorated for the sacrifice, to Durham House; from whence, after the lapse of two days, she was conducted to the royal palace of the Tower, where she was received with all the ceremony and the homage usually paid to the sovereign of the realm. On the story of her short reign of ten days it is unnecessary to dwell. The partizans of Queen Mary were not idle. Accordingly, when Northumberland found it

necessary to appeal to arms, it was from Durham House that he issued forth at the head of six thousand armed troops, besides a large supply of artillery and ammunition, in hopes of bringing his adversaries to an engagement. His cause, however, was a hopeless one; the council had declared themselves opposed to him; his followers gradually deserted him; and after a fruitless attempt to save his life by flight, he was arrested at Cambridge, by the Earl of Arundel, and, on the 21st of August 1553, perished by the hands of the executioner on Tower Hill.

In the previous reign of Henry the Eighth, we find Durham House conveyed to the crown, in exchange for other houses in London, by Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham; and in the following reign, Edward the Sixth conferred it on his younger sister, afterwards Queen Elizabeth. Shortly after her accession, Elizabeth granted it to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose residence it was in the days of his greatness. "I well remember his study," says Aubrey, "which was in a little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect which is as pleasant perhaps as any in the world." In 1603, Durham House was restored by James the First to the Bishop of that See; but five years afterwards it was taken down in order to make room for the New Exchange, and other buildings.

Close to Durham House stood Salisbury House, the stately mansion of the Earls of Salisbury, with its gardens extending to the Thames. It was

built by Robert Cecil, the first Earl, whose genius as a statesman was only inferior to that of his father, Lord Burleigh. As the Earl delighted in magnificence and display, probably both Elizabeth and James the First were frequently his guests at Salisbury House. The former, indeed, was present at the *house-warming*, on the 6th of December 1602. The old mansion, which was subsequently divided into Great Salisbury House and Little Salisbury House, was pulled down in 1695, when Cecil Street and Salisbury Street were erected on its site. In 1660, Hobbes of Malmsbury was residing with his friend and patron, William third Earl of Devonshire, in Little Salisbury House.

Adjoining Salisbury House stood Worcester House, anciently the London residence of the Bishops of Carlisle, and afterwards successively of the Russells, Earls of Bedford, and of the Somersets, Marquises of Worcester. On the elevation of that family to the Dukedom of Beaufort, it changed its name to Beaufort House. During the time that the great Lord Clarendon was erecting his stately mansion in Piccadilly, we find him temporarily residing in Worcester House, for the use of which mansion he paid the Marquis of Worcester the then enormous rent of 500*l.* a year. Under its roof, on the night of the 3rd of September 1660, Lord Clarendon had the satisfaction of seeing his daughter, Anne Hyde, then on the eve of becoming a mother, united in marriage to James Duke of York, the heir to the throne. The ceremony was

performed by Dr. Joseph Crowther, the Duke's chaplain; Lord Ossory giving her away.

Henry, second Earl of Clarendon (in a letter to Mr. Pepys, dated in May, 1701), records a curious instance of what is called in Scotland "second sight," as having occurred at Worcester House. He writes; "One day (I know by some remarkable circumstances it was toward the middle of February 1661—2), the old Earl of Newborough came to dine with my father at Worcester House, and another Scotch gentleman with him, whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman, who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife—'What is the matter that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why dost thou not speak?' She is a handsome lady, indeed," said the gentleman, 'but I see her in blood!' Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him; and all the company going out of the room, we parted; and I believe none of us thought more of the matter; I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the small-pox: she was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say, if ever she had it, she should die of it. Upon the ninth day after the small-pox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose,

which quickly stopped; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again, with great violence, at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she died, almost weltering in her blood."

Anthony Wood, in his *Life of himself*, mentions his having been present at "a most noble banquet given at Worcester House, on the 26th of August, 1669, on the occasion of James Duke of Ormond being installed Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Here also the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was installed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on the 3rd of September 1674.

Worcester House was burnt down about the end of the seventeenth century, shortly after which Beaufort Buildings rose on its site.

On the site of Exeter Street and Burleigh Street stood Exeter or Cecil House, a spacious brick mansion with a square turret at each corner. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, it was the residence of Sir Thomas Palmer, Knight; "but of later time," says Stow, "it hath been far more beautifully increased by the late Sir William Cecil, Baron of Burghley." Within its walls that great man breathed his last; his name being still retained in the present Burleigh Street. Queen Elizabeth occasionally visited him here, and knowing how afflicted he was by the gout, always insisting on his remaining seated. It was on one of these occasions that Lord Burghley playfully apologised to her for the badness of his

legs, which compelled him to receive her in a sitting posture. "My Lord," was Elizabeth's reply, "we make use of you, not for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head." On another occasion of her paying a visit to Lord Burghley's mansion in the Strand, his chamberlain, as he ushered her in, pointed out to her the lowness of the threshold, and intimated to her majesty the necessity of bending her head. "For your master's sake," she replied, "I will stoop, though I would not for the King of Spain." After the death of the great Lord Treasurer, Burghley House descended to his son, Thomas, first Earl of Exeter, from whom it henceforward obtained the name of Exeter House. The philosopher Anthony Astley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the "Characteristics," was born in Exeter House, in February, 1671, and in the same year, Anthony Wood mentions his dining with the eminent statesman, Sir Leoline Jenkins, at his apartments, in Exeter House; and here Evelyn was for a short time confined by the Parliament.

Nearly opposite to Worcester House stood the magnificent palace of the Savoy, said to have been built about the year 1245, by Peter de Savoy, a distinguished foreigner, on whom Henry the Third conferred the Honour of Richmond, and other lands. He was uncle to Eleanor of Provence, Henry's Queen, and brother of Boniface Archbishop of Canterbury. "In the 30th Henry III."

says Dugdale, "the King granted to Peter de Savoy the inheritance of those houses in the street called the Strand, in the suburbs of London, and adjoining the river of Thames, formerly belonging to Brian de Lisle; paying yearly to the King's Exchequer three barbed arrows for all services." Previous to his death, Peter de Savoy bestowed his mansion in the Strand on the religious fraternity of Mountjoy, from whom it was purchased by Queen Eleanor for the use of her younger son, Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster. In 1292, we find this nobleman obtaining a licence from the crown to make a castle of his house, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex, called the Savoy. From this period we discover no particular notice of the Savoy till 1328, when Henry, third Earl of Lancaster, laid out no less a sum than 52,000 marks in enlarging and beautifying it, so that, we are told, no mansion in the realm was to be compared with it in stateliness and beauty. After having been the residence of successive Earls of Lancaster, the Savoy became the property of the last heiress, Lady Blanche Plantagenet, who conveyed it to her husband the celebrated John of Gaunt, created, by his father King Edward the Third, Duke of Lancaster.

It was during the life-time of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, father-in-law of John of Gaunt, that the Savoy became the prison of the unfortunate John, King of France, after he was taken prisoner by

Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers, in 1356. Edward the Third and his Queen did their utmost to cheer the imprisonment of their illustrious captive; frequently paying visits to him at the Savoy, and to use the words of Froissart, making for him oftentimes "great feast and cheer." Polydore Virgil mentions a particular occasion of the French King having been visited in the Savoy by Edward and his gallant son, who endeavoured, by every argument they could think of, to divert his mind from melancholy reflections, but to no purpose. The captive monarch, with a mournful smile, replied in the words of the Psalmist. "*Quomodo cantabimus canticum in terrâ alienâ!*"—How shall we sing a song in a strange land? The French King, we are told, during the time he was lodged in the Savoy, used to go as often as he pleased, "privately by water," to visit King Edward at his palace, at Westminster.

After a captivity of four years, King John,—on certain conditions which he solemnly swore to observe,—obtained permission to return to France. Finding it, however, out of his power to fulfil them, he returned to England, agreeably with the terms which had been stipulated upon, and once more took up his abode in the Savoy. Here he breathed his last on the 8th of April 1364, and from hence his body was removed to St. Denis, the ancient burial-place of the Kings of France.

When the rebels, under Wat Tyler, entered

London on the 12th of June 1381, one of the first places which fell a sacrifice to their fury was the palace of the Duke of Lancaster in the Savoy. Pillage was not their object, and consequently, in order to prove their disinterestedness, they not only issued a proclamation, denouncing death against such of their comrades who should appropriate any article to their own use, but they actually threw into the flames one of their companions who had been detected in purloining a valuable piece of plate. As regarded the Duke's wine they were less scrupulous. Thirty-two of these misguided men found their way into one of the cellars, where they drank to such an excess as to forget that the flames were raging above and around them. Their miserable situation may be readily conceived, when a great part of the building falling down with a tremendous crash, they found themselves completely blocked up with stones and rubbish. Although, for seven days, their piercing shrieks and calls for assistance were distinctly heard, yet we are told that "none came to help them out till they were dead." It appears, that during the conflagration, some barrels of gunpowder, which were supposed to contain articles of gold and silver, were thrown into the fire, by which means the destruction of the magnificent edifice was completed; the roof of the hall being blown up, other buildings destroyed, and the rioters narrowly escaping with their lives.

From this period the palace of the Savoy remained a heap of ruins till the reign of Henry the

Seventh (1505), when that monarch commenced rebuilding it as an Hospital, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, for the reception of an hundred distressed objects. He died before the completion of his pious design, which, however, was fully carried into effect by his son and successor, Henry the Eighth, who formed it into a corporate body, consisting of a master, five secular chaplains, and four regulars. In consequence of its subsequently becoming the receptacle of all kinds of disreputable characters, Edward the Sixth thought proper to suppress the hospital, but it was re-established in the reign of Queen Mary; "the ladies of the Court and maidens of honour," says Stow, "storing the same anew with beds, bedding, and other furniture, in a very ample manner."

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we find a portion of the Savoy occupied by George Clifford third Earl of Cumberland, eminent in his life-time as a scholar and a naval commander, and no less distinguished from his expensive passion for tournaments and the race-course. He was one of the commissioners at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and commanded a ship against the "Invincible Armada." He was an especial favourite with Elizabeth, who employed him to reduce her beloved Essex to obedience, and frequently appointed him her champion in the court tournaments. On one of these occasions she is said to have presented him with one of her gloves, which he afterwards wore, set with jewels, in his

beaver, and is said to have regarded with more pride than the Garter which encircled his knee. His daughter, Anne Countess of Dorset and Pembroke, thus speaks of him in her "Memoirs:" — "He was endowed with many perfections of nature befitting so noble a personage, as an excellent quickness of wit and apprehension, an active and strong body, and an affable disposition and behaviour. But as good natures, through human frailty, are oftentimes misled, so he fell to love a lady of quality, which did, by degrees, draw and alien his love and affections from his so virtuous and well-deserving wife; it being the cause of many discontents between them for many years together, so that at length, for two or three years before his death, they parted houses, to her extreme grief and sorrow, and also to his extreme sorrow at the time of his death; for he died a very penitent man. He died in the duchy-house, called the Savoy, 30th October 1605, aged forty-seven years, two months, and twenty-two days, being born at Brougham Castle, 8th August 1558."

Queen Elizabeth, when taking the air, is said to have been frequently annoyed by the rogues and vagabonds who had obtained a settlement in the Savoy. Accordingly, in 1587, we find the Recorder of London sending a large body of constables to search its precincts, who returned with six sturdy fellows, who had contrived to get themselves enrolled among "the needy, lame, and sick." Having

been soundly whipped, they were sent back to the Savoy, to report to their associates the severity of the punishment they had received.

In order to account for this strange state of society, we must remember that the Savoy possessed at this period the privileges of sanctuary. Even as late as July 1696, we find the following passage in the "Postman:"—"On Tuesday a person going into the Savoy to demand a debt due from a person who had taken sanctuary there, the inhabitants seized him, and after some consultation, agreed, according to their usual custom, to dip him in tar and roll him in feathers, after which they carried him in a wheelbarrow into the Strand, and bound him fast to the Maypole, but several constables and others coming in, dispersed the rabble, and rescued the person from their abuses."

In 1661, we find the commissioners for the revision of the Liturgy holding their meetings in the Savoy. It was thus that they obtained the name of the "Savoy Conference." Five years afterwards a portion of the building was set apart as a hospital for the sick and wounded, during the great naval war with the Dutch.

As early as the reign of Queen Anne, a considerable portion of the Savoy was already in ruins. Time has since completed the work of devastation. During the last century a portion of the building was converted into a barrack, and other parts into an infirmary for the use of the soldiers, and a prison

for the confinement of deserters and other offenders. The last remains of the old Palace and Hospital of the Savoy,—with the exception of the chapel,—were swept away in 1811, in order to make room for the approaches to Waterloo Bridge.

The chapel of St. Mary-le-Savoy, built in 1505,—with its richly decorated roof, its ancient tombs, and the remains of its beautiful altar-piece,—is well worthy of a visit. A conspicuous monument, and one of no slight merit, is that of the wife of Sir Robert Douglas, who, as her inscription informs us, died in November 1612. The effigy of the lady, however, is completely thrown into the shade by that of her husband. The knight is represented reclining on his right arm, with his left hand on his sword, while his lady, in a large hood, is represented in a kneeling posture behind him. But the most interesting monument in the Savoy Chapel is that to the memory of the pious and accomplished Anne Killigrew, whose fame as a painter and a poet has scarcely yet faded, and whose early death was so pathetically lamented by her contemporaries, both in prose and verse. Anthony Wood says of her, “that she was a Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit;” even Horace Walpole has condescended to speak well of her talents; and Ballard observes,—“Her engaging and polite accomplishments were the least of her attainments; for she crowned all with an exemplary piety towards God, in the due observance of the duties of religion, which she began to practise in the early part of

her life." But, perhaps, Dryden's eulogy, written after her death, is the most familiar to the reader :—

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;
 For Nature did that want supply ;
 So rich in treasures of her own,
 She might our boasted stores defy ;
 Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
 That it seemed borrowed where 'twas only born.

And again,—

Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled,
 Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

The career of Anne Killigrew was as brief as it was interesting. Although a maid of honour to the Duchess of York, and consequently exposed to all the temptations and allurements of the profligate Court of Charles the Second, she retained to the last her original purity and freshness of feeling, and devoted every hour which she could snatch from her duties at Court, to the observance of her religious duties and to literary pursuits. She had only attained the age of twenty-four, when she fell a victim to the small-pox, which carried her off, in 1685, at the apartments of her father, Dr. Henry Killigrew, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Dr. Killigrew, it may be remarked, was the last person who held the appointment of Master of the Savoy.

Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, who has been styled the Chaucer of Scotland, was buried in the Savoy. He died in London of the Plague, in 1522. Here also lie interred George Wither,

the poet, who died in 1667;—Lewis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, who commanded the royal forces at the battle of Sedgmoor;—Dr. Archibald Cameron,—brother of the celebrated Lochiel,—who was executed at Tyburn, in June 1753, for his share in the Rebellion of 1745, and Richard Lander, the African traveller, who died in 1834.

As late as the year 1621, the Savoy Chapel witnessed the unusual scene of a young, noble, and beautiful woman performing penance within its walls. This lady was Frances, daughter of the eminent lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, and niece of the great Lord Burleigh. At an early age, she became the wife of John Villiers, first Viscount Purbeck, (elder brother of the great favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,) from whom she eloped, in 1621, with Sir Robert Howard. Three years after she had ceased to live with her husband, she was privately delivered of a son at Somerset House, who was baptized at Cripplegate by the name of *Robert Wright*, but who afterwards succeeded as second Viscount Purbeck. On the birth of this child, she was prosecuted for notorious adultery, as was also her paramour, Sir Robert Howard. Of her guilt there could be no question, and accordingly she was sentenced by the High Commission Court to do penance in the Savoy Church in the Strand. The subsequent story of Lady Purbeck may be related in a few words. Deserted by her husband, and probably by her lover, she found an asylum in the house of her mother, and subse-

quently died in the military quarters of Charles the First, at Oxford, in 1645. The story of the fate of her descendants is more curious. As Lord Purbeck had never obtained, or sued for, a divorce from his wife, at his death *Robert Wright* assumed the title of Viscount Purbeck. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Danvers, the regicide, brother to Henry Earl of Danby; became a violent republican; publicly expressed his hatred of the name and family of Villiers; and, in 1675, concluded his eccentric career in France, to which country he had flown to avoid his creditors. His son, Robert, on the other hand, was a no less violent aristocrat, and consequently he not only assumed the title of Viscount Purbeck, but appealed to the House of Lords for the Earldom of Buckingham, which title, in the event of the failure of the male issue of the great Duke, had been secured by patent to the descendants of his elder brother, the first Lord Purbeck. The appeal, however, on the ground of his father's presumed illegitimacy, was negatived by the House of Lords. He married Margaret, daughter of Ulick de Burgh, Earl of St. Albans, by whom he had a son, John, who succeeded as fourth Viscount Purbeck, and who renewed the claims of his family to the Earldom of Buckingham, but without effect. Profligate and abandoned, he married the widow of — Heneage, Esq., who had formerly been his mistress, and by whom he had two daughters. These unhappy girls followed the bad example set

them by their mother, and descended to the lowest stage of profligacy. One of them died at a very advanced age, in an obscure lodging in London, in 1786. One of the last male representatives of this spurious branch of the Villiers family, was the Reverend George Villiers, of Chargrove, in Oxfordshire, who renewed the claim to the Earldom, but also with the same want of success. The race is now extinct.

Between the Savoy and Somerset House,—close to the approach to the present Waterloo Bridge,—stood Wimbledon House, a stately mansion built by the gallant soldier, Sir Edward Cecil, third son of Thomas first Earl of Exeter, and grandson of the great Lord Burleigh. This house was entirely burnt down in 1628. It was a curious coincidence that the accident should have occurred on the very day after Lord Wimbledon's house, at Wimbledon, in Surrey, had been accidentally blown up by gunpowder.

On the site of Wimbledon House stood, till the present century, the famous D'Oyley's warehouse, apparently established in the reign of James the Second by a French refugee, who, having been forced to seek an asylum in England in consequence of the revocation of the Treaty of Nantz, established himself as a weaver in Spitalfields. This person is said to have been the inventor and fabricator of various kinds of *stuff* goods, and to have principally obtained his reputation by his tasteful patterns, and by introducing a mixture of silk and

woollen in articles of dress. In the "Spectator" there is more than one notice of D'Oyley's warehouse. "If D'Oyley," says one of the papers, "had not by his ingenious inventions enabled us to dress our wives and daughters in cheap stuffs, we should not have had the means to have carried on the war." Again (No. 319) we find, in a letter signed Will. Sprightly: "A few months after, I brought up the modish jacket, or the coat with close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain D'Oyley; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camlet, and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect: there are always two or three young fellows at the other end of the town, who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke." In Vanburgh's play, "The Provoked Wife," Lady Fanciful, pointing to Lady Brute and Belinda, observes, "I fear those D'Oyley stuffs are not worn for the want of better clothes." In the middle of the last century, it was the fashion for smart gentlemen, belonging to the Inns of Court, to breakfast at the neighbouring coffee-house, in caps and loose morning-dresses procured at D'Oyley's warehouse. The name has been preserved in our own time by the napkins used at dessert, which were doubtless originally sold at D'Oyley's warehouse.

Passing by Somerset House, which we shall reserve for a separate notice, we find ourselves at the corner of Arundel Street, the site of the princely mansion and beautiful garden of the Earls

of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk. Gay writes in his "Trivïa :"—

Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienced friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and even thy fees suspend ;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls ;
Through the long Strand together let us stray ;
With thee conversing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends ;
Here Arundel's famed structure reared its frame ;
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warmed,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charmed,
Now hangs the Bellman's song, and pasted here
The coloured prints of Overton appear ;
Where statues breathed,—the works of Phidias' hands,—
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands.

Arundel House was originally known as Bath's Inn, from having been the London residence of the Bishops of Bath and Wells. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, his uncle, the celebrated Lord Seymour of Sudeley, contrived to obtain possession of it ; and, as Stow informs us, he "new builded the house." It was at this period known as Seymour Place. Here was the scene where Lord Seymour hatched his ambitious and treasonable intrigues, and also where he carried on his strange and indecent dalliance with the young Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, whom he had contrived to place under his own guardianship at Seymour Place, and whose hand it was his object to obtain.

After the execution of Lord Seymour, his palace

in the Strand reverted to the Crown, from which it was purchased by Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, and henceforward obtained the name of Arundel House. Here it was that Thomas, the twentieth Earl, deposited his famous collection of antiquities which he had brought from Italy, now so well known as the Arundel Marbles. This nobleman is commonly described as a learned, reserved, and dignified personage, the Mæcenæ of sculptors and painters, and devotedly attached to literature and the fine arts. If we are to place credit, however, in the testimony of his contemporary, the great Lord Clarendon, he was a mere impostor. "He was a man," says the noble historian, "supercilious and proud, who lived always within himself, and to himself. He resorted sometimes to the Court, because *there only* was a greater man than himself; and went thither the seldomer, because *there* was a greater man than himself. It cannot be denied," adds Lord Clarendon, "that he had in his person, in his aspect, and countenance the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gait and motion. He wore and affected a habit very different from that of the time, such as men had only beheld in the pictures of the most considerable men; all which drew the eyes of most, and the reverence of many, towards him, as the image and representative of the primitive nobility, and native gravity of the nobles, when they had been most venerable: but this was only his outside, his nature

and true humour being so much disposed to vulgar delights, which, indeed, were very despicable and childish." Hay, Earl of Carlisle, observed of him: "Here comes the Earl of Arundel, in his plain stuff and trunk-hose, and his beard in his teeth, that looks more like a nobleman than any of us." It was a saying of Lord Arundel, that unless a person had some taste for the arts he would never make an honest man. The famous Arundel collection of marbles was sold and dispersed shortly before the demolition of Arundel House, in 1678: a portion of them, however, is still preserved at Oxford.

It was in Arundel House that the Countess of Nottingham—whose name is so unenviably associated with the tragical fate of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex—breathed her last on the 25th of February 1603. Here the Duc de Sully was for some time lodged, on the occasion of his embassy to England in the reign of James the First; and here, too, the Royal Society at one time held their meetings.

Between Essex Street and Temple Bar stood Essex House, the residence of the ill-fated Earl of Essex. It was originally called Exeter House, from having been the mansion of the Bishops of Exeter; but having been deserted by them in the reign of Henry the Sixth, became subsequently the residence of William Lord Paget, from whose successors it passed into the hands of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, and was styled Norfolk House. The next possessor was Elizabeth's unprincipled favourite,

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who bequeathed it to his illegitimate son, Sir Robert Dudley, from whom it was purchased by the Earl of Essex. Stow informs us that it was successively styled Exeter House, Paget House, Leicester House, and Essex House.

Spenser, the poet, appears to have been an honoured guest at Essex House during the life-time of Leicester, and, in his "Prothalamion," published in 1596, celebrates it as having been successively the residence of the two princely favourites of Elizabeth,—Leicester and Essex :—

Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gayned gifts and goodly grace
Of that good lord, which therein wont to dwell ;
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case.
But, ah ! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two Pillars, standing near,
Did make to quake and fear ;
Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry !
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory.

Essex House is intimately associated with the treasonable designs and untimely fate of the headstrong Essex. Having been thwarted on every side during his government in Ireland ; surrounded, moreover, by spies ; and having had the misfortune of

having all his actions misrepresented to his royal mistress by his enemies at home, Essex, as is well known, trusted that, by his sudden appearance at Court, he should be able to justify his conduct to the Queen, regain his lost hold on her affections, and thus effectually defeat the machinations of his foes. Accordingly, without having obtained the permission of Elizabeth, or having given the least intimation of his intentions, he suddenly quitted Ireland, and arrived by rapid journeys at Whitehall. Although besmeared with dust and perspiration, he made his way through the presence and privy chambers, and, to the astonishment of the royal attendants, forced his way unushered into the Queen's sleeping apartment. Elizabeth had only just risen, and was seated with her hair hanging disordered over her face. Essex threw himself on his knees, and kissing her hand, implored her to give him a short conference, which she granted. On quitting her, he was observed to wear a smiling countenance, thanking God that although he had encountered many storms abroad, he had found a sweet calm at home. No sooner, however, had Essex departed from the royal presence, than the arguments of his enemies, and his own faults and indiscretions, recurred forcibly to the mind of Elizabeth; and, accordingly, when he again repaired to the palace in the afternoon, he found her manner not only altered and constrained, but he even received orders to confine himself to his own apartment in Essex House. The strange

behaviour of the superannuated coquette towards her once-beloved Essex, during the subsequent months that he was kept under restraint, is well known. At first she carried her harshness to such an extreme, that he was refused permission to write, even to his Countess, although she was advanced in pregnancy. But when he fell sick, all the feelings of the woman returned in their full force. Every day Elizabeth sent to inquire after his health,—at one time ordering eight physicians to consult on his case, and at another sending him broth; and when his life was reported to be seriously in danger, “Tell him,” she said, shedding many tears, “that if I could do so with honour, I would visit him.” On obtaining his freedom, Essex retired into the country, having previously sent a humble message to the Queen, that he kissed the rod with which she chastised him, and that, like Nebuchadnezzar, his “dwelling should be with the beasts of the field, to eat grass as an ox, and to be wet with the dew of heaven, till it should please her majesty to restore her favour to him.” The Queen knew the character of her fickle favourite better than he knew himself. “All is not gold that glitters,” she said; “and if the furnace of affliction produce such effects, I shall hereafter have the better opinion of chemistry.”

On the circumstances which induced Essex to return to London, and to embark in the daring projects which cost him his life, it is unnecessary to dwell at length. Believing the Queen to be in-

exorable,—disappointed in his hopes of re-establishing his former influence at the council-table or over the affections of his royal mistress,—intoxicated, moreover, by his popularity among all classes,—he came to the rash determination of endeavouring to recover his lost ascendancy by force of arms. Boasting that he had already no fewer than one hundred and twenty barons, knights, and gentlemen devoted to his service, he opened the doors of Essex House to every description of discontented persons,—persecuted Roman Catholic priests, sour puritanical preachers, disbanded soldiers and sailors who had formerly served under his banner, and needy adventurers who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by a convulsion in the state. Elizabeth, in the meantime, contented herself with doubling the guards at Whitehall, and taking a few other timely precautions, while at the same time she sent Robert Sackville, son of the Lord High Treasurer, the Earl of Dorset, to Essex House, ostensibly on the pretext of paying him a friendly visit, but in reality with the view of ascertaining the extent of the preparations, and the amount of danger to be apprehended from the threatened insurrection. Her next step was to cite Essex to appear before the Privy Council. Instead, however, of obeying, on the following day (the 8th of February 1601) he summoned his friends to assemble immediately at Essex House. These persons consisted of the Earls of Southampton and Rutland, the Lords Sandys and Monteagle, and about three

hundred gentlemen of family and fortune, to whom he expressed his determination of marching instantly into the City, and—as it was sermon-time at Paul's Cross, where a large concourse of persons were usually assembled—of placing himself at once at the head of the citizens and marching to the palace gates. His project was listened to with acclamations, when, just at the moment when the conspirators were about to sally forth from Essex House, the Lord Keeper Egerton, the Lord Chief Justice Popham, the Earl of Worcester, and Sir William Knollys arrived at the gate, and formally demanded to be informed of the cause of the disturbance.

After every precaution had been taken by the insurgents, the Queen's Commissioners were admitted through a small wicket, but their attendants, with the exception of the purse-bearer, were compelled to wait without. On being ushered into the presence of the conspirators, the Lord-Chief-Justice boldly inquired of Essex the motive of such extraordinary preparations. "My Lord," replied the latter, in an impassioned tone, "there is a plot laid against my life; letters have been forged in my name; men have been hired to murder me in my bed; my enemies cannot be satisfied unless they suck my blood." The Lord Chief Justice replied that the proper person to appeal to was the Queen, and exhorted the conspirators, on their allegiance, to lay down their arms. His concluding words, however, were drowned in the general uproar,

“ You are abused, my Lord,” cried many voices ; “ they betray you — you are only losing time.” Others demanded that the Commissioners should be killed on the spot, and some that they should be detained as hostages. Essex took the latter hint, and locking the door on the servants of his sovereign, he drew his sword, and placing himself at the head of two hundred devoted adherents, sallied forth into the street. To the citizens he cried aloud as he passed them,—“ For the Queen ! for the Queen ! a plot is laid for my life.” To his great disappointment, he found, on reaching Paul’s Cross, that the Government had taken the precautionary measure of dispersing the congregation. His attendants, moreover, perceiving how little inclination the citizens showed to join him, gradually deserted him, and, accordingly, the Earl had no choice but to retrace his steps to Essex House. In the meantime, however, barricades had been raised in Cheapside, which were defended by a large body of armed and loyal citizens, who had been collected by the active exertions of the Bishop of London. In the attempt to force their way, Tracy, a young gentleman who was much loved by Essex, was killed ; the Earl’s step-father, Sir Christopher Blount, was severely wounded and taken prisoner, and Essex himself was twice shot through the hat. Retreating down Friday Street, Essex and his few remaining companions made their way to Queenhithe, where they took boat, and from thence arrived at Essex House. At first he expressed

his determination of defending himself to the last. Essex House was to a certain degree fortified; but having been speedily surrounded on all sides by a large force of armed men; and, moreover, artillery having been placed on the tower of St. Clement's Church, by which Essex House was completely commanded, he had no choice but to surrender. He was carried to the Tower by water; and ten days afterwards (on the 19th of February 1601) was conducted to his trial in Westminster Hall. On the 25th, he was executed on a scaffold erected in the open space in front of the Tower Chapel.

In Essex House was born the Parliamentary general, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the only son of his ill-fated father, at the time of whose untimely end he was a schoolboy at Eton. Here, on the 5th of January 1606, when only in his fifteenth year, he was married to the abandoned Frances Howard, daughter of Thomas Earl of Suffolk, a bride of thirteen. After the ceremony, it was thought expedient to separate the youthful pair till they should arrive at riper years. Accordingly, the young Earl was sent on his travels, while the bride remained at court with her mother, a lady whose indifferent morals rendered her a most improper person for such a charge. After an absence of nearly four years, Essex returned to England, full of natural eagerness to claim his young and lovely bride. Lovely, indeed, she was, but so far was she from sharing his impatience,

that she anticipated his return with dread, having in the meantime fixed her affections on the young Earl of Somerset, the unworthy favourite of James the First. Essex, moreover,—rough in his manners and inelegant in his person,—was little adapted to soften the heart of a self-willed and high-spirited girl; and though she consented, when he claimed her as his bride, to accompany him to Essex House, he soon found himself treated with such evident dislike and disdain, that he was induced to appeal to her father. The consequence was, that she was compelled to quit Essex House for the retirement of the country, where, however, her antipathy and contempt were no less openly displayed than they had been in London. At length, completely wearied out, the Earl fell in with the views of his abandoned wife, and consented to offer no obstacle to her procuring a divorce. The sequel of this dark tale of infamy,—the extraordinary circumstances under which the divorce was obtained,—the marriage of Lady Essex with her lover,—their share in the fearful murder of Sir Thomas Overbury,—their trial and condemnation, and their subsequent estrangement and the detestation with which they grew mutually to regard each other,—are matters but too well known to require repetition.

In Essex House,—the scene alike of his birth and of his ill-assorted nuptials,—the last Earl of Essex breathed his last, on the 14th of September 1646. The celebrated courtier and statesman, Sir

Nicholas Throgmorton, is said to have died in this mansion, not without strong suspicions of having been poisoned;* and here also Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, was lodged during his visit to England, previous to his marriage with Elizabeth, the charming daughter of James the First. The greater portion of Essex House was pulled down at the close of the seventeenth century, shortly after which the present Essex Street and Devereux Court were erected on its site. The steps leading to the Thames, which the great favourite of Elizabeth descended, when on his way to the dungeon and the block, still retain their original name of Essex Stairs.

* See, however, Camden's "Annals of the Reign of Elizabeth," where it is affirmed that he died, "while feeding heartily at supper upon a salad," at the table of Sir William Cecil.—Kennet's "Complete History," vol. ii. p. 430.

SOMERSET HOUSE.

LORD PROTECTOR SOMERSET.—MATERIALS USED BY HIM TO BUILD THE HOUSE.—HENRY LORD HUNSDON AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.—SOMERSET HOUSE SET APART FOR THE QUEENS OF CHARLES THE FIRST AND SECOND, AND OF JAMES THE SECOND.—THEIR MODE OF LIFE THERE.—SOMERSET STAIRS.—CAUSES OF THE DEMOLITION OF THE OLD BUILDING.—CURIOSITIES DISCOVERED AT ITS DEMOLITION.—BUILDER OF THE PRESENT SOMERSET HOUSE.—EXPENSE OF BUILDING.

ON the site of the present Somerset House, in the Strand, stood Somerset Place and its princely gardens, the residence of the great Protector, Duke of Somerset. To the marriage of his sister with Henry the Eighth, this celebrated man was indebted for his magnificent fortunes. Within little more than ten years, he rose from being plain Edward Seymour to be Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector of England,—to be the brother-in-law of one monarch, and the uncle of another. In 1536, on the occasion of his sister's marriage, he was created Viscount Beauchamp, and the following year, Earl of Hertford. Four years afterwards he received the Order of the Garter, and was appointed Lord Chamberlain for life; and shortly after the accession of his nephew, Edward the Sixth, was advanced to the Dukedom of Somerset, and appointed

Governor of the young King, Lord Treasurer, Earl Marshal, and Protector of the realm. These latter honours and appointments were conferred upon him between the 1st and 17th of February 1547.

It was natural that a man, whose taste for show and magnificence was at least equal to his splendid fortunes, should be desirous of acquiring a residence suitable to his exalted station. It has been supposed that he was already in possession of some land on the site of his projected palace. In addition thereto, the recent dissolution of the great ecclesiastical establishments, and his own powerful influence in the state, enabled him, by unscrupulously plundering the fallen church, to secure for himself not only large grants of land, but also the necessary materials for erecting and beautifying his projected palace. In order to save the vast expense of hewing quarries, and conveying stone from a long distance, the tower and part of the church of St. John of Jerusalem were blown up, as were also the charnel-house, and the north cloister of St. Paul's Cathedral,—the remains of the dead, which were by this means sacrilegiously disturbed, being removed to Finsbury Fields. The church and churchyard also of St. Mary-le-Strand,—the episcopal residences of the Bishops of Worcester, Llandaff, and Chester in the Strand, were also razed to the ground, in order to enable the Protector to carry his designs into effect.

The architecture of the Protector's palace was a mixed Gothic and Grecian, a style which had been introduced into England in the reign of Henry

the Eighth. The architect is said to have been John of Padua, an Italian, who, in the preceding reign, had held the appointment of "Devizer of His Majesty's buildings." The edifice extended no less than six hundred feet from east to west, by five hundred from north to south. It was commenced in April 1548, and, in less than four years afterwards, the Protector laid down his life on the block. "Possibly," says Pennant, "the founder never enjoyed the use of this palace, for, in 1552, he fell a just victim on the scaffold." From the circumstance of the Duke's commendatory preface to the "Spiritual Pearl," being dated from "oure house at Somerset Place," it has been thought that Pennant is mistaken in his conjecture. It must be borne in mind, however, that the title of "Somerset Place" may very possibly have been conferred, as was then customary, on some other temporary residence of the Duke.

By the attainder of the Protector, his palace came into the possession of the Crown. During the reign of Edward the Sixth, it appears to have been the occasional residence of his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who, on her accession to the throne, permitted her first cousin, Henry Lord Hunsdon, to reside in it, and here she was not unfrequently his guest.

Lord Hunsdon breathed his last in Somerset House, on the 23rd July 1596. The refusal of his royal mistress to raise him to the Earldom of Wiltshire, is said to have had such an effect on his spirits as to have hastened his end. Elizabeth subse-

quently relented, when it was too late. "When he lay on his death-bed," says Fuller, "the Queen gave him a gracious visit; causing a patent for the said earldom to be drawn; his robes to be made, and both laid on his bed. But this lord (who could not dissemble, neither well nor sick) replied, 'Madam, seeing you counted me not worthy of this honour, while I was living, I count myself unworthy of it, now I am dying.'"

For several succeeding generations, Somerset House continued to be set apart as the residence of the Queens of England. James the First, who greatly preferred the society of his favourites to that of his wife, permitted his consort, Anne of Denmark, to hold her court here; and here she gave those famous masques and entertainments, which, we are told, "made the nights more splendid than the days." Her court, according to Arthur Wilson, was "a continued Mascarado, where she and her ladies, like so many sea-nymphs or Nereids, appeared in various dresses, to the ravishment of the beholders." Apparently these costly entertainments were conducted with but little attention to morality or decorum; the Countess of Dorset informing us in her Memoirs that "the ladies about the court had gotten such ill names, that it was grown a scandalous place; and the Queen herself was much fallen from her former greatness and reputation she had in the world." Peyton's censure is even far stronger. "The masks and plays," he says, "were used only as incentives for lust; wherefore the courtiers invited the citizens'

wives to those shows. There is not a chamber or lobby, if it could speak, but would verify this."

Somerset House is said to have been considerably enlarged and beautified by Anne of Denmark, and, in compliment to her, James the First desired that it should henceforward be styled Denmark House. Her death took place at Hampton Court on the 1st of March 1619, and on the 9th her body was conveyed by night to Somerset House, where it lay in state,—in the apartments which had recently been the scene of her frivolity and splendour,—till the 13th of May, when it was interred in Westminster Abbey. Here also subsequently lay in state, between the 23rd of April and the 17th of May 1625, the remains of her imbecile husband, King James.

On the marriage of Charles the First with Henrietta Maria, Somerset House was set apart as her jointure-house, and here the young Queen and her attendants were allowed that free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, which gave so much offence to her husband's Protestant subjects. The fact is a startling one, that Henrietta's French retinue consisted of no less than four hundred and forty persons, among whom were as many as twenty-nine priests, marshalled by a wrong-headed young bishop, under the age of thirty. The insolent manner in which these persons interfered in the domestic affairs of Charles,—the discords which they daily fomented between their royal master and mistress,—as well as their own squabbles, and frivolous complaints of ill-usage and discomfort,

—at length occasioned such positive unhappiness to Charles, that he came to the determination of sending them at once out of the kingdom; even at the risk of exciting the passionate grief and indignation of his high-spirited queen, and of engaging himself in a war with the French King.

Having fully made up his mind on the subject, Charles, in the first instance, gave private instructions for their removal from Whitehall to Somerset House, from whence carriages were ordered to be in readiness to convey them to the sea-coast. Every preparation having been made for their departure, the King took upon himself the painful task of communicating to Henrietta the necessity of her parting with her favourites. On his entering her apartments, he beheld, we are told, to his great indignation, a number of Henrietta's light-hearted domestics, *irreverently dancing and curvetting* in her presence. Taking her by the hand, he led her into a private chamber, where he locked himself up with her alone. That which passed between them on the occasion was known only to themselves. It is certain, however, that the Queen's violence exceeded all bounds. She actually tore her hair from her head; and, in the violence of her rage, cut her hands severely by dashing them through the glass-windows.*

Charles, the same evening, presented himself before the assembled foreigners at Somerset House. After explaining the cogent reasons which com-

* Howell; Peyton; Ellis's "Orig. Letters."

pelled him to insist upon their departure from his court,—he condescended to ask their pardon if, in consulting his own happiness and peace of mind, he had interfered with their views and interests,—and concluded by informing them, that his Treasurer had received orders to remunerate every one of them for their year's service. The announcement of his intentions was met with suppressed murmurs and discontented looks. A Madame St. George, —a handsome and flippant Frenchwoman, who had rendered herself peculiarly obnoxious to Charles by interfering between him and the Queen,—took upon herself to act the part of spokeswoman on the occasion, but the King turned a deaf ear to her remonstrances, and peremptorily refused to alter his decision.

Notwithstanding the firmness of Charles, and his great anxiety on the subject, it is curious to find the French still domesticated at Somerset House after more than a month had elapsed from the time of their removal from St. James's. Excuse followed excuse, and delay succeeded to delay, till at length the King's patience was so entirely exhausted, that he issued positive orders to the Duke of Buckingham to drive them away, if necessary, "like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them." This mandate had the desired effect, and, accordingly, early in the month of August 1626, they took their unwilling departure from Somerset House. It required four days, and nearly forty carriages, to

transport the expelled foreigners to Dover, in their progress to which town they seem to have everywhere encountered the derision of the populace. As Madame St. George was stepping into the boat, a bystander took an aim at her strange head-dress with a stone. An English gentleman, who was escorting her, instantly quitted her side, and running his sword through the offender's body, killed him on the spot.*

The disgraceful penances which were imposed on Henrietta by her priests are well known. On one particular occasion she is said to have been made to walk on a dirty morning from Somerset House to Tyburn; her father Confessor riding in his coach by her side.† The Queen built a small chapel at Somerset House, after a design by Inigo Jones, in which, under the high altar, was interred the eminent painter, Horatio Gentileschi, to whom we are indebted for one of the most beautiful pictures in the Louvre, an Annunciation. Into the cellars of the present building, beneath the great square, are built five tombs of the Roman Catholic attendants of Henrietta Maria.‡ We must not omit to notice that in Somerset House Inigo Jones breathed his last in 1652.

At Somerset House, Henrietta occasionally entertained her husband and his court with those magnificent Masques, of which Ben Jonson was the author,

* "Cur. of Lit." Ellis's "Orig. Letters."

† Ellis's "Orig. Letters."

‡ Cunningham's "London," *Art. Somerset House*.

and Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations. Here also, in 1633, she brought out Fletcher's dramatic pastoral, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which had previously met with an unfavourable reception on the public stage. Mr. Garrard writes to the Earl of Strafford on the 9th of January,—“On Twelfth night the Queen feasted the King at Somerset House, and presented him with a play, newly studied, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which the King's players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their pastoral in last year. I had almost forgot to tell your Lordship, that on the dicing night the King carried away in James Palmer's hat 1850*l*. The Queen was his half, and brought him that luck ; she shared presently 900*l*.”

During the days of the Protectorate, the history of Somerset House presents but little interest. Here, however, in 1656, lay in state the body of the venerable Archbishop Usher, whose private virtues induced Oliver Cromwell to honour him with a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. Here also, from the 26th of September to the 23rd of November 1658, lay in state the remains of the great Protector himself. The ceremony must have been magnificent in the extreme. Passing through a suite of rooms, hung with black, and lined with soldiers, the public were admitted into the apartment which contained the body of the Protector. The ceiling, as well as the walls of this room were covered with black velvet, and ornamented with escutcheons. Innumerable tapers flung a light over

the trappings of woe. Under a canopy of black, and on a couch covered with crimson velvet, lay a waxen image of the deceased, extended on its back. The robes were of purple and crimson velvet, ornamented with ermine and lace of gold. To the side of the effigy was affixed a splendid sword; in one hand was a sceptre, and in the other a globe. On a high stool, covered with gold tissue, lay an imperial crown, and near it a suit of complete armour. At the feet of the figure was placed the crest of the deceased. The whole of this gorgeous pageant was surrounded by railings hung with crimson velvet, which costly material also carpeted the ground. At each corner of the rails stood upright pillars, on the summits of which were lions and dragons, holding streamers in their paws. Banners were fixed on each side of the couch, on which were emblazoned the armorial bearings of the Protector and other devices, and around it were numerous attendants uncovered.

On the 2nd of November 1660, after the restoration of her son, Charles the Second, Henrietta Maria, after an absence of nineteen years, returned to England. She took up her abode at Somerset House, where she had formerly passed so many happy years, and which was again allotted for her residence. On entering it, she observed, that "had she known the temper of the English people some years past, as well as she did then, she had never been compelled to quit it." Under her auspices, the old building was beautified with a taste and

magnificence which called forth the poetical encomiums both of Cowley and Waller.

According to Pepys, the Court of the Queen-Mother at Somerset House far exceeded in dignity and pomp that of Charles the Second at Whitehall. On the 24th of February 1663-4, he writes: "To the Queen's chapel, where I staid and saw their mass, till a man came and bade me go out or kneel down; and so I did go out. And thence to Somerset House, and there into the chapel, where Monsieur d'Espagne, a Frenchman, used to preach. But now it is made very fine, and was ten times more crowded than the Queen's Chapel at St. James's, which I wonder at. Thence down to the garden at Somerset House, and up and down the new buildings, which, in every respect, will be mighty magnificent and costly."

In January the following year, we find Pepys again paying a visit to Somerset House, when he was shown into the Queen-Mother's chamber and closet, which he says were "most beautiful places for furniture and pictures." From thence, he tells us,—“I went down the great stone-stairs to the garden, and tried the brave echo upon the stairs, which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another, they all three shall sound in concert together, a good while most pleasantly.” The first time that Pepys saw the new Queen, Catherine of Braganza, was at the Court of the Queen-Mother at Somerset House. “Meeting,” he says, “Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, he

took me into Somerset House, and there carried me into the Queen-Mother's presence-chamber, where she was with our own Queen sitting on her left hand, whom I did never see before; and though she be not a very charming, she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine; and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the King's son,* a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queens both are mighty kind to him." Charles subsequently entered the presence-chamber in high spirits, and excited a good deal of merriment among the courtiers by insisting to the Queen-Mother that his wife was *enceinte*, and playfully accusing Catherine of having admitted the fact. Some good-natured *badinage* followed, to which she at length retorted in plain English, "You lie." As these were the first words she had been heard to utter in that language, the King's mirth was increased, and he endeavoured to make her repeat in English, "Confess and be hanged."

After the death of his mother, Charles granted Somerset House as a residence to his neglected Queen, and here she was allowed the same free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion as had been permitted to her predecessor. Here she was residing during the excitement of the Popish Plot; and it was in Somerset House, on the 17th of

* Afterwards Duke of Monmouth.

October 1678, that Sir Edmondbury Godfrey was said to have met with his dreadful fate at the hands of two of the hangers-on of the Queen's Chapel. Immediately after the death of Charles the Second, Catherine retired from Whitehall to Somerset House, where she received the addresses of condolence on the occasion of her recent bereavement, in an apartment lighted with tapers and covered with black even to the foot-stool. From this period, till her return to Portugal in 1692, she resided almost entirely either at Somerset House or at her villa at Hammersmith. She was fond of music, and in London had regular concerts, though in other respects she lived in great privacy.

In the reign of Charles the Second, we find the remains of George Monk, the great Duke of Albemarle, lying in state for several weeks in Somerset House, previous to their interment in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

From the days of Catherine of Braganza, Somerset House continued to be the nominal jointure-house of successive Queens, and occasionally the residence of foreign ambassadors, till the latter end of the last century. As in the case of the palaces of Hampton Court and Kensington in our own time, a portion of the apartments of Somerset House was lent to persons of birth and influence; and accordingly we find the old apartments of the Protector Somerset occasionally enlivened by some gay ball or masquerade. We may particularly mention an entertainment given here in 1749, at which

George the Second and Augusta Princess of Wales were present; on which occasion a considerable sensation was created by the beautiful but abandoned Maid of Honour, Elizabeth Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, appearing in an almost primitive state as Iphigenia. Mrs. Montagu writes to her sister on the 8th of May 1749,*—"I was some days preparing for the subscription masquerade, where I was to appear in the character of the Queen-Mother;† my dress white satin, with fine new point for tuckers, kerchief and ruffles, pearl necklace and ear-rings, and pearls and diamonds on the head, and my hair curled after the Vandyke picture. Mrs. Trevor and the Lady Stanhopes adjusted my dress, so that I was one day in my life well dressed. Miss Charlotte Fane was Rubens' wife, and looked extremely well; we went together. Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable: she was Iphigenia for the sacrifice, but so naked the high priest might easily inspect the entrails of the victim. The Maids of Honour (not of maids the strictest) were so offended they would not speak to her. Pretty Mrs. Pitt looked as if she came from heaven, but was only on her road thither in the habit of a *chanoinesse*. Many ladies looked handsome, and many rich: there was as great a quantity of diamonds as the town could produce. Mrs. Chandler was a starry

* "Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu." The editor of the Letters has, by mistake, dated this letter in 1751.

† Henrietta Maria.

night. The Duchess of Portland had no jewels. Lord Sandwich made a fine hussar. I stayed till five o'clock in the morning at the masquerade, and am not tired. I have never been quite well since; but I had better luck than Miss Conway, who was killed by a draught of lemonade she drank there."*

We have another account of this splendid entertainment in a letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, dated 3rd May 1749 :—"The King," he says, "was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit; and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup, as they were drinking tea. The Duke [of Cumberland] had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain, in 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.' The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady Mayoress, in the time of James the First; and Lord Delawarr, Queen Elizabeth's Porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington: they were admirable masks. Lady Rochfort, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford, and Mrs. Pitt were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the Duke in 'Don Quixote,' and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh was

* Her death was celebrated in the following doggerel lines :—

Poor Jenny Conway,
She drank lemonade,
At a masquerade,
So now she 's dead and gone away.

Iphigenia, but so naked you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont." The Princess of Wales is said to have been so confounded at the indelicate appearance of her Maid of Honour, as to have publicly thrown a veil over her person. It may not impossibly have been on this occasion that Miss Chudleigh, alluding to the suspicious connexion which existed between the Princess and Lord Bute, retorted on her royal mistress, "*Votre Altesse Royale sait que chacune a son Bute.*"

Somerset Stairs are connected with a trifling incident which occurred to Edmund Waller, the poet. Aubrey says of him;—"He was but a tender weak body, but was always very temperate. — made him damnable drunk at Somerset House, where, at the water-stairs he fell down, and had a cruel fall: 'twas pity to use such a sweet swan so inhumanly." Saville paid him the high compliment of saying, "that nobody should keep him company without drinking, but Ned Waller." The old stairs at Somerset House were the work of Inigo Jones.

The last house-keeper of old Somerset House was Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, once a novelist of no inconsiderable repute, and the friend of Dr. Johnson. When the old palace was pulled down, she lost her apartments, and, in the latter part of her life, was reduced to great distress.*

* See Croker's "Boswell," vol. i. p. 208 and note.

The circumstances which led to the destruction of old Somerset House, may be related in a few words. There being a necessity of providing some additional offices for the service of the State, on the 10th of April 1775 it was recommended to Parliament, by a message from the Crown, that Buckingham House should be made over as a jointure-house to Queen Charlotte, and that Somerset House, which had previously been settled upon her, should be appropriated to such purposes as should be found "most useful to the public." The act was soon passed, and almost immediately the demolition of the old buildings commenced.

That portion of the palace, which had been erected by Inigo Jones in the reign of Charles the First, had for some time been used for the meetings of the Royal Academy, and for other purposes. The greater part, however, of the original palace of the Protector had remained undesecrated by modern improvement;—many of the ornaments, if not the furniture, of the reign of Edward the Sixth, still existed;—and, accordingly, when these desolate apartments were visited by Sir William Chambers, and other persons appointed to take a survey of them, they presented a sight which, either to an antiquary or a philosopher, must have been equally curious and interesting.

At the extremity of the apartments which had been occupied by Henrietta Maria, and subsequently by Catherine of Braganza, two large folding-doors opened into the ancient portion of the

structure, into which, it would seem, for nearly a century, a human foot had scarcely ever intruded. Wandering through gloomy and uninhabitable apartments, — passing from room to room, and from corridor to corridor, — the intruders witnessed a strange and melancholy spectacle of departed splendour, — a scene of mouldering walls and broken casements, of crumbling roofs and decayed furniture. The first apartment which they entered had apparently been the bedchamber of royalty. The floor was of oak, and the ceiling stuccoed. It was also panelled with oak, with gilt mouldings: some of the sconces still remained attached to the walls of the apartment, and from the ceiling there still hung a chain, from which a chandelier had once been suspended.

In another of the apartments a chandelier was still hanging, and in a third were velvet curtains, which had once been crimson, fringed with gold. Their colour had faded to a tawdry olive, and only a few spangles and shreds of gold afforded evidence of their former costliness. In the audience-chamber the silken hangings still hung in tatters from the walls. There were two apartments which excited especial attention, from their having been converted into store-rooms for those trappings of royalty, which, in consequence of the gradual modernization of the rest of the structure, had from time to time been deposited in them. They contained articles of various kinds, the production and the fashion of different reigns, if not of different ages. Mixed

with broken couches, and tattered hangings—with stools, screens, sconces, and fire-dogs—were discovered the vestiges of a throne, together with the spangled velvet with which it had once been canopied. Altogether, these deserted apartments presented a scene in which the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe would have delighted to revel; and in which the muse of Dr. Johnson might have found fit food for meditating on the vanity of human wishes.

The present Somerset House was built, after designs by Sir William Chambers, between the years 1775 and 1786. Notwithstanding some architectural defects, it presents on the whole a magnificent appearance, especially from the Thames, and unquestionably boasts a great superiority to any edifice which has been erected in London in more modern times. The west front, however, is not only an eye-sore to one of the principal approaches into the metropolis, but a disgrace to the nation.

LAMBETH AND LAMBETH PALACE.

MANOR OF LAMBETH.—LAMBETH PALACE.—ITS EARLY HISTORY.—
FREQUENTLY USED AS A PRISON.—DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE.
—LOLLARDS' TOWER.—HISTORICAL EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH
THE PALACE.—ARCHBISHOP LAUD.—LAMBETH PARISH CHURCH.
—PERSONS BURIED THERE.—ANECDOTE OF THE QUEEN OF JAMES
THE SECOND.—CUPER'S GARDENS.

WE now cross the water to Lambeth. Independently of its celebrated episcopal palace, the ancient manor of Lambeth, even in its earliest times, is replete with historical associations. Here, in 1041, died Hardicanute, in the midst of the revelry of a banquet given in celebration of the nuptials of a Danish Lord; and here it was, in 1066, on the death of Edward the Confessor, that Harold assumed the crown.

Immediately before the Norman Conquest, we find the manor of Lambeth in the possession of the Countess Goda (sister to the Confessor, and wife to Walter, Earl of Mantes, and afterwards to Eustace, Earl of Boulogne), who conferred it on the See of Rochester, reserving to herself the patronage of the church. With the exception of a temporary dispossession in the reign of William the Conqueror, we find the manor of Lambeth held by the See of Rochester till the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion,

in whose reign a portion of it was exchanged by Gilbert de Glanville, Bishop of Rochester, with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, for certain lands in the Isle of Grain. Ten years afterwards, in 1197, the entire manor of Lambeth was made over by Bishop Glanville to Archbishop Hubert Walter, in exchange for the manor of Darent, in Kent. The Bishop, however, reserved to himself and to his successors a plot of ground, "to the east of the manor-place," on which he subsequently erected a mansion for the convenience of the Bishops of Rochester on the occasions of their attending Parliament. It was stipulated that the annual sum of five marks of silver should be paid to himself and to his successors for ever, as a compensation for the lodging, fire, wood, and forage, which the Bishops of Rochester had hitherto enjoyed in right of possessing the manor. This tax is said to be still paid by the Archbishops of Canterbury to the See of Rochester.

Rochester Place,—as the mansion built by Bishop Glanville was called,—continued to be the London residence of the Bishops of Rochester till the reign of Henry the Eighth, when it fell into the hands of that monarch, who subsequently exchanged it with Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, for certain lands in the Strand: from this period it was called Carlisle House, and from hence Carlisle Lane, Lambeth, derives its name.

Although we possess no distinct evidence of the Archbishops of Canterbury having had a palace at

Lambeth till the close of the twelfth century,—at which period the manor of Lambeth came into their possession,—it is nevertheless certain that they occasionally resided here as early as the time of the Saxon Kings; and it is not impossible that, even at this early period, they had a fixed residence in some part of the manor. The present palace is said to have been commenced about the year 1262; the task and expense of erecting it having been imposed by the Pope upon Archbishop Boniface, as a punishment for a disgraceful assault which he had made on the sub-prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.*

Between the years 1424 and 1435, considerable additions were made to the palace by Archbishop Chicheley, among which was the interesting Lollards' Tower, famous as having been the scene of the sufferings of the unfortunate followers of Wickliffe. The magnificent gateway was erected by Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year 1490; and, in 1610, the noble library was founded by Archbishop Bancroft.

During the Civil troubles in the reign of Charles the First, we find Lambeth Palace frequently used by the Parliament as a prison. Among the more eminent persons who were confined here were the brave and high-minded James Earl of Derby, who was beheaded for his loyalty to Charles the First, and Richard Lovelace, the poet. In 1648, Lambeth House, as it was then called, was exposed for sale by

* See *ante*, i. 384.

order of the usurping powers. The purchasers were one Matthew Hardy, or Hardinge, and Colonel Thomas Scot, of whom the latter sat as one of the King's judges, and was subsequently executed after the Restoration, at Charing Cross. The sum for which the palace and manor were sold was 7,073*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.* As might have been anticipated, the work of demolition and desecration speedily commenced. The fine old hall, built by Archbishop Chicheley, was pulled down, and the materials sold; the monuments in the chapel were either destroyed or mutilated; and the chapel itself was converted into a kind of banqueting-room. In this condition the venerable palace remained till the Restoration, when Archbishop Juxon, on his appointment to the See of Canterbury, restored it with great care and expense. He also rebuilt the hall after its ancient model. Other additions and improvements have since been made by successive primates, among which was the stately withdrawing-room built by Archbishop Cornwallis in 1769.

Passing under Cardinal Morton's noble gateway, let us occupy a short time in strolling over the old edifice. Close to the gateway is the porter's lodge, adjoining which is a small room, the walls of which are of great thickness, and which is guarded by double doors. Within this apartment may be seen three strong iron rings affixed to the wall; affording unquestionable evidence that it was anciently used as a prison. Here, it is said, some of the devoted Lollards were confined; on occasions

when the tower which bears their name was full to overflowing.

On the right of the court-yard is the great hall rebuilt by Archbishop Juxon, who appears to have watched its progress towards completion with great interest. In his last will, he says :—" If I happen to die before the hall at Lambeth be finished, my executors are to be at the charge of finishing it according to the model made of it, if my successor shall give leave." The hall is ninety-three feet in length, thirty-eight in breadth, and upwards of fifty feet in height. The roof, which is of oak and chestnut, elaborately carved, represents in several places the arms of Archbishop Juxon and of the See of Canterbury. Striking and brilliant too is the large north window, rich with ancient and beautiful specimens of painted glass, collected from different parts of the old edifice. Here are repeated the arms of Juxon and of the See of Canterbury; and, conspicuous above the rest, the arms of Philip the Second of Spain,—the husband of Queen Mary,—which are said to have been painted by order of Cardinal Pole, in compliment to his royal mistress.

The great hall is now converted into a library. The noble collection of books which it contains, very narrowly escaped being sold and dispersed during the Commonwealth, but, by the exertions of the learned Selden, were fortunately preserved to the See. Archbishop Bancroft, it seems, when he formed the library in 1610, had provided that security should

be given for its preservation by each succeeding prelate ; failing which, it was to be transferred as a gift to Chelsea College,—in the event of its being erected within six years after his death,—or, if not, to the University of Cambridge. Chelsea College not having been built within the required period, and the troubled state of the times threatening the immediate sale and dispersion of the books, Selden suggested to, and induced the University of Cambridge to lay claim to them. Shortly after the Restoration, they were claimed by Archbishop Juxon as the rightful property of the See, but it was not till the time of his successor, Archbishop Sheldon, and after considerable trouble, that they were restored to Lambeth Palace. Succeeding primates have enriched the library by numerous donations and bequests, and it is needless to remark that the collection of manuscripts is of great value.

The Guard Chamber,—designated in the steward's account in the reign of Henry the Sixth as the *camera armigerorum*,—is a beautiful and interesting apartment. Here, in former times, were hung the armour and weapons kept for the defence of the palace, which weapons passed, by purchase, from one Archbishop to another. In addition to a few of earlier date, this apartment contains an unbroken series of portraits of the primates of England, from the days of Archbishop Warham,—who was translated to the archiepiscopal see in 1504,—to the present time. These portraits, moreover, possess an additional interest from the circumstance of their pre-

senting to the eye, at one view, the different alterations in ecclesiastical costume which have taken place during the three last centuries and a half.

The guard chamber opens into the Gallery, another fine apartment, originally built by Cardinal Pole, which is also full of interesting portraits of different prelates and other eminent persons. Among the latter may be mentioned the fine picture of Luther and his wife, said to be the work of Holbein, and a portrait, richly painted and gilded, of Catherine Parr. Other apartments, — such as the *Presence Chamber*, which was formerly hung with tapestry—the *Great Dining Room*—and the *Old Drawing Room*,—anciently styled *le velvet room*, from its having been hung with red and purple velvet,—are also well worthy of a visit.

The Chapel, which is supposed to have been part of the original edifice of Archbishop Boniface, measures seventy-two feet in length, twenty-five in breadth, and thirty in height. The beautiful lancet windows, rich with stained glass—the adornment of which was alleged as a crime against Archbishop Laud at his trial—were destroyed by the Puritans during the civil troubles; but the elaborately carved oak screen, bearing the arms of Laud, still remains. In front of the altar is the monument of the learned and venerable Archbishop Parker, whose remains having been dug up by the Puritans, and stripped of their leaden covering, were flung into a hole under a dung-hill, but were afterwards re-interred in the Chapel at the Restoration. He was conse-

erated as Archbishop in this chapel (the celebrated Miles Coverdale assisting at the ceremony) though, according to his Roman Catholic maligners, it took place at the Nag's Head, in Cheapside. We may mention that every Archbishop since the time of Boniface has been consecrated in Lambeth Chapel.

Unquestionably the most interesting spot in Lambeth Palace, is the Lollard's tower, erected by Archbishop Chicheley, between the years 1424 and 1445. The principal apartment is about thirteen feet in length, twelve in breadth, and eight in height; the roof and walls, as well as the flooring, being boarded. The door is of vast strength and thickness, and to the walls may be seen affixed eight iron rings, speaking silently and significantly of many a tale of suffering and horror. Within these walls were probably immured the two first intrepid martyrs of the Reformation,—William Sautre, parish priest of St. Osithes, London, and John Badby, who both suffered in the flames. "This being the first condemnation of the kind in England," says Southey, "Archbishop Arundel was punctual in all its forms, that they might serve as an exact precedent in future."

The name of Lollards, is said to have been originally given in the Low Countries to the persecuted Franciscans, and other enthusiasts, from their habit of singing hymns; the word *lollen*, or *lullen*, in one of the old German dialects signifying to sing, as a mother does when she *lulls* her babe.

To enter into a full detail of the different historical events with which Lambeth Palace is associated, would occupy a greater space than we can devote to the subject. Let us select, however, one or two incidents which have thrown an interest over the venerable pile. Here it was, in 1100, that the council sat to decide on the legality of the proposed marriage between Henry the First and Matilda, daughter of Malcolm the Third, and niece of Edgar Atheling. The royal maiden had been educated in England, having been placed under the care of her aunt, Christina, in the Nunnery of Rumsey. She had never actually taken the vows; but as she was known to have worn the veil, it was thought that this circumstance might affect the validity of the marriage; and accordingly Anselm, the Norman Archbishop of Canterbury, summoned a council of prelates and nobles to attend him at Lambeth, for the purpose of deciding the point. Before this august tribunal it was proved in evidence, that Matilda's motive in wearing the veil was not with the intention of devoting herself to the cloister, but for the security of her honour; this being a common custom of the English ladies, whose only security against the licentiousness of the Norman nobles, was by the adoption of the religious habit.

The Princess, having been subsequently summoned before the tribunal, gave similar evidence as to the circumstances which induced her to wear the veil. "I must confess," she said, "that I have sometimes appeared veiled; but listen to the cause: In my

first youth, when I was living under her care, my aunt, to save me, as she said, from the lust of the Normans, who attacked all females, was accustomed to throw a piece of black stuff over my head; and when I refused to cover myself with it, she treated me very roughly. In her presence I wore that covering, but as soon as she was out of sight I threw it on the ground, and trampled it under my feet in childish anger." Satisfied with this explanation, the council declared that the young Princess was free to marry; but Henry had yet to encounter the fixed aversion of Matilda herself. Descended from the great Alfred, and closely allied in blood to the last of the Saxon kings, the young Princess had imbibed the prejudices of the people among whom she had been educated; and, moreover, looked with the greater abhorrence on the haughty and tyrannical invaders, in consequence of the personal violence which she had early been taught to dread at their hands. In opposition to these natural prejudices, she had to encounter the tears and entreaties of the English ladies, and others who had access to her. They implored her to remember that her marriage with Henry, by uniting the Norman and Saxon races, would prevent the shedding of blood, and restore the ancient honour of England; and by these and other arguments wrought so successfully on her better feelings, that she consented to give her hand where she was unable to bestow her heart. This act of devotion to the interests and welfare of others, as well as her princely charities, rendered her the idol

of the oppressed English ; who loved her not the less for the Saxon blood which flowed in her veins, and who bestowed on her the affectionate title of "Good Queen Maude."

It was at Lambeth Palace, in 1377, that Wickliffe made his famous defence, or explanation of his tenets, before the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Synod of prelates, at whose tribunal he had been cited to appear. His eloquence, probably, would have availed him little, had he not been supported by the voice of the people, and by the highest authority in the land. The Synod, already overawed by the mass of people who surrounded the palace, were nevertheless about to pass sentence, when Sir Lewis Clifford suddenly entered the trial-chamber, with authoritative orders to them to desist ; and accordingly the great reformer was dismissed without further censure.

In Lambeth Palace we find the venerable and pure-minded Bishop Latimer for some time a prisoner. Here too it was, in May 1533, that Archbishop Cranmer conferred his pastoral benediction on the marriage of Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn ; and yet, only three years were allowed to elapse before Cranmer was induced to declare that same marriage null and invalid, notwithstanding he had formerly promoted it with all the force of his authority, and all the eloquence of his pen. The beautiful Queen was sufficiently revenged after her death. It was natural that Queen Mary should be little inclined to pardon the man who had pro-

nounced the marriage of her mother, Catherine of Arragon, to be invalid, and herself illegitimate ; and consequently she signed his death-warrant without remorse, and Cranmer perished in the flames.

At Lambeth Palace, in 1534, sat another famous Council,—composed of Archbishop Cranmer, the Lord Chancellor Audley, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex,—before whom Sir Thomas More was cited, and enjoined to take the oath of supremacy to Henry the Eighth. In vain Cranmer used every argument, threat, and promise to induce him to save his life at the expense of his conscience. In spite of all the sophistry of the Archbishop, he nobly persisted in maintaining what he believed to be the truth ; and accordingly he was committed to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, and four days afterwards was sent to the Tower.

During the time that the learned and accomplished Matthew Parker presided over the archiepiscopal see, Queen Elizabeth, — who probably regarded him with the more favour from his having been chaplain to her unfortunate mother, Anne Boleyn,—appears to have been a constant visitor at Lambeth Palace. The dislike which Elizabeth conceived to clergymen entering into the marriage state is well known ; and if anything could have lessened the favour with which she regarded the Archbishop, it was the circumstance of his having a wife. On the occasion of one of her visits to Lambeth Palace, a characteristic anecdote is related

of her. Having warmly thanked the Archbishop for his hospitable entertainment, she turned round to his wife:—"And *you*," she said: "*madam*, I may not call you, and *mistress* I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you; and yet I do thank you."

It was in Lambeth Palace, as Camden informs us in his "Annals," that the ill-fated Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was confined, previous to his being carried to the Tower, and subsequently led to the block.

Cranmer's successor in the see of Canterbury was Archbishop Whitgift, who was no less in favour with Elizabeth than his predecessor had been, and to whom she also frequently paid visits at Lambeth. James the First also valued him for his learning and wisdom, and delighted in his society. It appears that only on the Sunday before the Archbishop died, he had an interview with the King at Whitehall. After quitting the royal presence, he proceeded to the Council Chamber to dinner, when he was suddenly seized with the palsy in his right side. In this state he was carried back to Lambeth, where, on the Tuesday following, he was visited by the King, who seems to have been much affected by the sight of the dying prelate. "I shall pray to God," he said, "for your Grace's life; and if it be granted, I shall look upon it as one of the greatest temporal blessings that could be given to this kingdom." The Archbishop endeavoured to make a reply, but having been deprived of the

power of speech, he could only mutter one or two indistinct words. He then made a sign for writing materials; but his strength had now so completely failed him, that the pen fell from his hand. He breathed his last on the following day, the 29th of February 1604.

Whitgift was succeeded by Archbishop Bancroft, on whose death, in 1610, the see was conferred on the amiable and learned Archbishop Abbot. His successor was the celebrated Archbishop Laud, with whose eventful history the old palace is intimately associated. His elevation from the See of London to that of Canterbury took place on the 4th of August 1633, and on the 9th of September following, alluding to his change of residence from Fulham to Lambeth, we find him thus writing to the Earl of Strafford:—"I doubt I shall never be able to hold my health there [at Lambeth] one year, for instead of the jolting which I had over the stones between London House and Whitehall, which was almost daily, I shall now have no exercise, but slide over in a barge to the Court and Star Chamber; and, in truth, my Lord, I speak seriously, I have had a heaviness hang upon me since I was appointed to this place, and I can give myself no account of it, unless it proceed from an apprehension that there is more expected from me than the craziness of these times will give me leave to do."

Laud's biographer, Heylin, mentions a particular occasion of his paying a visit to the Archbishop,

whom he found in the garden at Lambeth, with his countenance full of care: Laud had in his hand a gross pasquinade, which had been seized by the authorities on the eve of its being issued from the press. Calling Heylin's attention to the circumstance, he told him that he was accused in it of as mean a parentage "as if he had been raked out of a dunghill." At the same time he exclaimed—and his countenance brightened up as he spoke of the virtues of his parents,—“that though he had not the good fortune to have been born a gentleman, yet that his parents had been honest; that they had lived in good circumstances; had employed the poor; and had left a good name behind them.” Heylin, by a happy allusion, reminded Laud of what had been retorted by Pope Pius the Sixth, when he was similarly attacked. “If the sun's beams,” said that pontiff, “found their way through the rugged roof and broken walls of my father's cottage, they at least illumined every corner of the humble dwelling in which I was born.” The comparison is said to have restored the Archbishop to his wonted composure.

In Laud's very curious diary are the following interesting entries connected with his residence at Lambeth.

“Sept. 18, when I first went to Lambeth, my coach, horses, and men, sunk to the bottom of the Thames in the ferry-boat, which was overladen; but I praise God for it, I lost neither man nor horse.

“1637. Thursday.—I married James Duke of

Lennox to the Lady Mary Villiers, the daughter of the Lord Duke of Buckingham : the marriage was in my chapel at Lambeth ; the day very rainy ; the King present.

“ 1640. May 9.—A paper posted upon the Old Exchange, animating 'prentices to sack my house upon the Monday following.

“ May 11, Monday night.—At midnight my house was beset with five hundred of these rascal routers. I had notice, and strengthened the house as well as I could ; and, God be thanked, I had no harm ; they continued there full two hours. Since, I have fortified my house as well as I can, and hope all may be safe.

Oct. 27, Tuesday.—Simon and Jude's eve.—I went into my upper study to see some manuscripts which I was sending to Oxford. In that study hung my picture taken by the life ;* and in coming in, I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in Parliament. God grant this be no omen.

“ Decr. 18. Friday.—I was accused by the House of Commons for High Treason, without any particular charge laid against me ; which they said should be prepared in convenient time. I was presently committed to the gentleman-usher ; but was permitted to go in his company to my house

* Probably the fine picture of Laud, by Vandyke, still preserved in Lambeth Palace.

at Lambeth, for a book or two to read in, and such papers as pertained to my defence against the Scots. I staid at Lambeth till the evening, to avoid the gaze of the people: I went to evening prayer in my chapel. The psalms of the day (Ps. xciii. and xciv.) and chap. i. of Isaiah gave me great comfort. God make me worthy of it, and fit to receive it! As I went to my barge, hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there; and prayed for my safety and return to my house. For which I bless God and them.

“1642. Aug. 19. A party of soldiers to search for arms [in Lambeth palace], and, under that pretence, broke open doors and committed other outrages. Nov. 24. — The soldiers broke open the chapel-door, and offered violence to the organ, but were prevented by their captain. 1643. May 1.— The chapel windows were defaced, and the steps torn up.”

Fortunately the attack on Lambeth palace,—as alluded to by Laud in the foregoing extracts,—was prevented; or it is not impossible that its magnificent collection of manuscripts, books, and pictures, might have fallen a sacrifice to the blind fury of an ignorant rabble.

Close to the archiepiscopal palace is the parish church of St. Mary Lambeth, erected in the reign of Edward the Fourth. Within its walls lie interred several of the Archbishops of Canterbury, among whom are Archbishops Bancroft, Tenison, Hutton, Secker, and Cornwallis. Here too were buried the deprived Roman Catholic Bishops Tunstall and

Thirleby, who, in consequence of their refusing to renounce the old religion, were committed to the safe keeping of Archbishop Parker in the neighbouring palace, where they both died. To the honour of the Archbishop be it mentioned, that they met with the utmost kindness at his hands; being treated by him rather as honoured guests than as contumacious prisoners. "They had lodgings to themselves," we are told, "with chambers for three men, and diet for them all in those lodgings, save only when they were called to the Archbishop's own table; fuel for their fire, and candle for their chambers; without any allowance for all this, either from the Queen or from themselves; saving, at their death, he had from them some part of their libraries that they had there. Often had he others committed or commanded unto him from the Queen or Privy Council, to be entertained by him at his charge, as well of other nations as home subjects." The polished and amiable Tunstall lived to enjoy the Archbishop's hospitality only four months; but Thirleby continued to be his guest for ten years. On preparing the grave of Archbishop Cornwallis, in 1783, the body of Thirleby was accidentally discovered. It was habited like a pilgrim, with a slouched hat under the left arm; and both the body and the dress were in excellent preservation. The features were perfect; the limbs flexible; and the beard of great length, and beautifully white.

With the exception of a tomb representing an armed warrior,—erected to the memory of Robert

Scot, a follower of Gustavus Adolphus, and the inventor of leathern artillery, — Lambeth Church contains but few monuments of interest. Here, however, may be seen a marble slab to the memory of the celebrated antiquary, Elias Ashmole, who, as Anthony Wood informs us, died at his house in Little, or South Lambeth. Here also was buried the notorious astrologer, Simon Forman, one of the greatest knaves on record, but who is now principally remembered for the share which he had in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. He lived in Lambeth, and, notwithstanding his knavery and his crimes, is represented as having been extremely charitable to the poor.

Lilly, in his curious work, his *Life of Himself*, thus gravely relates the circumstances which attended the end of his brother-impostor:—"His death happened as follows:—The Sunday night before he died, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she being pleasant, told him, that she had been informed he could resolve, whether man or wife should die first? 'Whether shall I,' quoth she, 'bury you or no?' 'Oh, Trunco!' for so he called her, 'thou wilt bury me, but thou wilt much repent it.'—'Yea, but how long first?'—'I shall die,' said he, 'ere Thursday night.'—Monday came; all was well. Tuesday came; he not sick. Wednesday came, and still he was well; with which his impertinent wife did much twit him in the teeth. Thursday came, and dinner was ended; he very well. He went down to the water-

side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle Dock. Being in the middle of the 'Thames, he presently fell down, only saying—'An impost, an impost,' and so died; a most sad storm of wind immediately following." For-man's "rarities and secret manuscripts, of what quality soever," fell into the possession of his "scholar," Dr. Napper, of Lindford, in Buckinghamshire, whose son presented them to Ashmole, the antiquary.

In inspecting one of the windows of Lambeth Church, the stranger will be struck by a curious painted figure of a Pedlar and his dog. According to a popular tradition, a piece of land known as "The Pedlar's Acre," is said to have been bequeathed to the parish by the person here represented, on condition that his portrait, and that of his dog, should be preserved for ever in one of the windows of Lambeth Church.

In Lambeth Churchyard may be seen an interesting monument to the memory of John Tradescant and his son; of whom the former may be fairly styled the father of natural history in this country. Both were great travellers; both were men of taste and genius, and indefatigable in adding to the scientific and antiquarian stores of their country. The garden of the Tradescants, at South Lambeth, is said to have presented a rare and beautiful sight in the days of the first and second Charles; while their collection of coins, medals, and other antiquities, appears to have been scarcely less curious and valuable. Their

collection of antiquities, as well as their house at Lambeth, fell into the possession of Elias Ashmole. The garden, with its rare plants, were allowed by Ashmole to fall into decay; but the antiquities he preserved with great care, and they now form a part of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford. Pennant informs us that the house of the Tradescants was in existence in his time; and that, as late as 1749, there were still to be seen some trees in the neglected garden, which had evidently been introduced by the "illustrious founder." The site is now occupied by the Nine Elms Brewery, nearly opposite to Spring Lane. We must not omit to mention, that Thomas Cooke, the translator of "Hesiod," and Edward Moore, the author of the "Gamester" and of the "Fables for the Female Sex," lie buried in Lambeth Church.*

It was on an inclement December night, in 1688, that Mary of Modena, the young Queen of James the Second, with her infant son in her arms, found shelter from the fury of the elements, under the walls of Lambeth Church. England being no longer a safe place for her, she entered an open boat at the private water-stairs of Whitehall Palace, and, in the dead of night, was carried over to Lambeth, where a hired coach was expected to be in readiness to receive her. By some accident, however, it was delayed, and accordingly her attendants led her under the walls of the old church,

* For many minute and curious particulars respecting Lambeth Church, see Cunningham's "London." *Art. St. Mary, Lambeth.*

where says Dalrymple, she “sometimes turned her eyes, streaming with tears, upon the Prince, unconscious of the miseries which attend upon royalty, and sometimes on the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmering of which she in vain explored the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence.” At length, however, the coach made its appearance, in which she proceeded to Gravesend, where a vessel was waiting to convey her to the coast of France.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the London residence of the Dukes of Norfolk was in Lambeth; Norfolk Row still pointing out the site of their mansion. In South Lambeth stood Carroone House, a stately mansion erected by Sir^r Noel de Caron, ambassador from the Netherlands in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James the First. In 1566, the house, with its gardens and orchards, were conferred by Charles the Second on Lord Chancellor Clarendon. A part of the old mansion was standing at the commencement of the present century, but in 1809, the last remains of it were swept away. Near the Vauxhall turnpike may be seen a row of alms-houses, which were founded by Sir Noel de Caron, in 1622.

Nearly opposite to Somerset House, on the site of the present Waterloo Bridge Road, stood Cuper's Gardens, which continued to be a favourite place of resort of the gay and profligate, from the end of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth

century. Its principal features of attraction were its retired arbours, its shady walks, ornamented with statues and other ancient marbles, and especially its fireworks. These statues had been brought from Arundel House, in the Strand, by one Boyder Cuper, — from whom the gardens derived their name,—who had been gardener to Thomas, Earl of Arundel. Cuper's Gardens were suppressed as a place of public entertainment in 1753.

VAUXHALL AND RANELAGH.

ORIGINAL NAME OF VAUXHALL.—IN POSSESSION OF THE CROWN IN CHARLES THE FIRST'S REIGN.—ITS FAR-FAMED GARDENS.—EVELYN'S VISIT TO THEM.—THE "SPECTATOR'S" ACCOUNT OF THEM.—NIGHTINGALES AT VAUXHALL.—FIELDING AND GOLDSMITH'S DESCRIPTION OF THE GARDENS.—RANELAGH GARDENS.—WALPOLE'S LETTERS ON THEIR OPENING.—DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE.—ORIGINALLY FREQUENTED BY THE NOBILITY.—CAUSE OF ITS DOWNFALL.

VAUXHALL, or, as it was originally called, Fulke's Hall, is supposed to derive its name from Fulke or Faulk de Breauté, a distinguished Norman warrior in the reign of King John, who obtained the manor of Lambeth by right of his marriage with a wealthy heiress, Margaret de Ripariis, or Redvers. The name was subsequently corrupted into Fauxeshall, or Fox-Hall, and from thence into Vauxhall. It seems not improbable that the notorious Guy Faux was descended from the above-named marriage. There is no doubt that he was a resident in this parish, where, according to Pennant, "he lived in a large mansion called Faux Hall," and it has even been supposed that he was lord of the manor. During the Protectorate, this mansion was the residence of the well-known mechanical genius, Sir Samuel Morland.

In the reign of Charles the First we find the

manor of Vauxhall in the possession of the Crown. It was subsequently sold by the Parliament, and the proceeds were set apart for the payment of the seamen's wages. The ancient manor-house of Vaux Hall, stood on the banks of the Thames, and in the seventeenth century was known as Copt Hall. In the reign of James the First, it was in the possession of Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and here it was, under the custody of Sir Thomas, that the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart passed a dreary imprisonment of twelve months. It was also at Vauxhall that the once gay and gallant Duke of Monmouth, after his defeat at the battle of Sedgmoor, was met by a guard of soldiers, who conducted him to the Tower. At his lodgings near Vauxhall, the pastoral poet, Ambrose Philips, breathed his last on the 18th of June 1749.

But the most interesting memories associated with Vauxhall are derived from its far-famed gardens, which, for nearly a century and a half continued to be the resort of all who were conspicuous for wit, rank, gallantry, and fashion ;—witnessing, as they have done, successive revolutions in manners, habits, and costume ;—trod by successive generations of youth and beauty ; and, moreover, rendered classic ground by the genius of Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, and Madame D'Arblay. The glories of Vauxhall have scarcely yet entirely passed away ; and long may it remain—with its sparkling fountains, its shady vistas

lighted by a thousand variegated lamps, and its joyous sounds of music and song,—to delight the antiquary with its memories of the olden time, and the young and the gay with its sprightly amusements.

The earliest notice which we find of Vauxhall Gardens, as a place of public entertainment, is in July 1661, when Evelyn mentions his paying a visit to the “New Spring Garden at Lambeth,” which he describes as a “pretty contrived plantation.” It obtained the name of the “New Spring Garden,” in contradistinction to the old Spring Garden, which was situated at the east end of St. James’s Park. In Pepys’ “Diary” are some very interesting notices of Vauxhall, or, as it was then styled, Fox-hall.

“20 June, 1665. By water to Fox-hall, and there walked an hour alone, observing the several humours of the citizens that were this holyday pulling off cherries, and God knows what.”

“28 May, 1667. By water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant, and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will or nothing, all as one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jew’s trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising.”

“30 May, 1668. To Fox Hall, and there fell into the company of Harry Killigrew, a rogue newly come out of France, but still in disgrace at our

Court, and young Newport and others, as very rogues as any in the town, who were ready to take hold of every woman that came by them. And so to supper in an arbour: but Lord! their mad talk did make my heart ache."

"1 June, 1668. Alone to Fox Hall, and walked and saw young Newport, and two more rogues of the town, seize on two ladies, who walked with them an hour with their masks on (perhaps civil ladies); and there I left them."

"27 July, 1668. Over the water, with my wife and Deb and Mercer, to Spring Garden, and there eat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours where there are not men, and almost force the women; which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age; and so we away by water with much pleasure home."

Every one remembers the charming paper in the "Spectator," dated the 20th of May 1712, (No. 383), in which Addison describes his visit to the Spring Garden, as Vauxhall Gardens were still called, in company with Sir Roger de Coverley. They took boat at the Temple Stairs; the kind-hearted old Knight selecting, from the swarm of watermen who offered their services, a man with a wooden-leg, observing: "I never make use of anybody to row me that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and

kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg." They then embarked; Sir Roger trimming the boat with his coachman, who, being a sober man, was always used as ballast on such occasions. After describing their progress up the river, Addison proceeds:—"We were now arrived at Spring-garden, which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrant of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the Knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah! Mr. Spectator, the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage; and bid her go about her business. We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale, and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves,

the Knight called a waiter to him, and bade him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look. As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who was at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden, if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets."

The allusion to the nightingales at Vauxhall sounds strange to modern ears, but we have additional evidence how much they abounded here in the reign of Queen Anne. Swift writes to Stella, on the 17th of May 1711:—"I was this evening with Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales; but they are almost past singing."

In 1732, we find Vauxhall Gardens under the management of Jonathan Tyers, who subsequently became the purchaser of the property in 1752. It is to this person that Fielding pays so high a compliment in his exquisite novel, "*Amelia*." "The extreme beauty and elegance of this place," he says, "is well known to almost every one of my readers; and happy it is for me that it is so, since to give an adequate idea of it would exceed my power of description. To delineate the particular beauties of these gardens would indeed require as much

pains, and as much paper too, as to rehearse all the good actions of their master; whose life proves the truth of an observation which I have read in some other writer, that a truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart; or, in other words, that true virtue is indeed nothing else but true taste." Under the management of Tyers, the Gardens appear to have greatly improved in taste and splendour. An organ was placed in the orchestra, the chisel of Roubiliac was employed to execute a statue of Handel, and the pencil of Hogarth to embellish the boxes.

Before the days when the introduction of steam-vessels on the Thames rendered its navigation dangerous for small vessels, we scarcely find a notice of a pleasure-party visiting Vauxhall Gardens that they did not proceed thither by water. Many of our readers, indeed, may remember the enjoyment which they have experienced in gliding along the Thames on a summer-night, on their way to this once popular place of entertainment.

One of the most charming scenes in "Amelia" takes place in Vauxhall Gardens, on which occasion the heroine and her party, having previously attended divine worship in St. James's Church, proceed to the Gardens by water, where the effect of the brilliant scene on the mind of Amelia, who now witnessed it for the first time, is admirably described by the great novelist.

"Amelia" was published in 1751, and, about eight years afterwards, we find Goldsmith, in his

“Citizen of the World,” placing the following panegyric in the mouth of the Chinese philosopher:—“The illuminations began before we arrived, but I must confess that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure: the lights everywhere glimmering through scarcely-moving trees,—the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of night,—the natural concert of the birds in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art,—the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies,—all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. ‘Head of Confucius,’ cried I to my friend, ‘this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence.’” At this period, the principal object of attraction appears to have been the water-works, the commencement of which, at nine o’clock, was announced by the ringing of a bell, as in the case of the fireworks being let off at the present day, when persons were to be seen hurrying towards the spot from all parts of the gardens.

Evelina’s first visit to, and disagreeable adventure in the “dark walks” at Vauxhall, as related in Madame D’Arblay’s charming novel, are doubtless familiar to most of our readers. “As to the *way* we should go,” writes Evelina, “some were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Branghton himself was for walking; but the boat at length

was decided upon. Indeed this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me; for the Thames was delightfully pleasant. The garden is very pretty, but too formal; I should have been better pleased had it consisted less of straight walks, where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.

“The trees, the numerous lights, and the company in the circle round the orchestra made a most brilliant and gay appearance; and had I been with a party less disagreeable to me, I should have thought it a place formed for animation and pleasure. There was a concert; in the course of which a hautbois concerto was so charmingly played, that I could have thought myself upon enchanted ground, had I had spirits more gentle to associate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly. As we were walking about the orchestra, I heard a bell ring; and in a moment, Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and, with a motion too quick to be resisted, ran away with me many yards before I had breath to ask his meaning, though I struggled, as well as I could, to get from him. At last, however, I insisted upon stopping. ‘Stopping, Madam!’ cried he, ‘why, we must run on or we shall lose the cascade?’ And then again he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with so much velocity, that I could not imagine what had raised such an alarm. We were soon followed by the rest of the party;

and my surprise and ignorance proved a source of diversion to them all, which was not exhausted the whole evening. The scene of the cascade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect striking and lively."

Having attempted to convey a notion of the glories of Vauxhall in the olden time, it may be expected that we should accompany it with a short notice of Ranelagh, although the latter was situated in a very different locality. Ranelagh,—a spot associated in our minds with so many scenes of gaiety and splendour belonging to the last age,—was first opened with a public breakfast, on the 5th of April 1742. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 22nd of that month;—"I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh Garden: they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little alehouses: it is in rivalry of Vauxhall, and costs above 12,000*l*. The building is not finished; but they get great sums by people going to see it, and breakfasting in the house. There were yesterday no less than three hundred and eighty persons, at 1*s*. 6*d*. a-piece. You see how poor we are, when, with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cakes and ale."

Again, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 26th of the following month:—"Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened, at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and

illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for 12*d*.* The building and disposition of the Gardens cost 16,000*l*. Twice a week there are to be *ridottos*, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the Garden is pleasanter, and *one goes by water*."

The vast amphitheatre of Ranelagh has long since been razed to the ground; and those who, like the author, take an interest in local associations, and prefer to the dull realities of life the opportunity of identifying themselves with the gaiety and gallantry of a former age, will find in a pilgrimage to Ranelagh but little to remind them of the romance of the past. Ranelagh Gardens stood nearly on the banks of the Thames, on the site of what had formerly been a villa of Lord Ranelagh, but which now forms part of the Gardens lotted out to the old pensioners of Chelsea Hospital. An avenue of trees, — which was formerly to be seen illuminated by a thousand lamps, and along which sauntered the wit, the rank, and the beauty of the last century, — now forms an almost solitary memento of the

* In the "Daily Advertiser" for the 23rd of April 1743, tickets for admitting two persons to Ranelagh are advertised to be sold at the Old Slaughter's Coffee House for one shilling and three pence each. Vauxhall tickets, admitting two persons, are advertised to be sold at the same place for one shilling each.

departed glories of Ranelagh. Attached to these trees, the author discovered one or two solitary iron fixtures, from which the variegated lamps were formerly suspended.

“When I first entered Ranelagh,” says Dr. Johnson, “it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else. But as Xerxes wept when he viewed his immense army, and considered that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years afterwards, so it went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think; but that the thoughts of each individual there would be distressing when alone.”—“It is a charming place,” writes Evelina to her guardian, “and the brilliancy of the lights, on my first entrance, made me almost think I was in some enchanted castle or fairy palace, for all looked like magic to me.”

The principal building at Ranelagh consisted of a vast Rotunda, with an orchestra in the centre, and tiers of boxes all round, in which the company took refreshments while the music played. These boxes, which were each capable of holding eight persons, were lighted by bell-shaped lamps, and painted with droll devices. On the right of the orchestra was a box set apart for the Royal Family, which was called the Prince of Wales’s box, and was ornamented in front with his arms and other designs. From the ceiling of the Rotunda,

which was richly painted and decorated, hung two circles of chandeliers, which, when lighted, are said to have produced a most brilliant effect. Below the principal apartment was a large circular area, around which the company were in the habit of promenading, apparently with no better means of amusing themselves than staring at each other. Bloomfield, the poet, writes,—

To Ranelagh, once in my life,
 By good-natured force I was driven ;
 The nations had ceased their long strife,
 And Peace beamed her radiance from Heaven.
 What wonders were here to be found,
 That a clown might enjoy or disdain ?
 First, we traced the gay circle all round ;
Ay—and then we went round it again.

A thousand feet rustled on mats,—
 A carpet that once had been green ;
 Men bowed with their outlandish hats,
 With corners so fearfully keen.
 Fair maids, who at home in their haste
 Had left all clothing else but a train,
 Swept the floor clean, as slowly they paced,
Then—walked round and swept it again.

The entertainments at Ranelagh, on its being first opened, appear to have been restricted to breakfasts, concerts, and oratorios, to which, at a later period, were added occasional balls and masquerades.

Mrs. Carter, in one of her letters, speaks of Ranelagh as distinguished by all the pomp and splendour of a Roman amphitheatre, “devoted to

no better purpose than a twelvepenny entertainment of cold ham and chicken." On the 1st of June 1742 she writes:—"In the evening my Lord W—— carried us to Ranelagh. I do not know how I might have liked the place in a more giddy humour, but it did not strike me with any agreeable impression; but, indeed, for the most part, these tumultuary torch-light entertainments are very apt to put one in mind of the revel routs of Comus. I was best pleased with walking about the Gardens: it was a delightful evening, and with two or three people I should have thought them quite charming; but these scenes to me lose much of their beauty and propriety in a noisy crowd. 'Soft stillness, and the night, and the touches of sweet harmony,' are naturally adapted to a kind of discourse vastly different from beaux and fine ladies. In the room we met with my friend and your friend, the knight of the woeful countenance, Sir T. Robinson, who looks more woefully than ever."

When Captain Mirvan, in "Evelina," inveighs against Ranelagh as a dull place,—“ ‘Ranelagh dull! Ranelagh dull!’ was echoed from mouth to mouth, and the ladies, as of one accord, regarded the Captain with looks of the most ironical contempt. ‘As to Ranelagh,’ said Mr. Lovel, ‘most indubitably, though the price is plebeian, it is by no means adapted to the plebeian taste. It requires a certain acquaintance with high life, and—and—and something of—of—something *d’un vrai*

goût, to be really sensible of its merit. Those whose—whose connections, and so forth, are not among *les gens comme il faut*, can feel nothing but *ennui* at such a place as Ranelagh.’” Mr. Lovel’s apology for Ranelagh is so lame, that we are inclined to believe that Captain Mirvan was in the right. Indeed, we can hardly place much faith in the liveliness of Ranelagh, when we find its chief amusement to be,—

To trace the gay circle all round,
Ay—and then to go round it again.

It appears that not long after the opening of Ranelagh, in consequence of the temptations which it held out to young men of business to neglect their duties, the morning amusements were prohibited. The doors after this opened at six o’clock in the evening; performances commenced at eight, and concluded at ten o’clock.

During the sixty years that it was open to the public, we find more than one magnificent *fête* taking place at Ranelagh, in addition to its ordinary routine of amusements. For instance, in April 1749, George the Second was present at the Grand Jubilee, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and his second son, the Duke of Cumberland; but, perhaps, the most splendid entertainment which it ever witnessed was on the occasion of a famous regatta, in June 1775. The magnificent band was led by the celebrated Giardini, and the admission-ticket was engraved by Bartolozzi.

The latter is now extremely rare, and is consequently highly valued by collectors.* After the regatta was over, Ranelagh was splendidly illuminated: the band, led by Giardini, and consisting of two hundred and forty musicians, was considered the finest that had yet been listened to in England; and, at the conclusion of the concert, there was a magnificent supper and ball. George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, was a constant frequenter of Ranelagh, and under his auspices it continued for some years to be a formidable rival of Vauxhall.

The principal cause of the downfall of Ranelagh appears to have been the levelling effect produced on society by the French Revolution. The price of admission to Ranelagh had always been extremely small, and yet as long as dress continued to be a distinctive mark of good birth, the tradesman in his sober apparel never dreamed of mingling with the swords and bag-wigs, the hoops and satin trains, of his superiors in rank, even at so public a place of amusement as Ranelagh. But, as we have already mentioned, these invidious distinctions were fortunately swept away by the effect of the French Revolution: costume ceased to be any longer the distinction of a class; places of public amusements became open to all ranks of the community; and, accordingly, Ranelagh (whose principal fascination appears to have been its fashionable exclusiveness) having lost its charm in the eyes of

* Faulkner's "Description of Chelsea," vol. ii. p. 305.

the upper, and being little adapted to the tastes of the middle classes, grew to be gradually forsaken by both. One of the last entertainments which took place at Ranelagh, appears to have been a magnificent ball given by the Knights of the Bath, at their Installation in 1803. Two years afterwards, Ranelagh, with its vast rotunda and its gay temples, was razed to the ground.

SOUTHWARK.

BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK.—THE MINT.—QUEEN'S BENCH PRISON.—
 CELEBRATED PERSONS CONFINED THERE.—MARSHALSEA COURT.
 —BANKSIDE.—CLINK STREET.—PARIS GARDEN.—BEAR GARDEN.
 —GLOBE THEATRE.—THE STEWS.—WINCHESTER HOUSE.—CHURCH
 OF ST. MARY OVERY.—TABARD INN.—BERMONDSEY ABBEY.—
 BATTLE BRIDGE STAIRS.—ROTHERHITHE.

THE borough of Southwark comprises the parishes of St. George, St. Thomas, St. Saviour, St. John Horsley-down, and St. Olave. Being situated in a different county, it continued to be long independent of the city of London: nor was it till the reign of Edward the Sixth that it was formally annexed to the City, and placed under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor, by the title of Bridge Ward Without. The name is said to be derived from the Saxon word Southverke, or south-work, probably from some fort, or military works, which anciently stood here.

The parish church of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, was erected by John Price between the years 1733 and 1736. The old church, on whose site it stands, appears to have been of great antiquity; inasmuch as, in 1122, we find Thomas of Arderne conferring it upon the monks of the neighbouring Abbey of Bermondsey. In the church-yard, under the east window of the

old edifice, was interred the infamous Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, who breathed his last in the neighbouring prison of the Marshalsea, where he had been incarcerated for nearly ten years. In order to avoid any disturbance on the part of the populace, by whom his name was held in abhorrence, it was thought necessary to bury him at midnight, with the utmost secrecy. In St. George's church, we find the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, married to his dirty and imperious mistress, Anne Clarges; and here also were interred, the indefatigable student, John Rushworth, author of the "Historical Collections;" Nahum Tate, the associate of Brady in the metrical version of the Psalms of David; and Edward Cocker, the famous arithmetician, who died in 1677.

Immediately opposite to St. George's church, stood the splendid mansion of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the brother-in-law and magnificent favourite of Henry the Eighth. After his death, in 1545, it became the property of King Henry, who established a Royal Mint on a part of the property, from whence the present Mint Street derives its name. The Mint long continued to be a place of sanctuary for fraudulent and insolvent debtors, who, forming a villanous colony within its precincts, set their creditors completely at defiance. This grievance at length became so great, that, after having been more than once brought under the notice of Parliament, it was found necessary, in the reign of George the Second, to obtain an Act of

Parliament to annul its absurd privileges. Gay, in his "Beggar's Opera," has celebrated the Mint as the resort of his light-hearted miscreants; and Pope has immortalized it as affording an asylum for decayed poets. In his "Epistle to Arbuthnot," he writes:—

No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me :
Then from the *Mint* walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

And again, in the same inimitable poem,—

If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the *Mint*.

It was in the Mint that the unfortunate poet, Nahum Tate, sought for refuge from his creditors, and here, in extreme poverty, he breathed his last on the 12th of August 1715.

The name and site of Suffolk Place are still preserved in Suffolk Street and Suffolk Court.

Near the east end of the Borough Road stands the Queen's Bench Prison, a place of great antiquity and of considerable historical interest. Here it was that Henry Prince of Wales—the future victor of Agincourt,—was committed by the Lord Chief Justice, Sir William Gascoyne, for insulting, and, it is even said, striking him, on the Bench. Many other persons of some celebrity have been confined at different periods in this prison. Among these may be named Thomas Dekker, the poet, whose distresses and imprudence led to his being more than once an inmate within its walls. According

to Oldys, he was on one occasion imprisoned here for three years. "No wonder," says Mr. Campbell, "that poor Dekker could rise a degree above the level of his ordinary genius in describing the blessings of Fortunatus's inexhaustible purse: he had probably felt but too keenly the force of what he expresses."

Two other literary characters, whose misfortunes led to their being immured in the Queen's Bench Prison, were John Rushworth, the historian, and Christopher Smart, the poet. Rushworth, as is well known, devoted a long life in enriching the literature of his country, and in adding to its historical stores, and thus missed many opportunities of amassing an ample fortune. Neglected by an ungrateful country, in 1684 the venerable old man was arrested for debt and dragged to the King's Bench, within the rules of which he died, six years afterwards (1690), of a broken heart, at the age of eighty-three.

The fate of Smart was scarcely a less melancholy one. With the proverbial improvidence of a poet, it is said that he would often bring his friends home to dinner, when his wife and family had not a meal to eat, and when he himself had not a shilling in his pocket. His inoffensive character, however,—his sweetness of disposition, and engaging manners,—had secured him many friends; and, among other instances of kindness which he received, Garrick gave him a free benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, and Johnson wrote several papers for him in one of his periodical publications. When he was ill and was

recommended to take more exercise, his customary walk is said to have been to an ale-house, from whence, according to Dr. Johnson, he was usually *carried back*. For some time he was confined as a lunatic. "I did not think," says Johnson, "that Smart ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as with any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen: and I have no passion for it." Poor Smart, whose distresses continued to the last, died within the rules of the Queen's Bench Prison, on the 12th of May 1771.

In the preceding century, we find Richard Baxter, the nonconformist divine, a prisoner in the Queen's Bench. He was committed in 1685, by a warrant from the infamous Judge Jefferies, on account of some passages in his "Commentary on the New Testament," which were supposed to reflect upon Episcopacy. His trial took place at Guildhall on the 18th of May following, on which occasion Jefferies even out-Heroded his usual brutal insolence and tyranny. Putting aside the irregular means by which he endeavoured to secure the conviction of the prisoner, we can scarcely conceive the possibility of a judge addressing an accused man in such language as the following:—"Richard, Richard," said Jefferies, interrupting him in his defence, "dost thou think we will hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart,

every one as full of sedition, I might say of treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the gospel of peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave : 'tis time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendest to give. But leave thee to thyself, and I see thou wilt go on as thou hast begun ; but, by the Grace of God, I will look after thee. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty Don, but, by the Grace of Almighty God, I'll crush you all." Having been found guilty, the venerable divine was sentenced to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, to pay a fine of five hundred marks, and to be imprisoned till it should be paid. He was accordingly reconducted to the King's Bench Prison, where he remained till the 24th of November 1686, when the kind interference of Lord Powys obtained his release.

Within the walls of the Queen's Bench, Haydon painted his well-known performance, the "Mock Election," and here William Combe wrote the "Adventures of Dr. Syntax."

Within a short distance from the Queen's Bench Prison is the Marshalsea Court, originally under the control of the Earl Marshal of England, and established for trying the servants of the King's household. In ancient times, this court had also cognizance over all offences committed within the

precincts of the royal palace : among which may be mentioned the crime of striking a blow, which was punishable with the loss of the offending hand. At a later period, the Marshalsea was set apart as a prison for debtors and defaulters, and more especially for persons convicted of piracy and other offences committed on the high seas. It existed in Southwark at least as early as the reign of Edward the Third, and was destroyed by the followers of Wat Tyler in 1381.

We have already mentioned that the infamous Bishop Bonner was a prisoner in the Marshalsea for nearly ten years ; this place having been selected from its great strength, as being better calculated to secure him from the fury of the people. “He was deprived and secured,” says Fuller, “in his *castle* ; I mean the Marshalsea in Southwark ; for as that prison kept him from doing hurt to others, it kept others from doing hurt to him : being so universally odious, he had been stoned in the streets if at liberty.”—“Bonner,” says Southey, “was committed to the Marshalsea, where he had the use of the garden and orchards, and lived as he liked, without any other privation than that of liberty ; for though he was allowed to go abroad, he dared not, because of the hatred of the people. He never betrayed the slightest shame or compunction for the cruelties which he had committed, but maintained to the last the same coarse and insolent temper ; indeed, it was rumoured and believed, that he looked for no life but the present, and therefore had no hope

or fear beyond it." Bishop Bonner expired in the Marshalsea, on the 5th of September 1569.

In 1613, George Wither, the poet, was committed to the Marshalsea on account of his celebrated satires, "Abuses Stript and Whipt;" and within its walls, two years afterwards, he composed his charming poem, "The Shepherd's Hunting."

On the banks of the Thames, extending from Blackfriars Bridge beyond Southwark Bridge, is that interesting locality, Bankside. Here Beaumont and Fletcher lived together, and composed their celebrated joint-productions; and on Bankside Philip Massinger breathed his last.

Aubrey, speaking of Beaumont, observes, — "There was a wonderful consimilitude of fancy between him and Mr John Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship between them. I think they were both of Queen's College in Cambridge. They lived together on the Bankside, not far from the playhouse; both bachelors lay together; had one wench in the house between them, which they did so admire; the same cloaths and cloak, &c., between them." Oldwit, also, in Shadwell's "Bury Fair," is made to say, — "I myself, simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age. I was created Ben Jonson's son, in the *Apollo*. I knew Fletcher, my friend Fletcher, and his maid Joan; well, I shall never forget him; I have supped with him at his house on the Bankside; he loved a fat loin of pork of all things in the world." Close to the Clink Prison, from whence the present Clink

Street derives its name, also resided Philip Henslowe, the famous stage-manager, and Edward Alleyn, the celebrated actor, in the days of Elizabeth and James the First. Henslowe had originally carried on the trade of a dyer on Bankside, and subsequently became owner of the Rose Theatre, and part-proprietor of Paris Garden, both of them in the immediate vicinity.

Even as late as the close of the reign of Elizabeth, Southwark was still little more than a mere village. The present High Street, indeed, extending in a southerly direction from London Bridge, was partially built, and there was also a continuous range of building on the banks of the river,—namely, the present Clink Street and Bankside; but to the north, and to the west, as far as Lambeth, all was open country.

We must not omit to mention, that Oliver Goldsmith for some time carried on business, and earned a scanty livelihood, as a medical practitioner in Bankside.

Paris Garden Stairs, close to the east side of Blackfriars Bridge, still points out the site of the once celebrated place of amusement, Paris Garden. In addition to bear-baiting, bull-baiting, and other entertainments, Paris Garden had also latterly a regular theatre, in which, in 1582, a fearful accident occurred; the scaffolding, which supported the spectators, suddenly giving way, by which a great many persons were either killed or wounded. As Sunday was the day on which Paris Garden

was most frequented by the citizens, this accident was looked upon by many persons as a judgment from heaven.

In the reign of James the First, Paris Garden was leased by Henslowe and Alleyn; and it was during their management, and to their great loss, that dramatic performances on the Sabbath were first prohibited.

Not far from Paris Garden stood the Falcon Inn, once, it is said, the daily resort of Shakespeare and of his dramatic associates, and which, till within the last few years, continued to be a tavern of considerable importance. Falcon Stairs and the Falcon Brewery, still point out its site. Beyond it, to the south-east, were the Pike Ponds, which supplied our early sovereigns with fresh-water fish, and the name of which is still retained in Pike or Pye-Gardens.

Further on stood, side by side, two large circular buildings, the one set apart for "bowll-baytyng," and the other for "beare-baytyng." The site of the latter is still pointed out by Bear Garden Stairs. "Herein," says Stow, "be kept bears, bulls, and other beasts to be baited; as also mastiffs in several kennels, nourished to bait them. These bears, and other beasts, are there kept in plots of ground scaffolded about for the beholders to stand safe." On one occasion we find Queen Elizabeth directing the French ambassadors to be conducted to Southwark, for the purpose of witnessing these cruel but then fashionable sports. Pepys, in his "Diary," mentions more than one visit which

he paid to the Bear Garden, between the years 1666 and 1669. As late as the year 1675, the Spanish Ambassador was treated, at the royal expense, with an exhibition of bear-baiting at Southwark.

To the east of the Bear Garden stood the Rose Theatre the site of which was long pointed out by Rose Alley. Globe Alley, near Maiden Lane, also marks the vicinity of the still more famous Globe Theatre. In the year 1603, we find James the First granting a patent to William Shakespeare and others to act plays, "as well within their now usual home, called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as elsewhere."

On St. Peter's Day, 1613, the Globe Theatre was accidentally burnt to the ground. According to Winwood, the disaster was occasioned by the rushes of the roof becoming ignited by the firing of some ordnance, during the representation of Shakespeare's play of "Henry the Eighth." The Globe was rebuilt the following year in "a far fairer manner than before." Taylor, the water-poet, says of the new building:—

As gold is better that's in fire tried,
So is the Bankside Globe, that late was burn'd ;
For where before it had a thatched hide,
Now to a stately theatre 'tis turn'd.

This famous theatre was finally demolished on the 15th of April 1644.

Another playhouse in this classical neighbourhood was the Swan, the most westerly of the playhouses on the Bankside, which stood near the end of Blackfriars Bridge. After flourishing for a short

time, it was converted into an exhibition for fencers. It was suppressed at the commencement of the civil wars, and was shortly afterwards demolished.

Not far from Bankside were the "Stews,"—a colony of licensed houses of very indifferent repute, which anciently existed in this locality. They were under the control of the Bishop of Winchester, whose palace was in the immediate vicinity. In the "First Part of Henry the Sixth," we find the uncle of the King addressing the Bishop of Winchester,—

Thou that giv'st w——s indulgences in sin.

In the reign of Richard the Second, they were rented by the celebrated Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Walworth, to certain Flemish women, or Frows, who were allowed to occupy them under certain regulations and restrictions. For instance, as is still the case in Holland, their owners were compelled to close them on Sundays, and married women were on no account to be admitted. "I have heard ancient men," says Stow, "of good credit report that these single women were forbidden the rites of the church so long as they continued that sinful life, and were excluded from Christian burial if they were not reconciled before their death. And therefore there was a plot of ground, called 'Single Women's Churchyard,' appointed for them, far from the parish church." The houses comprising this oasis of profligacy must have presented a very remarkable appearance, each of them having a sign painted in front of it,—“not hanged out,”—such as a Boar's Head, the Cross

Keys, the Gun, the Castle, the Crane, the Bell, the Swan, and the somewhat inappropriate name of *the Cardinal's Hat*.^{*} These houses appear to have been originally eighteen in number. In the reign of Henry the Seventh they were reduced to twelve, and in the latter part of that of Henry the Eighth were entirely suppressed by proclamation and "sound of trumpet."

Between Bankside and the south end of London Bridge stood the magnificent mansion and gardens of the Bishops of Winchester, the name of which is still preserved in the present Winchester Street. It is said to have been built in 1107, by William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, and for nearly five centuries and a half continued to be the London residence of the Bishops of that See. In the reign of Queen Mary, when the star of the inhuman Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was in the ascendant, we find several unfortunate Protestants confined in Winchester House. Here Sir Edward Dyer, the poet and friend of Sir Philip Sydney, lived and died. During the Civil Wars, Winchester House was again converted into a prison, and on the death of Charles the First, was sold by the Parliament for the sum of 4380*l*. The eccentric Sir Kenelm Digby was for some time a prisoner in Winchester House by order of the Parliament, and here he wrote his "Critical Remarks" on Browne's "*Religio Medici*." After the Restoration the old mansion again reverted to the

^{*} There was formerly a Cardinal's Hat Alley, in Southwark, which probably may still exist.

See of Winchester. It had ceased, however, to be the episcopal residence since the death of Bishop Andrews, who died here in 1626; and shortly after the Restoration was converted into warehouses and other purposes of trade. Nearly the whole of the remains of the ancient mansion was destroyed by fire in 1814, but a small and interesting portion of the walls may still be seen in Clink Street.

On the south side of Winchester House stood anciently Rochester House, the London residence of the Bishops of Rochester. Stow was unable to discover at what period it had been erected, and he mentions its being in his time in ruins.

Let us stroll into the Church of St. Mary Overy, at the foot of London Bridge, one of the most interesting of the religious edifices in London. According to some writers, it derives its name from St. Mary *over the Rhé*, the Saxon name for a river; according to others, from St. Mary *at the Ferry*, there having been a ferry over the Thames at this spot previous to the erection of London Bridge. The church is occasionally styled St. Saviour's, a name which it obtained on the consolidation of the two parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Margaret, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when St. Mary Overy's became the parish church.

The Priory of St. Mary Overy is said to have been originally a convent for nuns, founded, long previous to the Norman Conquest, by a maiden named Mary, the owner of the ferry to which we have just referred.*

* See *ante*, vol. i. p. 98.

But whatever may have been the origin of the first priory, there is no doubt that it was refounded, in 1106, by two Norman knights, William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy. Aldogus, or Aldgod, was the first prior; and about the same time Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, erected his magnificent mansion, Winchester House, in the immediate neighbourhood.

In the year 1207, the Priory and Church of St. Mary Overy, were almost entirely destroyed by fire. They were rebuilt, however, within the next quarter of a century; Peter de la Roche, or De Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, adding a spacious Chapel, which he dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, and which was large enough to serve as the parish church. This chapel was removed in 1823, on its being found necessary to rebuild a considerable portion of the choir: and at the same time was pulled down a small edifice called the Bishop's Chapel, which projected eastward beyond the Lady Chapel, and which contained the monument of the pious Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, who, as we have already mentioned, died in Winchester House, in 1626.

The next considerable benefactor to St. Mary Overy, was John Gower, the poet, who, about the year 1398, beautified and repaired the church at a considerable expense, and also founded a chantry for the well-being of his soul within its walls. In 1539, at the suppression of the religious houses, the ancient Priory was dissolved, and Linsted, the last

Prior, having been provided for with a pension of 100*l.* a-year, the church was shortly afterwards made parochial. Early in the eighteenth century, it again underwent considerable repairs.

In size and appearance, the Church of St. Mary Overy, resembles a cathedral far more than a parish church. Unfortunately, the former magnificent nave has been replaced by a modern structure of indifferent merit; but we have still left us the choir and the Lady Chapel,—affording matchless specimens of the early English style,—as well as the altar-screen, with its profusion of exquisitely sculptured decorations.

At the eastern extremity of the church is the famous Lady Chapel, with its graceful and slender pillars, and its beautifully groined roof. Many of our readers may remember the extraordinary indignation which was created a few years since, when, on the approaches being made to new London Bridge, it was seriously proposed to sweep away this priceless relic of past ages. To the disgrace of the parishioners, its destruction was at first voted by a large majority. Owing, however, to the exertions of one or two private individuals, the public voice was raised against so heinous a sacrilege, and not only was our Lady's Chapel saved from destruction, but advantage was taken of the prevailing enthusiasm, to obtain subscriptions sufficient to restore it to its original state.

Besides its architectural beauties, the Church of St. Mary Overy contains the remains of many of the illustrious dead, and is associated with many interesting historical events. Here, in 1397, Gower

was married by William of Wykham, Bishop of Winchester, to his fair bride, Alice Groundolph. Both of them lie buried beneath its walls. The monument of the father of English verse is still a conspicuous object, but the small tomb, which Leland informs us marked the resting-place of his wife, has long since disappeared. Here, also, in 1406, took place the magnificent nuptials of Edmund Holland, last Earl of Kent,—Lord Admiral of England, and grandson of the “Fair Maid of Kent”—with Lucy, daughter of the Duke of Milan. Henry the Fourth gave away the bride at the church-door, and afterwards conducted her to a princely banquet, which had been prepared in Winchester House. The sequel of the story is a melancholy one. About a year after his nuptials, the Earl proceeded to the wars in Brittany, and while besieging the castle of Briak, was struck on the head by an arrow, shot from a cross-bow, from the effects of which he died on the 15th of September 1407. Associating, perhaps, in her mind, the Church of St. Mary Overy with days of past happiness, his widow, by her last will, bequeathed to the Priory the sum of 6,000 crowns, to be expended in masses for her own soul and that of her departed lord.

A few years afterwards, on the 2nd of February 1424, there took place, beneath the roof of St. Mary Overy, a marriage of even greater magnificence, of which the sequel, too, was even more melancholy and romantic. The bride, young and

beautiful, was the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of John Earl of Somerset, grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, and niece both to Cardinal Beaufort, at this time Bishop of Winchester, and to Edmund Earl of Kent, whose nuptials in St. Mary's Church, we have just recorded. The bridegroom was James the First, of Scotland, the pride and theme of Scottish verse, who for so many years had been detained a prisoner of state in the Round Tower, at Windsor. The story of their romantic attachment and union is familiar with every one. Looking down, one fresh May morning, from the old Keep on the fair garden below, he beheld, to use his own beautiful expression, the Lady Jane—

Walking under the tower
Full secretly new coming her to plain,
The fairest and the freshest youngé flower
That ever I saw methought.

Having obtained his release from prison, James, with the consent of the Scottish nation, claimed the hand of Lady Jane, and was united to her at the altar of St. Mary Overy. The ceremony was probably performed by the bride's uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, who afterwards entertained the marriage-guests with a magnificent banquet at Winchester House. On the sequel of the romantic tale of the Lady Jane and the minstrel King of Scotland, and on the tragical fate of the latter, it is unnecessary to dwell at length. On the night of the 24th of February 1437, James was seated with his Queen and the ladies of her court, when the sound of the advancing footsteps of armed assassins was suddenly heard.

The ladies placed themselves before the door, and one noble-minded girl, Katherine Douglas, thrust her arm through the staple, and retained it there till it was broken by the force used by the assassins. In vain did the Queen throw herself between her husband and his ruthless assailants, and passionately plead for mercy. After having been twice wounded in her heroic endeavours to shield him from the daggers of his assassins, she was at length forced from the apartment, and the deed of blood was speedily accomplished.

In the reign of Queen Mary, we find the commission, appointed for the trial of heretics, holding their sittings in the church of St. Mary Overy. Among the most illustrious persons who pleaded their cause before this dreaded tribunal, were the indomitable Bishop Hooper and John Rogers. Both of them subsequently suffered martyrdom in the flames; the former at Gloucester, and the latter at Smithfield.

The most striking monument in the church of St. Mary Overy is that of John Gower, the poet. His effigy, which is represented in a recumbent attitude arrayed in a long garment, rests beneath a rich Gothic shrine or arch. This interesting monument originally stood in the north aisle of the nave, where his remains were, by his own desire, deposited. It was not till the year 1832 that it was removed to the south transept, after having undergone a complete repair, at the expense of the late duke of Sutherland, of whose family the illustrious poet is said to have been a cadet.*

* See Collins' "Peerage," by Sir Egerton Brydges, v. 2, p. 443.

Another interesting, and still more ancient, monument is that of a Knight Templar, which lies in a wooden box in the choir. It has been supposed to be that of one of the two Norman knights, William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy, but apparently without much reason. In Our Lady's Chapel is a tomb, of black and white marble, to the memory of the amiable Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester; and in other parts of the church may be traced some curious monuments and quaint inscriptions.

In the churchyard of St. Mary Overy lie the remains of the great dramatic poet, Philip Massinger, who, as we have already mentioned, died in Bankside. He had gone to bed in apparent health, but was found dead in the morning. "His body," says Anthony Wood, "being accompanied by comedians, was buried in the middle of the churchyard belonging to St. Saviour's Church there, commonly called the Bull-head Churchyard (for there are in all four churchyards belonging to that church), on the 18th of March." It does not appear that any monument was ever raised over his remains; and, as Mr. Campbell observes,—“even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble circumstances of his life.” The “memorial” referred to by Mr. Campbell is as follows,—“1639. March 18, Philip Massenger, *stranger* ;” meaning that he was a non-parishioner.

In the church of St. Mary Overy was buried another great dramatic writer, John Fletcher. Aubrey, speaking of St. Mary's Church, observes,—

“In this church was interred, without any memorial, that eminent dramatic poet, Mr. John Fletcher, son to Fletcher, Bishop of London, who died of the plague, the 19th* of August 1625. When I searched the register of this parish, in 1670, for his *obit*, for the use of Mr. Anthony à Wood, the parish-clerk, aged about eighty, told me that he was his tailor, and that Mr. Fletcher, staying for a suit of clothes before he retired into the country, death stopped his journey and laid him low here.” If we are to place any faith in the testimony of the following lines, written by an almost contemporary poet, Sir Aston Cokayne, Massinger and Fletcher mingle their dust together in the same grave:—

In the same grave Fletcher was buried here,
Lies the stage-poet, Philip Massinger,
Plays they did write together, were great friends,
And now one grave includes them at their ends;
So whom on earth nothing did part, beneath
Here (in their fames) they lie in spight of death. †

We have shown, however, that Fletcher was

* This is an error apparently of the 19th for the 29th. A person dying of the Plague was almost invariably interred on the same day on which he died, and it is remarkable that the burial of Fletcher is recorded in the books of St. Mary Overy, in three different entries, as having taken place on the 29th; viz:—

1. In one register,—“1625, August 29, Mr. John Fletcher, a man, in the church.”

2. In another register,—“1625, August 29, John Fletcher, a poet, in the church. gr. and cl. 2s.”

3. In the monthly accounts;—“1625, August 29, John Fletcher, gentleman, in the church, 20s.

† Sir Aston Cokayne’s “Poems,” p. 186, London, 1658.

buried within the walls of the church, and Mas-singer in the adjoining churchyard.*

In the register of burials of St. Mary Overy, for the year 1607, is the following interesting entry :—
“Edmund Shakespeare, player, in the church.”
Edmund Shakespeare was the younger brother of the immortal dramatist.

Sir Edward Dyer, the poet, and Philip Henslowe, whose name figures so conspicuously in the annals of the stage, were severally buried in the chancel of St. Mary's church.

Close to St. Saviour's Church, at the foot of London Bridge, stood Montague, or Monteagle Close, so called, it is said, from having been the site of the residence of William Parker, Baron Mont-eagle, to whom the celebrated letter was addressed which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder conspiracy.

Over the gateway of an ancient and dilapidated hostelry, on the east side of High Street, South-wark, was to be seen, till within the last twelve or thirteen years, the following inscription :—“This is the Inne where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and the nine and twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383.” This, then, is the identical, the famous Tabard Inn, where the jovial troop of pilgrims assembled at the social board, as recorded in the undying verse of Chaucer, and from whose gal-leried and picturesque court-yard, they sallied forth to perform their devotions at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, when it—

* See also *Athenæ Oxon.*, v. 1, col. 525.

Befel that, in that season, on a day
In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,
Ready to wende on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devout couráge,
At night was come into that hostelry
Well nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry folk, by aventure yfall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
That towards Canterbury woulde ride ;
The chambers and the stables weren wide.

Nearly five centuries have passed away since Chaucer penned these lines, and yet, as we gaze on the old pile, with its slanting roof, its antique gallery, and venerable and almost ruinous aspect, we almost seem to mingle with the picturesque and motley group, which the genius of the poet has so vividly portrayed. The gentle prioress, with her pretty oath and sweet looks—the knight, gracefully managing his curveting and prancing steed—the squire, with his curled locks and handsome and ingenuous face—the wife of Bath, with her joyous laugh and merry clatter—the hooded monk, on his ambling palfrey—the forester, in his green tunic and his “peacock arrows bright and keen”—the “wanton and merry” friar, with his jovial face and leering eye—the vicar, with his calm and benign look—the pardoner, with his lanky hair and thin voice, and his wallet full of pardons, indulgences, and holy relics, just imported from Rome—the miller, with his brawny shoulders—the “slender choleric” steward, with his long rusty sword hanging by his side—and lastly, the thoughtful and sententious clerk of Oxenford, deep in Aristotle and philosophy ;—all these we see in imagination issuing

from under the old gateway, and smiling on the merry host of the Tabard, Harry Baily, who bids God speed them on their way.

A seemly man our hosté was withal
For to have been a marshall in an hall,
A largé man he was with eyen steep,
A fairer burgess is there none in Cheap :
Bold of his speech, and wise and well ytaught ;
And of manhood him lacked righte nought.
Eke thereto was he right a merry man.

“I see,” says Dryden, “all the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark.”

The Tabard, — alas ! its name has been sacrilegiously changed to the “Talbot,” — stands nearly opposite to the Town-hall of the borough of Southwark, within a short distance from St. George’s Church. Stow observes, speaking of the “many fair inns” in Southwark : — “Amongst the which the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the sign, which, as we now term it, is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders : a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad, in the wars ; but then (to wit, in the wars), their arms embroidered, or otherwise depicted upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others. But now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and called their coats of arms in service.” — “This was the hostelry,” writes Speght, in 1598 — “where Chaucer and the other pilgrims met together, and

with Harry Baily, their host, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury. And whereas through time it hath been much decayed, it is now by Master J. Preston, with the abbot's house thereto adjoined, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased, for the receipt of many guests." An apartment in the Tabard, evidently of great antiquity, still bears the name of "the Pilgrims' Room;" and is not improbably the identical one where the pilgrims sat at the jovial banquet, when their host took upon himself to suggest to his guests the best mode of making the time pass pleasantly on the road.

Unfortunately this interesting apartment has long since been stripped of its fair proportions; having been divided by a passage and formed into three separate apartments.

We are aware that some doubt has been thrown as to the present building being coeval with the days of Chaucer and the Canterbury pilgrims. Doubtless, in the space of nearly five centuries, numerous additions and alterations have taken place, and moreover, there is every reason to believe that it suffered considerably during the great fire which devastated Southwark on the 26th of May, 1676. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that a considerable portion of the old edifice,—more especially the gateway and the "Pilgrims Room,"—are of great antiquity. We have seen Stow speaking of it, two hundred and fifty years since, as the "most ancient" of the old inns in Southwark, and when Stow wrote

scarcely more than two centuries had elapsed since Chaucer composed his famous poem. When we add to these circumstances, the fact that the portions of the building to which we have alluded are unquestionably the same which existed when Stow wrote ; moreover, when we find Speght, who lived nearly at the same time as Stow, distinctly stating that it was the same house at which Chaucer and the Canterbury pilgrims supped and slept,—only “new repaired and with convenient rooms much increased,”—are we not justified in rejecting, without very convincing evidence to the contrary, the scepticism which would rob us of those romantic and classical associations, to which no other existing mansion in London can lay claim ?

It appears to have been after the fearful conflagration which ravaged Southwark, in 1676, that the Tabard changed its name to the Talbot. “The ignorant landlord, or tenant,” says Aubrey, “instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot, or dog ;” the name by which it continues to be distinguished in our own time.

To the south east of London Bridge lies the populous district of Bermondsey. Here stood the once famous Bermondsey Abbey, dedicated to St. Saviour, founded in 1082, by Aylwin Childe, a citizen of London, for monks of the Cluniac order. Within its walls the beautiful Katherine of France, widow of Henry the Fifth, sought an asylum from the cares and turmoils of the world, and here she breathed her last. Here too it was that a still more beautiful Princess, Elizabeth Woodville, widow

of the gallant and amorous Edward the Fourth, passed the last years of her eventful life. Her memorable story,—the tale of her romantic marriage with Edward,—the mysterious fate of her children, Edward the Fifth and the Duke of York, in the Tower,—and her own secret intrigues against Richard the Third,—are too well known to require repetition. Notwithstanding that she was the mother of his Queen, Henry the Seventh had been only a short time seated on the throne, when, apprehensive apparently of her intriguing disposition, he gave orders for her being arrested, and committed her a close prisoner to Bermondsey Abbey. Here she suffered a melancholy captivity of six years, and here in 1492, she breathed her last.

In the church of the old Abbey were interred the remains of several distinguished persons. Among these may be recorded Mary,—sister of Maude, Queen of Henry the First, and daughter of Malcolm the Third, King of Scotland; and Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester,—uncle to Richard the Second,—who was murdered at Calais in 1397.

In 1539 Bermondsey Abbey shared the fate of the other monasteries, and was formally surrendered to Henry the Eighth by its last abbot Robert de Wharton, who was remunerated by a pension of 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and was subsequently advanced to the bishopric of St. Asaph. The monks were less fortunate, being thrown on the wide world with small pensions varying from 10*l.* to 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The Abbey and manor were conferred by Henry on Sir Robert Southwell, Master of the Rolls, by

whom it was sold to Sir Thomas Pope, who pulled down the church and the greater portion of the monastic buildings, and erected a stately mansion on its site. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we find Thomas Ratcliff, Earl of Sussex,—the celebrated rival of the Earl of Leicester in the Queen's favour,—residing in this house; and here, according to Stow, he breathed his last, in 1583.

Among the dingy courts and streets which now cover the site of Bermondsey Abbey, the antiquary may still discover some slight interesting remains of the old monastic edifice, such as a portion of the garden-wall of the monastery, in the church-yard of St. Mary Magdalen, and a fragment of the eastern gateway in Grange Walk. The site of the Abbey, as well as the names of the shady retreats enjoyed by the old monks, are pointed out in the now crowded and unromantic thoroughfares known as Abbey Street, Grange Walk, Grange Road, and Long Walk. In Bermondsey Square, too,—the site of the great court-yard of the Abbey,—were to be seen, till very recently, some ancient trees, under which not improbably the old monks sauntered and meditated in the heat of the day.

Nearly on the site of the present Tooley Street stood the inn or mansion of the Abbot of Battle in Sussex. From this house Battle-Bridge Stairs derive their name, as also do Maze Street and Maze-pond Street, from a pond and maze, or labyrinth, in the Abbot's garden. In the days when Southwark was a mere village, and when all around was open country, the neighbourhood of Bermond-

sey Abbey appears to have been a favourite place of residence with the dignitaries of the church. Near St. Olave's Church stood the mansion of the Abbot of Lewes; and on the site of St. Leger, corrupted into Sellenger, Wharf, was the inn of the Abbot of St. Augustine's at Canterbury. The latter afterwards became the residence of Sir Anthony St. Leger, Lord Deputy of Ireland in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

The parish church of St. Mary, Bermondsey, stands on the site of a church dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, which existed here in the days of the Saxons. The present plain and uninteresting edifice was erected in 1680.

The last place which we shall mention, before bringing our notices of old London to a close, is Rotherhithe, occasionally corrupted into Redriff. When, in 1016, Canute sailed up the Thames, and found his further progress arrested by the narrow arches and fortifications of London Bridge, it was at Rotherhithe that he is said to have commenced that famous canal, which enabled him, by taking a circuitous route, to moor his ships under the walls of the city. Here, too, it was, that Edward the Black Prince fitted out a fleet for the invasion of France; and lastly, it was to Rotherhithe that the youthful King, Richard the Second, proceeded by water to hold a conference with Wat Tyler and his rebel followers.

The parish church of St. Mary, Rotherhithe, was erected in 1714. In the churchyard is a monument to the memory of Prince Lee Boo, son of

Abba Thulle Rupach, King of Goo-roo-raa, one of the Pelew Islands in the Pacific. His visit to England was occasioned by the following circumstances:—The Antelope, East Indiaman, having been wrecked off the island of Goo-roo-raa, on the night of the 9th of August 1783, King Abba Thulle not only treated the crew with the utmost tenderness, but conferred on them the island of Oroolong, where they contrived to build a small vessel which carried them to China. At their departure, Captain Wilson obtained permission from the King to carry with him his second son, Prince Lee Boo, a very interesting and promising youth. It was destined that he should never more behold the lofty palm-trees of his native isles. A few months after his arrival in England, he was attacked by the small-pox, of which disorder he died, at the house of Captain Wilson, in Paradise Row, on the 29th of December 1784. The monument to his memory, in Rotherhithe churchyard, was erected by the East India Company, in gratitude for the humanity and kindness with which their servants had been treated by his father.

THE END.

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